

The

March, 1928

YOUTH'S COMPANION



THE FIRST CROCUS IN COMPANIONVILLE

ONE HUNDRED AND SECOND YEAR
PERRY MASON COMPANY BOSTON

25 CENTS A COPY

\$2.00 A YEAR

31

it
must
be good



eaten every day

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 17, Mass.
25c a copy, \$2.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter, November 1, 1923, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.
Copyright 1928 by Perry Mason Company, Boston, Mass.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 102

MARCH, 1928

NUMBER 3



CHAPTER ONE

Marguerite Faces the Future

NOT—to-go—to school—any—more!

Breathless, the three Lallane girls stared at their mother.

"Read that letter again," gasped Marguerite; and Mrs. Lallane again read aloud from the letter just received from Mr. Timothy Nestor, the family lawyer:

I am sorry to write, my dear Mrs. Lallane, that the thing I feared has come upon us. To put it cruelly, we have scarcely enough money to pay even the taxes, so Miss Marguerite cannot go to college this year nor the little girls return to school. I can not express—

"The gods give us joy!" Merry now interrupted, jumping up from the floor and kicking aside the large scissors and the mass of red material into which she had been cutting. "The gods give us joy!" she repeated, pirouetting until her sheer skirts stood out around her. "No more school! I must tell Agnes."

She dashed from the room. "Wait a minute, Merry," Mrs. Lallane called, and Merry, returning, seated herself again cross-legged on the floor, eyes on her mother's face.

Marion looked up from the volume of Shakespeare that was open on her knees. She was thirteen, two years older than Merry, and very dignified. "What difference does that make?" she murmured, dreamily. "We all know how to read, and the house is full of books. So, what—how funny you look!" She stared at her oldest sister.

Marguerite's face was burning and her eyes like fire.

"Let them go to the public school," she said to her mother. "If Mr. Nestor had let me go there, when Father died, I'd be able to go to Newcomb College now."

"What's Mr. Nestor got to do with it, anyway?" demanded Merry. "What

did he write that letter for in the first place? How does he know whether we haven't got a penny or have got a barrelful?"

"Because he is a lawyer," Mrs. Lallane's tone was final. "He is the executor of your father's estate." Her voice was softer, now. "He has managed your father's money. He invested the insurance money in good stocks. That is, they were good at first. They haven't been so good lately. They have depreciated in value, and now—"

"What's that mean? Dee-preesh—" Merry again interrupted.

"Lessened in value, dear. The stocks have lessened in value. I don't know much about it myself." Mrs. Lallane smiled wistfully, "but Mr. Nestor says they have depreciated, and that there is nothing left. And so, he



A giant horselike Pegasus passed, pawing the air above their heads. Between his wings sat a glorious young rider. Leaning forward, he called "Warren." (Page 137)

THE GALLANT LALLANES

A Full-length Book Complete in This Issue

By Louise Hubert Guyol

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE ROWE

says, you children can't go back to school this year."

Not to go back to school? Again the girls were stunned. Not go back to Miss Ettam's "select school," where they had gone since kindergarten days and from which Marguerite had been graduated last June? And Marguerite not go to Newcomb, about which they had talked so much.

"Why do we have to do what he says?" Merry demanded after a moment's silence.

"We don't," said Marguerite. "That is—"

"Because he is one of your tutors," Mrs. Lallane's quiet voice flowed over the tumult of Marguerite's, "and we have to be guided by his judgment."

"If he's our tutor, then why doesn't he tute us?" Merry now asked.

"He's not that kind of a tutor, silly." Marion was superior. "Tutor is French for guardian."

"Not exactly," Mrs. Lallane smiled. "Tutor is the word used under the French law, here in New Orleans—the Louisiana law, that is—for guardian."

"But why do we have to have a guardian, like idiots?"

"Don't be impertinent, Merry. All minor children, without a father, have a guardian, or tutor, to guard their property."

"He hasn't guarded ours very well," murmured Merry.

"Merry!" There was such unusual severity in Mrs. Lallane's voice that Merry looked up, startled, but her gray eyes never flinched as her mother's brown ones looked straight into them. "I never want any of you girls to think such a thing,—not for one instant,—much less say it. Your tutors have done the best they could for you—especially Timothy Nestor; he's only one of them. But he was your father's best friend, though so much younger. They have all managed things well. We've had a good income, all these years, from a very small capital. Your father himself would say so, I know. This depreciation is just something that can not be helped. We can manage to live—somehow. Only, you children can't go back to school, because there isn't any money to pay Miss Ettam."

"I'd like to go to McDonogh, Number Thirteen," said Merry. She had often wondered what mysteries went on inside those big brick public schools that bore their donors' names.

"If he'd let me go there," Marguerite spoke again angrily, "when he knew we couldn't afford private schools, I'd be able to go to college now, and—and—" Her voice broke. Swiftly she bent her head over the mass of ruffles in her lap, pushing her needle fiercely through the fine fabric.

The three girls, with their mother, were seated in the south parlor, which in summer was turned

into a sewing-room. All the smaller ornaments had been put away, and the larger ones were swathed in cool, green tissue paper. The furniture was covered in white linen striped in green, and there were glass bowls of roses on the mahogany table and the middle shelf of the *étagère* in the corner.

They had come here, after breakfast, as they always did in vacation times, to sew and to read aloud. Then the mail had come, and Mr. Nestor's letter bringing such consternation.

"Misteh Nesteh's in de parleh, Miz Lallane," Octavie, the maid, announced from the doorway.

"Mr. Nestor?" Glad surprise rang in Mrs. Lallane's voice. "Maybe he was mistaken. Maybe he's come to tell us—"



She rose and went from the room. There was a long pause. "Fourth Act of King Henry the Fifth," Marion began at last. "Fourth Act of King Henry the Fifth," she repeated, emphatically, eyes on Merry. "Scene I—The English Camp at Agincourt. Enter—King Henry, Bedford and Gloucester—"

"Let's wait for Mother," Merry interrupted. But Marion's low voice went right on: "'Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger—'"

"Ain't it the truth?" Merry giggled. "The greater therefore should our courage be." Marion looked up, as her mother entered.

"And that's how we must try to feel, children," Mrs. Lallane said. Seating herself, she repeated what Mr. Nestor had just confirmed, that the little money Mr. Lallane had left them was all gone. Their home was, however, free from mortgage, and the city taxes were paid. But there was not even money enough for the state taxes, and certainly none for Newcomb College and for Miss Ettam's school.

The face of Pianola, a grinning little colored girl, appeared in the doorway.

"Ah's brung de cawn-starch," she drawled, "an' Grumps say de aigs is ready, all beat up fer de puddin'."

Again Mrs. Lallane rose and left the room. "I'm sorry for you, Marguerite," said Marion, looking up from her book. "But I don't see why you care so much."

"Don't see why I care!"

MARGUERITE stood up and piled on the table the mass of mauve ruffles for the dress she had intended wearing to Newcomb the day it opened. "Don't see why I care! My whole future wrecked,—all my hopes gone,—and I not care!"

She walked away, down the long hall, and out down the back stairs into the yard. Merry had run ahead of her and was now perched with golden-haired Agnes de Vane on the high board fence that separated their back yards.

"Hello, Rita," Agnes shouted. "Isn't it the grandest news?"

Marguerite made no answer. She crossed the yard slowly to a clump of shrubbery in the far corner, parted the branches and crept into the green cavern. She lay there on the hard, warm earth. For a long time she saw nothing but the low-hanging leaves. Then, one by one, pictures from the past came into her mind. She could remember her father; she had been a big girl, eleven years old, when he had gained "the wide horizon's grander view."

How he had loved the old song. For so long had she pictured him dwelling securely in "the life that knows no death" that now, after six years, the pain of his passing was only a vague memory. Vividly, however, she recalled his ringing laughter, his strength. She remembered how he used to sit in the evenings, opposite her mother, beside the evening table with its green-shaded lamp; and how they would look up from time to time and smile into each other's eyes.

Marguerite smiled now, even while tears trickled down her cheeks, as she recalled the things her father had said to her about courage and faith in God's wisdom.

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God," she seemed to hear her father read from the Bible; and suddenly, out of her misery, she answered him:

"Oh, I know it, daddy. I mean—I'm trying to know it. But I did so want,"—she turned face downward, hiding her head in her arms,— "I did so want to go to college, daddy."

She wept for a while, and then lay quite

CONTENTS for MARCH, 1928

The Gallant Lallanes	A FULL-LENGTH BOOK	By Louise Hubert Guyot	107
The story of a brave family that would not surrender to adversity			
Illustrated by Clarence Rowe			
Halstead's New Derby	A SHORT STORY	By C. A. Stephens	111
Charm and humor in the telling of the tragedy of a hat			
Illustrated by Heman Fay, Jr.			
Doubling in Track	A SHORT STORY	By Jonathan Brooks	112
What happens when a football star goes out for the hurdles			
Illustrated by George Avison			
Charles and Faya	A SHORT STORY	By Lorene Squire	114
The Third Prize Winner in The Companion's famous Junior Fiction Contest			
Illustrated by Clarence Rowe			
If You Have a Sweet Tooth	A SPECIAL ARTICLE	By Arthur B. Heiberg	115
A glimpse into the interior of a great candy factory			
Biffle Gets a Rôle	A SHORT STORY	By Holman Day	116
Orman Rowe's pet bear breaks into the movies with a crash			
Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins			
The Texas Nightingale	A SERIAL STORY	By Harford Powel, Jr., and Russell Gordon Carter	118
The last chapters of the great serial of achievement rise to an amazing climax			
Illustrated by Charles L. Lassell			
Fishes Carry Tales	A SHORT STORY	By Harry Irving Shumway	120
And Captain Pen, bless him, carries a few that are too much for "Napoleon"			
Illustrated by F. Strothmann			
Deathless Splendor	THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON	By William E. Barton	122
How young Washington won his first fights, and what came of them			
Miscellany:	Lives Remade; Nightmare; The Jungle from the Air; English College Yells; A Chinese Old Maid; What Is Your Score? The First Air Crash; By Proxy; A Boy Buddha; Fashionably Dressed; An Egg-shaped Puzzler; Her Contribution		123
Fact and Comment:	Winning Land from the Sea; Russia's Thermidor; Thrift and Spending; Why Submarines? The Sweetest Sugar		124
The March of Science:	Tickets to Order; A Plant Worth \$500; Apartment on Wheels; Express-train Boat; A Clever Telephone; Engineering Sineux		127
Good Motion Pictures:	The Companion's Blue-ribbon List of Films Recommended to All		130
Now You Tell One!	Companion Readers Tell Their Best Jokes		133
This Busy World:	A Monthly Summary of News Events		139
The Y. C. Lab:	The World-wide Society for Ingenious Boys		142
Modern Radio:	A Fascinating Department for All Readers		143
The G. Y. C.:	For All Girls Everywhere. This Month—A Great Announcement		148
The Children's Pages	152, 153	Stamps to Stick	154

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

PUBLISHED BY THE PERRY MASON COMPANY, 10 FERRY ST., CONCORD, N. H., & 8 ARLINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.
SUBSCRIPTIONS AT \$2.00 A YEAR MAY BE SENT TO EITHER ADDRESS.

still. Then, slowly, into her consciousness there came like little rays of light other words that her father had read: "He—shall—give—thee—the—desires—of—thine—heart."

"And I know He will, too,"—Marguerite sprang up,— "if I do my part. Pushing her way through the branches, she went in search of her mother."

CHAPTER TWO Mrs. Lallane Makes Plans

THE Lallanes lived in a "raised cottage" that would seem odd to those not fortunate enough to know New Orleans. The ground-floor rooms were full of discarded furniture and bric-a-brac, much of which had been brought to America by Meriton de Lallane, the ancestor from France who had built the house.

In the garden were rose and magnolia bushes, and sweet olive, oleander, palm and crêpe myrtle trees. Wistaria clung to the pillars of the front gallery, or upstairs porch. Smilax and jasmine covered the side fences. There was a large lawn with a high picket fence in front, and the gate was set between square wooden posts. From the front door a long flight of steps between graceful balusters led up to the wide front gallery, into which double doors opened

from the hall. There were high-ceilinged parlors, and many bedrooms, and a spacious library and dining-room. From the pantry a dumb waiter went down to the kitchen. As a little girl, Merry Lallane often rode on it, but now she was too big to get into its shelves.

The attic, however, was the place the girls liked best. It was divided into large, low-ceilinged rooms, each with a small dressing-room opening off it, and each with a big open fireplace. The largest room on this floor had been named "The Office Building," after a visit to Mr. Lallane's office. Marguerite kept her important documents there, in an old mahogany secretary. Marion's "office" was a sideboard, and Merry's a wardrobe with a mirrored door. Each office was sacred to the owner, but the other furnishings—armchairs, tables and books—were common property.

The books were old-fashioned: a set of Dickens bound in dark green, and worn by much reading; a set of red Waverley novels; fat brown Thackerays, Marguerite's favorites. She always felt her father's presence when she looked at these books and another—Audubon's "Birds," with brilliant drawings on glossy pages that had first opened to her under his strong hand. There were Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" and other books of poetry, French and English, and a French Bible in fascinatingly fine print and no pictures. The "Child's Bible" in English had beautiful curly capital letters, and stirring pictures that used to awe Merry—battles and sacrifices and miracles. And there were magazines, of course.—The Youth's Companion, Harper's Young People, and Wide Awake,—together with foreign magazines that Mr. and Mrs. Lallane received—Punch, and the Strand, and L'Illustration,

and the Illustrated London News. In this room the girls spent their spare time, when they were not on the front gallery talking with their elders, or playing in the yard with their friends.

ONE evening, about a week after Mr. Nestor's call, Merry was fishing a black kitten from the water hyacinths' tub while Marion, on the lowest step, was racing with the setting sun to finish her book. Marguerite, on the top step, brown head resting against the gnarled trunk of the wistaria vine, was noting how every silhouetted leaf was melting into the swiftly coming dark. But, at a shout, the girls all looked down the street, to see their four cousins, the Warren boys, come running ahead of their father and mother.

Merry and Marion were at the gate by the time the boys—Harry, a year older than Marguerite, Ned, a year younger, and Stanley, and Nick, thirteen and eleven—arrived. They stood at attention, bowing in mock ceremony as their mother and father entered.

"Where's Bobbo?" demanded Marion, who did not like dolls but did love a live baby to play with.

"In bed, long ago," her Aunt Emilie answered. "Where's your mother?"

"Gone to the corner with Miss Ettam. And we're going back to school!" Excitement rang in Merry's voice.

"I thought you hated school," Stanley Warren sneered.

"I hated more not to go," Merry had to admit. "Here comes Mother." She ran to meet Mrs. Lallane, who, later, on the gallery, told her brother and sister-in-law about Miss Ettam's call.

Through those clear channels that connect a community where friendships have been handed on from generation to generation, Miss Ettam had heard of the Lallane losses and of Mr. Nestor's ruling that the children could not return to her expensive school. So, she had hurried over to assert that under no conditions would she permit their withdrawal.

"Of course you can't refuse her," Mrs. Warren said. "She was your best friend, one of your bridesmaids, wasn't she?"

"My maid of honor," Mrs. Lallane smiled. "That's what she said, too. I can't refuse. The girls will go back to her in October, Marion and Merry."

"And what about Marguerite?"

"I'm going to study at home," Marguerite put a brave note in her voice. She had re-seated herself on the top step, and Merry was on the step below.

"I'm so sorry," Merry whispered to her sister. "I don't see why I can't stay at home and you go to college."

"Because the founder of Newcomb wasn't Mother's maid of honor," Marguerite laughed, but with a little catch in her voice.

"Lots of girls," she added, "never go to college. They learn how to market and keep house and make their début, and study at home. That's what I'm going to do."

"I'd hate the marketing," Merry shuddered. "All that raw meat, and fish, and things."

"I like it," Marguerite smiled. "All the green vegetables, and bright fruit. And that old flower woman, who goes to the opera. I like marketing, and housekeeping, too, better than studying at home. If I can't go to college, I'd lots rather help Mother in the house. I'm going to—"

"I'm going to take boarders," she heard her mother saying.

"Boarders!" the cry came simultaneously from Uncle Frank and Aunt Emilie.



When the organ-grinders pass



"Ef you gran'pa saw his gran'chile waitin' on bo'ders, what'd he say?" she asked at last. "He'd say we were perfectly right, Meena." (Page 109)

"Yes, boarders!" Mrs. Lallane's soft voice was strong.

"Boarders! A Warren—a daughter of Judge Warren—keep a hash house!" Uncle Frank laughed, but not mirthfully, and Marguerite, rising, went toward her mother while Merry ran down the steps to her sister and cousins.

"Yes, a hash house." Again the firm note was in Mrs. Lallane's voice. "Honor and shame from no condition rise. Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

"You're perfectly right, Sister," said Uncle Frank at last. "Only, I wish I could help you, with the children's education."

"You have your hands full, educating your own family," Mrs. Lallane comforted him. "And there is no reason in the world why I should not take boarders. This great big house—just going to waste. Why not turn it into an asset? And all the servants. I can't turn any of them away."

"No, of course not." They were all old family servants, or their descendants. Aunt Sarah, the coal-black cook, had grown gray headed in the Lallane service. Her daughter Octavie was in the house, too, and her grandchild, Pianola. Even the yard-boy was related through some distant channel.

"No, of course, you can't let the servants go," again said Uncle Frank. "But I wish you did not have to do it, Sister."

"I think taking boarders will be fun, Mother," Marguerite laid her arm round her mother's shoulder, protectingly.

"But nobody does it," Aunt Emilie insisted.

"I'm somebody," Mrs. Lallane raised her chin. "And if we are successful, Marguerite can go to college next year."

"Never mind about me, Mother. May I go tell Marion?"

Mrs. Lallane nodded, and Marguerite ran down the steps to the foot, where Marion, Merry, and the four Warren boys were having a heated argument on the merits and demerits of higher education for women.

"We are going to open a boarding-house," announced Marguerite, and the next moment the seven young people filed into the house, all talking. An hour later, when Mr. Warren called his sons, they all came out, still talking, and delayed the homeward march for some moments while they explained their plans for refurnishing the house and installing a lavishly paying boarder in every room.

"Where will the family sleep?" Uncle

Frank asked finally, driving his sons through the front gate.

"Oh! We forgot all about us," Marguerite laughed, locking the gate, and kissed her uncle through the pickets. Key in hand she ran up the steps.

"You are brave, like your father, Marguerite," Mrs. Lallane said, and for a moment the two held each other tightly. "We'll work it out together, somehow, dear." Then they followed the younger girls into the house and went from room to room, explaining and expounding plans until Mrs. Lallane suggested bed.

CHAPTER THREE

Marion Has an Idea

THE most pointed objection to opening a boarding-house came from Meena, a venerable old colored woman, who had been one of the under-nurses in Marguerite's grandfather's household. But she had never been a slave; she had been born free, and Achilles, her father, was free-born, too.

Now, in her extreme old age, Meena often came to call, enthroned on the front seat of a dilapidated old cart, with a little yellow man to drive her.

"What's this I hear about your house?" she demanded, arriving one morning, and speaking—as she frequently did—the pure English that had been spoken by her old mistress, rather than the patois of the negro quarters.

"What about the house?" asked Mrs. Lallane.

"I hear you are filling it with boarders."

"I wish it were full," sighed Mrs. Lallane.

"So it's true, then. What's that market basket in your hand?"

"I was just going with Marguerite. Would you go instead?"

Relief rang in Mrs. Lallane's voice. Meena's only answer was to grasp the basket and stalk from the room. Marguerite followed, list in hand, and in silence the two left the house and walked the short way to the market, Meena registering disapproval all over her expressive old face.

"Ef you gran'pa saw his gran'chile waitin' on bo'ders, what'd he say?" she asked at last, relapsing into dialect.

"He'd say we were perfectly right, Meena."

"Hmph! Not even endurin' de wah, when none of us had nothin' ter eat, did yo' gran'pa take bo'ders. Judge Warren's daughter taking money f'um po' white trash!"

"The boarders who have already come are not poor white trash," Marguerite was indignant. "They are ladies and gentlemen. Lovely people. And anyway, even if they weren't, we aren't living in my grandfather's times. We are living in a new day. I reckon he did things in his day that his grandfather never dreamed of doing."

That was nonsense, so far as Meena was concerned. A thing was *comme il faut* or it was not. And it was not *comme il faut* for the daughter of this family to do things for money. Anything for one's friends, for love of one's friends! But this thing, of serving "po' white trash," was unthinkable to Meena.

"We have to do it," Marguerite explained. "I'm going out to work, just as soon as Mother will let me."

"What kine er wuk you gona do?"

"I don't know."

It was this very uncertainty that had kept Marguerite from talking the matter over with her mother, and also the knowledge that her mother thought studying was the most important thing, for her, right now. Four hours a day they devoted to lessons, as systematically as though Marguerite had been under private tutors. English and French literature she loved; history wearied her, especially that awful Macaulay's, five terrible volumes, which her cousin Harry had loaned her with so much pride. Over this English history Marguerite took many a restful nap, but over writing actual compositions of her own she could, and did, stay awake through many joyful hours of the night.

"Who dese po' white—" Meena interrupted Marguerite's thoughts. "Ah means, who dese bo'ders you-all got?"

"There's Miss de Rive," Marguerite smiled, thinking of their first boarder, and life-long friend. She taught French to many private pupils, and to the Lallane girls when her busy day was done. She was so kind under her

gruffness, so just in her loud-voiced arguments, and so funny with her clothes and her fads! The girls loved her. "Then there is Mrs. Nairne, a sweet, gray-haired lady. She reviews books for the Times-Democrat. Then there's Mr. White, an Englishman. He's lived in New Orleans a long time. But he's a widower, and his daughter married an Englishman, so she lives in London, and he lives with us. Mr. St. George White. Isn't that a beautiful name?"

"Hmph!" said Meena, opening the front gate and standing aside as Marguerite entered. "A bo'der!"

But the old woman's heart was in the right place, if her speech was gruff; and it was not a surprise to find that she had sent the little yellow driver for her trunk and had come to live in the Lallane home to "help out," without pay, as long as she might be needed during these days of adversity. To the loyalty, the strong family pride, of an old colored woman who has been reared in a family she respects there is no end.

Meena was promptly installed in a bedroom she had occupied in old times. She shuffled around, wearing a plaid headkerchief tied in such a way that one end frilled out like a gay halo over the careful folds that covered her head. A bandana that matched it was crossed over her bosom, against which

she frequently pressed her "chillens," not caring if they crushed the neat white house apron that hung over her stiff, guinea-blue calico dress. Old and infirm as she looked, Meena could do a most surprising amount of work, and her coming was the second bit of silver lining in the cloud that hung so heavily over the Lallanes—Miss Ettam's generosity having, of course, been the first.

A third made itself known almost at once—Mr. St. George White had a box at the opera. To that box the girls were soon invited, with Miss de Rive. The opera was "Faust," and Merry



Meena often came to call

giggled at the various absurdities she saw on the stage, where a lot of people were standing around in queer costumes, echoing in song what a young lady had just sung to a young man. Miss de Rive tapped Merry's shoulder sharply with her ivory fan and said "Shh-shh."

But Merry giggled again when she saw that silly young man going round and round a flower bed on the stage, pretending to pick flowers, and then coming out to the front near the footlights with a lot of faded old paper flowers already tied in an ugly bunch.

But when the grand ballet came Merry sat up and opened her eyes wide. "That's what I'd like to do," she said loudly to Marion—and received another sharp jab from the ivory fan.

Her eyes were on a ballet dancer in misty tarlatan, who twirled on the tips of her toes.

"Maybe you can take lessons next year," Marguerite whispered; and then, amid applause, the curtain was drawn.

Marion looked straight at her sisters. "Any lessons any Lallane takes next year," she said, "will be Marguerite's lessons at Newcomb College—and don't you forget it!"

Marion's eyes flashed so fiercely that nobody replied; but afterward she relaxed into moody thought, from which indeed she had hardly rallied when, reaching home, she thanked Miss de Rive for the wonderful evening.

ALL through breakfast and Sunday school next day, Marion seemed to be dazed; and when she came into the hall after returning from school she collided with her mother and Marguerite, who were starting for church.

"Change your dress at once please, dear," Mrs. Lallane said. Marion went to her room and almost tore the Valenciennes frills from her sleeves in her impatience to change. In her favorite dark-blue sailor suit she ran downstairs to the new "Office Building"

which the girls had established on the ground floor, to make room for the boarders above.

"Meena, Meena," she called. "Please make a fire for me."

Meena, grumbling, followed her into the big, untidy room and laid paper and wood in the iron basket set into the fireplace, while Marion rummaged in the carved drawers of the sideboard that was her office. Finally she crossed the room, bearing a ragged leather portfolio, some paper of assorted sizes, and a lead pencil with a gnawed point.

"I want to tell you what I'm going to do, Meena." Excitement rang in Marion's voice.

"Ef it's sumpin' yo' grandpa'd do—"

Marion bit her lip. Sinking into a low chair, she sorted out her papers and began to figure furiously. Yet the image of her grandfather came to her—a severe old gentleman,

by all accounts. She knew him well from his framed portrait in the hall. She tried to imagine him stepping down from the frame, in his choker collar and long black frock coat and taking the "first position for the waltz" before a class of other pupils. For that was her idea—to give dancing lessons and make money to send Marguerite to college.

Grandfather might, possibly, approve. Perhaps he had danced himself in his young days. But Meena—Meena would certainly not approve of any Lallane earning money in any such way as this. So Marion held her counsel, while her pencil squeaked over the paper.

How many pupils would she have? She put down the names of all the little girls she knew, because she wasn't old enough to give lessons to big girls. She thought of everyone in Miss Ettam's kindergarten class, and there were twenty-five. How much should she charge? Miss de Rive charged one dollar an hour for French lessons. But Miss de Rive was grown up. Marion was only half grown up. Well, then, half price. She put down 50¢. It looked very neat and commercial, that way. But was it fair?

Marion raised her eyes and stared at the walnut roses carved on the sideboard. French was, of course, more important than dancing—probably twice as important. Marion revised her price to 25¢. Twenty-five times twenty-five is how much? Marion did the sum, and it staggered her, because she had never had even one dollar all at once in her life.

"They'd never pay me so much," she confided to the wooden roses, and their dust-encrusted petals stared at her so woodenly that she thought they were agreeing. "I haven't any references, either—and no previous experience. Ten cents a lesson is all I can get."

So, on the paper with its list of names, she wrote laboriously 10¢ after each name, added up the entries, multiplied twenty-five by ten to make sure, and proudly wrote down the total—\$2.50.

"That's enough!" she said, proudly. "Two dollars and fifty cents for each and every hour."

"Nuff fer w'at?" demanded Meena, suspiciously. But, before Marion could be forced into an answer, she ordered: "Time ter git dressed fer dinner."

"Mother doesn't make us for Sunday dinner any more," Marion said. "Besides, nobody's called me."

"Called you?" Wrath rang in the old woman's voice. "Whose gwine ter call you? W'at yo' grandpa say? His chillens—"

"Yes, I know, Meena," Marion knew the tale by heart. In the old days, all her grandfather's children had to be dressed and seated at least half an hour before dinner-time, in the parlor with Judge and Mistress Warren. Then Achilles, Meena's father, noiselessly sliding back the folding doors, announced,

with the manner of a king welcoming his guests, that dinner was served. There was no Achilles now, but Marion knew that her mother did like them to be in the library when dinner was announced by black Octavie, even if they had to wait until the

boarders came down before entering the dining-room.

"Is it really one o'clock?" Marion asked, knowing that Meena's sense of time was as accurate as a clock.

"It's 'bout ter be."

So Marion weighted her papers with a stopperless perfume bottle of crystal traced in gold and got up from her chair.

"Thank you for keeping me company," She touched Meena's shoulder in passing. "And for making the fire, Meena," she called from the hall.

CHAPTER FOUR

Marion Puts It into Execution

AFTER dinner the girls went with their mother into her room, where, every Sunday, they studied their Bibles and Sunday-school books, after which each one read aloud her chosen story or verse. Marion hurried through the 117th Psalm—she couldn't find a shorter one. Merry followed swiftly with "Joy cometh in the morning." But Marguerite insisted on reading the story of the widow's mite.

"I don't think," Merry said when her sister finished, "that I could have done that—given my last penny, when I wanted it so."

"And had worked so hard with those dancing lessons," Marion murmured. "Dancing lessons?" shouted Marguerite.

"I—I—didn't mean that," Marion bent her reddening face above her Bible. "I was thinking of something else."

"I'm ready to stop," Merry pushed her books on the lower shelf of her mother's bedside table. "Let's have the good-night verse, Mother."

"Yes, let's," Marguerite echoed. She was standing before the mirror, gathering her heavy brown hair high on her head, twisting it and holding it in place, then, with a sigh, letting it fall. "I think I'll shave my head," she announced, "and varnish it. Then all I'd have to do would be to just slick it over with the duster."

"Don't be so silly," Marion, still curled up in her big chair, murmured.

"I think that's a bright idea," said Merry. "There's Agnes calling, Mother. Please read the good-night verse." "And the steps of a good man," Mrs. Lallane began, "are ordered by the Lord." Marion sprang up as though galvanized. "That's it!" she shouted and started for the door through which Merry had vanished.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]



Mrs. Lallane



Tim Nestor, staring at the delicate profile outlined against the dark hair, loosened by her ride, thought what a pretty nose she had. (Page 150)

HALSTEAD'S NEW DERBY

By C. A. Stephens

ILLUSTRATED BY HEMAN FAY, JR.

THE stiff, round-crowned hat known as a derby has been worn at intervals for a century or more, and took its name from the Derby races in England, though English people usually speak of it as a bowler. This style of hat, however, did not reach our rural county in Maine till as late as 1867, when quite a craze for wearing it ensued among men and youths.

Hitherto the boys of our old-farm neighborhood had worn caps in winter and straw hats in summer; but now, as October approached, we all became ambitious to possess a derby, my Cousin Halstead especially so, since his last winter's cap had grown much the worse for wear.

A new dealer in hats, named O'Hallan, had recently opened a furnishing store in the village, and thither the Old Squire conducted Halstead to buy his hat. The old gentleman himself was very busy with other matters that morning and had but scant time before taking the train for Portland; for that reason Halstead was left to make the best bargain he could with the hatter.

It should be said here perhaps that Halstead was not easily fitted, having a rather small, round head on which most hats of the prevailing form were tight in breadth at the ears, with space to spare at the forehead and the occiput. At best a six and three-fourths size hat was generally too large for him, and considerable difficulty frequently attended the buying of his headgear.

There seems to have been the usual trouble that morning. The new shopman, however, appears to have been bent on making a sale. It transpired later that he had no hat in stock smaller than a seven and a quarter, or perhaps a seven and a half. But he set to work with the aid of thick white felt "reducers" inside the sweat-band to make the large hat fit his inexperienced customer, cajoling him jovially all the while, and assuring him of a perfect fit. This done, the new derby was clapped inside a band-box—along with a bill to the Old Squire for two dollars and fifty cents—and handed to Halstead to carry home in the wagon. The consequence was that when Grandmother Ruth opened the hat-box after dinner, in order to have Halstead try on his new hat, not a little merriment occurred among the rest of us at the spectacle he presented. In spite of the three reducers inside the band, the derby was still woefully too large and dropped ludicrously down over his ears. Even a single reducer, as everyone knows, injures the good looks of a hat.

It was to be Halstead's Sunday hat, for church and other public occasions. This, if I remember right, was on a Friday. It being harvest time, farm work so engrossed us that no further reference to Halstead's new derby was made before the following Sabbath morning. The Old Squire had not yet returned from Portland, and, as the teams had been hard at work during the entire week, Grandmother Ruth decreed that we three boys should walk to the meeting-house, three miles distant, and excused the girls from going. After the morning chores were finished, Addison and I made haste to shift our clothes and hardly got a square look at Halstead until he came forth under his new derby to join us on our way.

"Look sharp, Halse; don't let that derby drop clean down over your eyes, or we shall have to lead you!" exclaimed Addison.

"Say, Halse," I cried, "won't Elsie Wilbur admire you with that hat on? You'll be proud to let Elsie see you in that derby!"

"Why didn't you get it bigger, Halse? Why didn't you buy a size larger?" Addison teased.

As we proceeded he fell behind and came slowly along in our rear. Guessing that we had hurt his feelings, Addison and I said no more; and it was not till we were nearing the old meetinghouse that we looked back and discovered that Halstead was not in sight. "I do believe he has gone back home!" Addison exclaimed, and then added, "I suppose we ought not have said so much."

After lingering a little at the church door, however, we finally entered, feeling somewhat conscience-stricken. Uneasiness had fallen on us; and I imagine that we gave small heed to Elder Witham's sermon. That Halstead had left us would have been a trivial matter if he had been like most boys; but, as we were well aware, he was very impulsive and prone to do rash things when grieved or teased.



Halse was sitting disconsolately on an old shave horse, his new derby set on a stump ten feet away

As soon therefore as the benediction was pronounced, we hastened homeward to look him up.

I ran into the house to see if he had returned. He wasn't to be found. Grandmother Ruth was in the sitting-room conning her copy of "Pilgrim's Progress."

"Seems to me that you are back early from church," she remarked. "Where are Addison and Halstead?"

"Ad is out in the garden with the girls, but I don't know where Halse is," I answered.

"Didn't he return with you?" she asked.

"He didn't go to meeting with us, and we don't know where he's gone," I explained reluctantly.

"Did you and Addison plague him about his hat?" the old lady questioned reproachfully. I was obliged to admit that we had laughed a little, he looked so queer with that big hat down on his ears.

"Go call Addison," Grandmother Ruth directed, rising hastily to put aside her book. I hurried to summon my fellow transgressor.

Immediately a thorough search began to learn what had become of the truant. I ran to look in the apple house, then circled back of the west barn and down to the goose pond. Addison meantime had gone across the fields to the Aunt Hannah Lot and so around by the sugar house in the maple grove. Theodora—on some idea of her own—had taken the well-trodden path to the Edwards farm; later Nell and I ran down to the "little sea."

But all our questing proved quite fruit-

less so far as any trace of the missing boy was concerned; and one by one we returned to report our ill success.

An hour or more passed. But Grandmother Ruth continued solicitous. We had our Sunday dinner.

A bright idea then occurred to Ellen as to Halstead's possible whereabouts.

"Maybe he's gone up to see old Hughy Glinds," she suggested. "You know he always likes to go there."

THIS old neighbor Glinds—as I have often related in these reminiscences—lived in a little cabin of rude construction up in the borders of the great woods, about a mile and a half from our place. In his younger days he had been a hunter and trapper, but at present gained a livelihood largely by making ox-yokes, goad-sticks, axe helms, snowshoes and hand-sleds. His cabin was a queer sort of place, piled about with dry ash lumber; shave horses, "forms" for bending the ash, were set about the front of it.

Little wonder that old Hughy's cabin was a favorite resort of all the boys thereabouts.

"I bet a cooky he's up there!" Ellen cried.

"If Ad will come with me, I'll go and see!" she offered.

Addison, however, declared that he had had enough of Halstead-hunting for one day; but, since I liked the idea of the trip pretty well, I volunteered to go in his place.

Old Hughy, as it transpired later, was away from home that day; but when we drew near the cabin Halse was discovered sitting

there disconsolately with his face in his hands, on one of old Hughy's shave horses, his new derby set on a stump in front of him, about ten feet away. The picture he presented was so woebegone and yet withal so ridiculous that Ellen burst out laughing.

"Why, Halse!" she cried. "You are bare-headed! Does your new hat hurt your head?"

Halstead looked up, but evinced few signs of joy at our approach.

Ellen secured possession of the derby, however, and we held a sort of inquest over it. In addition to the hatter's "reducers" Halstead had been introducing two long thin ash shavings under the sweat-band. Even then it was fully two sizes too big for him. The hat also bore signs of hard usage. In the stiff black crown was a puncture that looked to have been made with the sharp blade of a knife. Evidently Halse had been working on it, but had given up at last in despair. We finally persuaded him to accompany us home, Ellen still in possession of the derby.

The Old Squire returned from Portland next forenoon and, on learning something of what had occurred, requested to see the offending headgear. After he had looked it over, he bade Halstead put it on, when the extent of the misfit was so apparent that the old gentleman's lips twitched, and it was evident that he had much difficulty in suppressing a smile.

"A case of too much hat for the boy," he remarked.

"Joseph," Grandmother Ruth said with determination, "that hat is going straight back to O'Hallan's shop, this very day! He shall exchange it for a smaller one!"

In fact the old lady felt so aggrieved that she had Whitefoot hitched up immediately and drove to the village herself, accompanied by Halstead and his band-box. On arriving, she entered the new store and without ceremony addressed the proprietor:

"Last Friday, Mr. O'Hallan,—if that is your name,—you sold my grandson here a hat much too large for him. I have brought it back to have you exchange it for a smaller size."

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked O'Hallan defensively.

"Trouble enough," Grandmother Ruth rejoined, and, opening the bandbox, she took out the derby and removed first the long thin ash shavings that Halstead had inserted, then one by one the three thick white felt "reducers" with which the sweat-band bulged. Afterwards, calling Halstead forward, she placed it on his head, demonstrating conclusively that it was ridiculously large for him.

"You can see for yourself, Mr. O'Hallan, that he needs a much smaller hat," Grandmother Ruth said decisively.

"But I haven't a smaller size," the trader objected, crustily.

"Then why did you sell him this one?" demanded the old lady, insistently.

"Well, the boy wanted a hat, and I did the best I could for him," was the shopkeeper's equivocal and wholly unsatisfactory answer.

"If you haven't a smaller-size derby hat, will you fit him to some other hat or cap?" she suggested. O'Hallan caught the hat off Halstead's head and examined it critically.

"Why, this hat has had rough usage! It's ruined!" he declared.

"Do you insist on having it paid for?" Grandmother Ruth inquired.

"Yes, I do," the hatter replied decidedly.

Producing her pocketbook, Grandmother Ruth laid the price on the counter.

"When a new trader comes into the place, it is perhaps worth two dollars and a half to find out the kind of man he is," Grandmother Ruth remarked laconically.

"I suppose," she continued calmly, "that this hat is now mine," and, taking it in her hand, she marched to the door and flung it into the middle of the street—much to the amusement of several people who were passing. Without further leave-taking she then walked out of O'Hallan's shop, followed by the now abject Halstead, and, repairing to one of the two other furnishing stores, succeeded in finding a cap of the right size, which really became him.

As time passed that fall, Addison and I each became the happy possessor of a derby. Halstead, however, expressed no further desire in that direction. He had had his.

DOUBLING IN TRACK

By Jonathan Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE AVISON

BOY, here's where we go to work," exclaimed big Jake Hilligoss, as he sat down at the dinner table, between Les Moore and Billy Armstrong, at the Alpha Omega house.

"How come?" queried Jim Byers, fourth of the Jordan Big Four.

"Shoot the sugar, Les," Billy demanded.

"What work? Who?"

"Football work, and me," Jake replied, answering the last two questions together. "Call for spring practice, to start Monday." He held aloft a sheet of paper he had just been reading. "Letter from the coach, inviting—"

"Instructing, you'd better say," growled Les Moore.

"—me to report for spring work-outs Monday afternoon," continued Jake, unheeding. "Signed by Coach Phillips. You guys will have to be on the job, too."

"Suits me, but I haven't any letter," Jimmy Byers spoke up.

"Neither have I, but I didn't look in the mail box. Here, rhinie," Billy turned to a freshman at their table, "see if there is any mail for me."

"For me, too, and Byers," added Les. "Say, it will be fun to get hold of that old football again, hey? But then I want to play baseball."

"Fat chance," Jake said. "When the coach orders football practice, he means football practice, and anybody who wants to make the team next fall had better show up. He should worry whether we could make the baseball or track team. He's coaching football, and that's what you've got to play."

"Letter for Armstrong, and one for Moore," announced the freshman, returning from the mail box. "But none for Byers."

After dinner, worried because he had received no letter ordering him to report for spring work in his favorite sport, Jimmy sat by himself in the big living-room and, amid the music, talking, and joking that followed dinner, pretended to be reading a newspaper. He had made the Varsity in the preceding fall, playing about half the time in all the season's games at quarterback. Coach Phillips had shifted him in and out of battles, working him alternately with big Dory Hawkins, and had awarded him the Varsity "J." Jimmy never knew whether the coach regarded him as first string quarterback, but he realized that he must be at least on a par with Hawkins.

Now, rested from the strenuous fall campaign, he fairly itched for a few weeks of training on the spring gridiron. He wanted to develop and improve his knowledge of the game, and better his own execution of it physically, so that, if he could not beat Dory Hawkins out of the job, he could at least hold his own to the next season. And the coach had not even asked him to report for training! He might have asked me to come out, anyhow," muttered Jimmy to himself. "Blamed if I don't go see him."

Without saying anything to his chums, Jim found his cap and left the fraternity house. Fifteen minutes later, nervous but determined to find out whether he could report with the rest of the squad, he entered the coach's home.

"Why, hello, Byers," exclaimed Coach Phillips. "How are you? I'd just been planning to get in touch with you."

Jimmy's heart quickened. He grinned. He was going out for football, after all.

"Well, I just came over," he said. "Some of the fellows got letters saying they should report for spring football, and—"

"And you didn't get one? Well, that's right," Coach Phillips interrupted. "I did not send you one." Jimmy's heart sank. "I don't want you to report for football this spring."

"But, Coach, I ought to—" Jimmy began to protest, weakly.

"You ought to stay clear away from football," pronounced the coach, flatly. "Here, sit down, and let's talk it over. Oh, I don't mean you should drop football for good—did you think I was kicking you out of the game? Never fear! But listen, Jim. You took a lot of pounding last fall. You'll have to take a lot next season."

"They asked me to come out for baseball, and I told them I couldn't, because of spring football," lamented Jim. "But maybe they'd let me report, this late—"



Jimmy pounded out his soreness in four rounds of the track

"No, no baseball, either," ordered the coach. "Geewhiz, Coach, I can't sit around with my nose in a book all the time."

"I thought you were the fellow who never had enough time for study," Phillips laughed. "But wait a minute. I don't want you to play baseball this spring, because you might twist an ankle, or sprain a knee, or get hurt in some way that would cripple you for football. Instead of that—ever try any track work?"

"Oh, gosh, Coach—track?" queried Jimmy, with an air of distaste.

"Yes, track."

"Well, I ran a little at Lockerbie, but I was no good."

"That makes no difference. I wish you would report to Wilson right away. I'll see him in the morning, and I wish you'd follow his orders. Next fall, you and I will talk football again."

"Well, whatever you say goes, I guess," said Jimmy, finally.

"That's the spirit," Coach Phillips applauded. "And whatever he has you do, go at it with the idea you're getting ready for football, understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy and left soon afterward. He hardly understood the situation, but wisely assumed that Coach Phillips knew what was best for him. Arrived at home, he said nothing of his visit to the Big Four, well knowing they would razz him for his assignment to track work. "Candy," he could hear them saying, and they would be saying it as soon as they heard of him in track togs. Therefore he went straight to his room and delved into his books.

"Well, I ran a little at Lockerbie, but I was no good."

"That makes no difference. I wish you would report to Wilson right away. I'll see him in the morning, and I wish you'd follow his orders. Next fall, you and I will talk football again."

"Well, whatever you say goes, I guess," said Jimmy, finally.

"That's the spirit," Coach Phillips applauded. "And whatever he has you do, go at it with the idea you're getting ready for football, understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy and left soon afterward. He hardly understood the situation, but wisely assumed that Coach Phillips knew what was best for him. Arrived at home, he said nothing of his visit to the Big Four, well knowing they would razz him for his assignment to track work. "Candy," he could hear them saying, and they would be saying it as soon as they heard of him in track togs. Therefore he went straight to his room and delved into his books.

"Well, I ran a little at Lockerbie, but I was no good."

"That makes no difference. I wish you would report to Wilson right away. I'll see him in the morning, and I wish you'd follow his orders. Next fall, you and I will talk football again."

"Well, whatever you say goes, I guess," said Jimmy, finally.

"That's the spirit," Coach Phillips applauded. "And whatever he has you do, go at it with the idea you're getting ready for football, understand?"

"You'll learn," said Coach Wilson, briefly.

"Phillips wants your legs and back developed, and I'm prescribing hurdling to do it. And if by any chance you get good, I'll use you—"

"Fat chance," grinned Jimmy. "I'll bust wide open."

"This afternoon, or this morning, if you like, you should do a couple of fifty-yard sprints, and then jog half a mile. Monday, do the sprints again, and then jog a mile. Tuesday, try four of those fifty-yard sprints,

nothing else. Wednesday," concluded the coach, "I'll sic you on a hurdle or two. Ask for some togs. Here's a ticket."

Jimmy took the card, found the supply room, and obtained a locker. A little later he was on the field, going through the first part of his prescription, all alone. So this was the idea, he thought? Coach Phillips thought his legs and back should be stronger to make him a better football player? Well, he'd show Phillips and Wilson that he could take orders. He buckled into his work, with a will.

At noon, when he returned to the house for lunch, Les, Billy, and Jake wanted to know at once whether he had received football orders.

"Nope," said Jimmy, with a grin. "I'm ordered to report for track."

"What?" they all demanded, in one voice.

"Yeah, track," Jimmy repeated.

"No!" exclaimed Les.

"Another Paddock, maybe?" Billy queried.

Jim shook his head.

"Then a John Paul Jones?" asked Les.

"Or an Olympic hammer thrower?" Jake suggested.

"Nope, I'm out for the hurdles," said Jimmy. "They think they need another star hurdler, and I'm elected." He grinned as he spoke.

"Oh, another Simpson," said Les.

"And he never took a lesson in his life," mocked Billy.

"Johnny Martin only won two duals and a first in the Conference last year," Les added.

"But he's captain this year," suggested Jake. "Maybe they're afraid all this responsibility will wear him out."

"Figure it to suit yourself," Jimmy laughed. "All I know is that I'm ordered to report as a hurdler. And while you poor truck horses are hauling away at your load I'll be out on the track as a race horse—"

"Steeplechaser," interrupted Billy. "And these jumpers are always getting their necks broken, or legs, or something."

On Monday and Tuesday, at the conclusion of each workout, Jimmy remembered what they had said—"Candy!"—and decided that they were right. His workouts took only a little time. He could go to the gym, change clothes, hustle to the field, do his stuff, get back to gym, take a shower and be on his

way somewhere else, all within an hour. Football required two to three hours of hard, grinding work. So did baseball. But track promised to leave him with plenty of time for his studies and some outside reading on railroads, his hobby.

On Wednesday, Jimmy met his first hurdle. It was an awkward experience, for, while the low hurdles are not very high and look easy, the fact is that they offer themselves as severe obstacles for any but the best trained and most skillful performers. Jimmy, short legged and stocky, stood by at Wilson's request and watched the tall and graceful Captain Martin sail blithely over a series of the hurdles.

"Now, then, Byers, try that first one," ordered Wilson. "See if you can copy Martin's form."

Jimmy crouched for a start, and flew at the first hurdle. As he neared it, he hesitated, and then jumped, going over it with his lifting front foot turned in and doubled back toward him. He cleared it, going inches higher than he needed to go, and landed fairly well in stride. This was not so bad, after all, he thought.

"No, no, Byers, not that way," he heard Wilson shouting, as he slowed down to turn back. "You lose too much time that way. Tear your legs to pieces, too. Double up and then straighten out—no, no. Throw that foot straight out and up in front of you. Take the hurdle in stride—see? Now then, watch Martin. Here, Johnny. Show him, again. Now, watch, Byers. See, see, there he goes—leg straight out, foot coming up, sliding straight ahead but over—"

And Jimmy had been congratulating himself, briefly, that he had taken his hurdle cleanly and quickly!

"Now, then, try it again. Don't hurry. Get the form. No speed, now. There you go—up—out—over—careful!"

But Jimmy kicked into the first hurdle with his toe, knocked the timber down and fell sprawling on his hands in the cinders.

"Hurt? No?" called Wilson as Jimmy picked himself up, grinning ruefully. "All right, try it again. And get some lift with that front leg—some spring, some drive off the other one. There, that's better—over you go. Now then, back here. Martin, go down with him, shorten your stride to his, count with him—see? Pace him to it, and over it, will you, Johnny? And show him, any way you can."

Jimmy, feeling awkward, and straining at muscles he did not know he had, and at some he did not seem to have at all, fought along at the unaccustomed task. A dozen times he drove at the hurdle, to lift and reach, drive and come down reaching again into the next stride. Hurdling had always looked like a simple proposition. He had no idea there was so much to it. And his whole frame began to sag under the task.

"That's enough," pronounced Martin. "You'll be all in for a week if we don't quit. Let it go at that, kid. But I'd jog a quarter if I were you."

"Thanks," said Jimmy, panting. "Maybe I'll get the hang of it, some day. But say, this is tougher than football."

"Oh, I don't know," grinned the track captain. "If you can do it as well—"

"Give it what I've got," Jimmy laughed. And then he set off to run a quarter-mile. That done, he went to the gym and the showers. The whole workout had lasted only half an hour, but he felt utterly weary. After dinner that evening he found himself exhausted from the unwonted strain on poorly developed muscles and went to bed early. He slept soundly, and next morning could hardly get out of bed. Every fiber in his frame seemed to shriek in agony as he hobbled down from the dormitory to his room.

All through the forenoon he wriggled and squirmed on his seat in the classroom, trying to make his aching muscles more comfortable. That afternoon he hobbled, or crawled, out for another workout and found Coach Wilson and Captain Martin standing together. His thighs felt as if long knives were slicing and twisting through them from knees to hips. The muscles of his back seemed drawn taut to the breaking point, and the ligaments of his neck felt as if they were swollen twice their normal size.

"How about a little machine oil?" smiled Wilson, sympathetically. He had treated beginning hurdlers before.

"Whoopy," grinned Jimmy. "But let me at

JIMMY BYERS' Next Adventure

SPRING is coming. Soon, now, the warm afternoons will be filled with the most thrilling sound in the realm of sport—the short sharp crack of a good ash bat on a whizzing sphere of horsehide. Baseball again! Next month Jonathan Brooks will celebrate the return of the greatest game of them all with a thrilling story of the diamond in which Jimmy Byers meets an old rival and—but you must read "First at Third" to find out more.

that hurdle again. Work this soreness off right away. I can't stand it."

"No, you only need to jog a mile this afternoon," said the coach. "Tonight before you go to bed practice standing on the toes of one foot and lifting the other leg straight ahead of you, touching points about hurdle-high, on the wall. Do that with each foot, several times. Tomorrow, we'll let you tackle the hurdle again."

Jimmy pounded out his soreness in four rounds of the track, and then found sweet solace for his system under the hot showers. Within a week he had whipped the agony, though it came back to him with each attack upon the hurdles. In another week he found he could work at form and rhythm steadily without being sore afterward. And at the end of a third he was beginning to work on three and four hurdles in succession instead of the solitary obstacle.

"You've got the form, now," Wilson told him, finally. "Keep plugging."

"Off the toes, every time—lift, reach and drive," added Captain Martin.

JIMMY began to rejoice at finding that this hard task was becoming easier all the while. His legs grew stronger, from the tips of his toes to his hips. He flew at the uprights with confidence, now, and early in May found himself able to run the entire two hundred twenty yards and top the timbers consistently.

"Taking them all, now, hey?" asked Wilson. "All right—the next thing is to cut down the lift. Save time and strength by keeping as close to the sticks as you can. Work at that a while, and then we'll see if you have any speed."

Day in and day out, Jimmy struggled with his hurdles. He found that, whereas he had congratulated himself on getting over the barriers nicely, he was in reality jumping them instead of merely skimming them. So he took a handful of dominoes from an abandoned set in the house lounge-room to the gym and the field with him.

"My gosh, does that soft track stuff give you time to play dominoes?" demanded Jake Hilligoss.

Jimmy ignored the chaff and went about his business. He set the dominoes on edge atop hurdles, one on each stick, and then skimmed down the track and over each one, trying to knock off each domino with the spikes of his lifting, reaching front shoe. That meant that he must skim the stick with less than an inch to spare. Becoming absorbed in this game of his own, he worked at it half an hour a day.

"There's the double-naught," he would whisper to himself, sliding over the first hurdle and flicking off the first domino. "The double-one." And then, "The double-two." In a week's time he developed this little game until he could make the entire route, brushing off every domino without toppling the hurdle.

"I guess that shaves it pretty close," he thought one afternoon as he whisked the double-six off the rail.

"What's the trouble, Byers?" he heard Coach Wilson calling, as he walked back along the track, picking up his dominoes. "Lose your teeth?"

Jimmy grinned sheepishly and explained what he was doing. "Trying to hug the hurdles, without hitting," he said.

"Can you do it? Great, fine; but, boy, don't let me see you try it again, ever!" warned the coach. "Suppose one of them landed on edge, and you came down on it—what then? A badly sprained ankle, or maybe a broken leg in a spill."

"Never thought of that," panted Jimmy.

"Then where would I be?" Wilson demanded. "Phillips wanted me to build up your legs, not break them. Let me have a look at you. Man! You're coming along, fine. Ridges down your back! Legs feel strong? That's good. Tomorrow we'll try out all the hurdle candidates to see who runs with Martin in the Montgomery meet. I haven't had much chance to work with you, and besides I was only giving you something for Phillips. But do you want to run?"

"Well, I don't imagine I'd have a chance,

but I'd just as soon," said Jimmy. "I have no idea what kind of time I make, but I can get over them without knocking any down."

"Don't be too sure," laughed Wilson. "A race is not like practice. Be out tomorrow at three o'clock. If you can lick these other fellows, I'll start you Saturday with Martin."

And in the tryout he licked them!

LES MOORE, released from the last days of football practice so that he could report for baseball, and Billy and Jake, still sweating in moleskins, enjoyed

manded. "Listen to me. We need six points in the hurdles, and we need them badly. Martin, you beat Dorsett twice out of three times last year, and I'm counting on you to do it again. You've got to win for Jordan. And, Byers, your job is to take third place. They'll start only one man besides Dorsett. I don't know who he is, but beat him!"

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy, somewhat nervous now that the event actually confronted him. He forgot now that he was merely working out for football, and burned to show him-

Away he went, and approached the first hurdle, eyeing the top of it steadily as if to locate his first domino. Up, over and out, he went, lifting and skimming the rail.

"Old double-naught," thought Jimmy. He heard Ames pounding beside him. Double-one came in a jiffy, with Ames rising, driving, and dropping right with him. Gaining confidence as they whirled around the turn with two hurdles behind him, Jimmy put on a little extra speed. Ames became confused in his effort to hold his place, and Jimmy, as he lifted and drove over his imaginary double-two, heard Ames crashing into his hurdle. He heard Ames break his stride and awkwardly try to regain it, and then felt himself off in the clear, out of danger from his opponent. Involuntarily, with a fighter's spirit, he glanced quickly up and outside, to see Martin and Dorsett flying high and hard, skimming the next barrier. Both were increasing speed.

"Double-three," thought Jimmy as he topped the next barrier in his own lane, with a lengthening stride. Once more, drawn by the thought of battle with the two stars ahead of him, he increased his speed. He thought he gained slightly, because as he lifted and reached for the double-four Martin and Dorsett, running like a team, were dropping down over it, fighting at each other like mad men.

"Get the double-five, clean," muttered Jimmy, not taking his eyes off the timber. Reach, reach, reach, reach, lift and drive—and the double-six gone. They were well down the straightaway toward the finish, now, and Jimmy's heart was pounding as if it would burst. But he felt strong, and confident. Without daring to look away from his lane and his hurdles, he knew he was clear of Ames and felt Martin and Dorsett starting a last furious sprint, each determined to win. As he flew over the next stick he

heard a clatter, and out of a corner of his eye saw that Dorsett, overanxious, had toppled his hurdle and almost lost his stride. He flew over his own and hit the track on even terms with Dorsett, but Martin, quick to seize his opportunity, again quickened his stride, thinking to pull away and clinch victory.

"Maybe second place," flashed through Jimmy's mind. Only one more hurdle, and then, sickening, he saw Martin kick his last hurdle and falter as he came down to recover himself. Overanxious, the captain and star hurdler had erred. Jimmy, suddenly determined, hit the cinders even as Martin landed, and, because he was in perfect stride after days of kicking dominoes cleanly, shot ahead before Martin had recovered.

"Byers, Byers, Byers, come on, come on!" he heard a wild tumult of voices shouting. Holding his stride, and gamely trying to avoid fighting his race too much, Jimmy gave all he had in a last final sprint to the finish. Martin and Dorsett would get him, but they'd know they were in a race. "Nearer; it's getting dark; can't see." And then a great, triumphant uproar arose from Jordan rosters. Jimmy had lasted long enough to nose out the flying Dorsett by a whisker's breadth, though Dorsett in turn by a magnificent sprint had come up to edge out Martin for second place.

Jimmy collapsed, though he had been in perfect training, and was caught down his lane by Les Moore and big Jake Hilligoss. They carried him into the grass and wrapped him in a blanket, as tenderly as a mother wraps her baby.

"Boy, didn't he come down there?" exclaimed Jake.

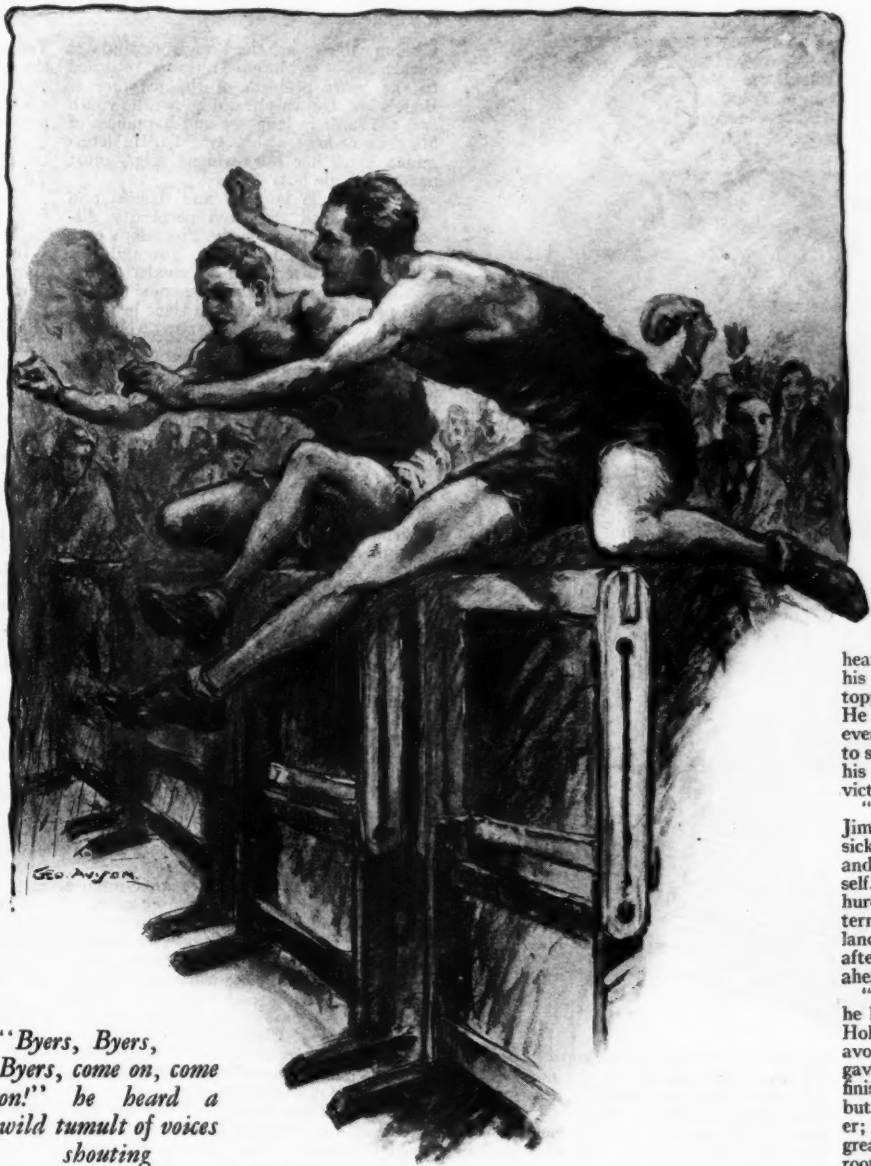
When Jimmy came to consciousness, after a few minutes, he heard the voices of his chums trailing away before two other voices.

"Fighter, all the way; and, man, you've sure built him up." That was Coach Phillips.

"Natural timber-topper," laughed Wilson. "Looks like he's saved this meet with his first place. But, Phillips, it's funny. All he thinks about is getting over the hurdles without knocking any down. Regular fetish, with him."

"All right, it won a first for you, and a track letter for him, didn't it?" demanded Phillips, jealous of his gridiron protégé.

"I should worry about these things," grinned Jimmy, sitting up. "Think I want to sprain an ankle or break a leg, tangling with those old wood frames? How could I play football then, hey?"



"Byers, Byers, Byers, come on, come on!" he heard a wild tumult of voices shouting

themselves at Jim's expense the next two days. Anybody, they said, could make a track team, because track work is soft. But Jimmy merely grinned and refused to wrangle. He knew his track work was intended merely as a builder for football, and as such it was worth while. If in the meantime, he thought, he could be of any service to the track team he would give it all he had. He remembered the old Lockerbie slogan—when you can't go another step it's time to start.

"Anyway, you'll give 'em a battle," said big Jake, on the way to the gym with Jimmy Saturday afternoon.

"Yeah?" laughed Jim. "With Martin and Dorsett of Montgomery, the two best hurdlers in this part of the country? They won a race each last year, and then when Martin won the Conference low hurdles Dorsett was right on him for second place. I'm just in this race for ballast."

While the early events were being run off, Jimmy jogged a short distance in the field, and practiced three or four starts. He paid little attention to the meet and indeed until called by Coach Wilson did not know how it was going.

"Low hurdles next," called the track marshal about three o'clock.

"Martin and Byers," Coach Wilson com-

self of value to the track team. "If getting over all of 'em—"

"Stop worrying about that," snapped Wilson. "You're allowed,—"

"I know I won't be disqualified," said Jimmy, soberly, "but if I knock one down I'm liable to fall over it and not even finish."

"All right, have it your own way, but finish third," said Wilson, amused at Jimmy's earnestness on the score of topping all the timbers cleanly.

"Low hurdlers," shouted a voice. Jimmy looked around and perceived the starter, whose voice seemed familiar. It was Coach Phillips!

"Great Scott, boy!" exclaimed Phillips. "Are you on this team? And look at your legs! I'll say Wilson's a good doctor. All right, hurdlers, get ready! Come on. Now then, on your marks. Get set!" Bang!

And they were off! Jimmy, second from the inside rail, felt rather than saw Dorsett and Martin, outside him, breeze away from him as Phillips fired the gun. Quick starters and virtually sprinters, the two old rivals flew off their marks and speedily left Jimmy and his man, one Ames, behind them. Jimmy had a sinking feeling for an instant, as he straightened up and struck out a steady pace, until he remembered his job was to beat Ames, not Martin and Dorsett.

CHARLES AND FAYA

Third Prize-winning Story in The Companion's Junior Fiction Contest

By Lorene Squire

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE ROWE



He heard a shriek, "Oh, popsy!" The scarlet figure hurled herself at him. . . the Professor felt weak, then nauseated

THE college authorities claimed that the astronomy professor looked the same and had given the same set of lectures for twenty years. The former was not true. In the twenty years the Professor's hair had retreated up his forehead until, except for a saving fringe of gray, he was bald. The Professor's head had become more bowed, his shoulders more stooped; the look of profound thought in his eyes had deepened; he was in general more dried and old. However, to all appearances he wore the same brown suit and the same pair of gold-rimmed glasses as to his first lecture.

With the years new classes came and drifted forever away, but to the Professor they were always the same, merely a hazy crowd before his eyes. Only once did he notice an individual student, and the one—

It was in the beginning of the second term of his first year that Amehlia danced into his class. Amehlia! Some likened her to a butterfly, others to a wind-blown flower. But it was agreed that she was beauty and laughter—eyes of April violets and hair of morning sunlight, and her voice as glad and pure as the bluebird's. The Professor flunked Amehlia, which everyone expected; then, strange to say, she married him.

And it was said that the Professor worshipped Amehlia as a golden princess that had come unto his hearth. But one day the Professor discovered that never did Amehlia think! He was distressed. Then after some consideration and analyzing he came to the conclusion: what need had she of thought? She had knowledge, knowledge that the Professor could never possess, knowledge that seemed to come as naturally to her as

did her beauty. She did not know by analyzing or considering, she merely knew—knew by some intuition—people's hearts, even their souls; she knew when to laugh and when to be pensively silent; she knew far better than the Professor what was right and wrong. She knew in her manner everything in the world, just as the silvered white moth knows the way of the yucca plant. How this

wisdom came to her the Professor could not decide, and at last he gave it up and returned to the lesser problem of the why of Bode's law. But this he did know: the youth and the faith in laughter and happiness of life must be kept within Amehlia. He determined that her fairy-winged steps must never be made heavy.

And Amehlia laughed and danced and comforted until the tired perplexity disappeared at times from the Professor's eyes and his wisdom budded forth. Now and then his shoulders lifted, and he wondered why all this happiness should have come to him. And people who had shaken their heads at this ill-matched marriage now wondered at the beauty of it.

THE years crept on—the Professor at his light spectrum and his sunspots, giving the same dry lectures, Amehlia making their home all happiness and color. There were two children, the first a boy.

"He shall be like his father," Amehlia said, her bright hair cascaded over white pillows. "He shall be of great knowledge and diligence and do great work. Yes, and I shall call him Isaac after that great Newton of yours."

And the Professor was so happy that he could not refrain from giving a lecture on the asteroids, no matter if it was off the line of the course. And he grew so excited and exuberant over them that a young man, for once, failed to go to sleep in his class, and today there is a great mathematician devoting his life to the calculation of asteroid orbits.

And then three years later a girl was born. "She will resemble you in all ways, dear," said the Professor, tears of happiness misting his glasses. "I gathered a list of possible names today and have decided on Faya. It expresses the feeling of fairy, dear. That is you."

And then the Professor gave a five-minute lecture that was not in any way connected with astronomy and dismissed the class—which now, the university paper commented, leaves room for the world to come to an end.

At an early age, young Isaac tearfully objected to his name and insisted on being addressed as Charles, his middle one, or, better, Charley. Charley had light-brown hair and eyes of deepest blue. "In appearance he resembles his mother," the Professor assented. "But he has my mind."

When Charley brought home his first grade card the Professor was grieved. When Charley brought home his second grade card the Professor was furious.

"Young man," he shouted, "even in primary I led my class. You lead by the foot.

The teacher's note says that you demoralize the entire room, that in spite of her efforts you continually laugh and draw pictures and whisper, that you can't even be made to take your work seriously. Now, if next time every grade on this card isn't above passing, you'll get a thrashing that you'll always remember. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Charley tearfully. But five minutes later his gay child's laughter gladdened the passers-by along their street.

By the next grade card all subjects were above passing, barely above. The standard now was set. On into high school Charley's grades were just a scratch on the better side of failure.

"But, Amehlia, dear," said the Professor wistfully, "he probably did not obtain the right start. I know he has the brains. He hasn't applied himself. He'll be a second Darwin; that's it. Why, Darwin was the worst student in his class until he was twenty-one. Yes, Charles is only holding his forces in reserve. He'll be great some day."

"Of course, dearest," said Amehlia. Now Faya had the same light-brown hair and blue eyes as Charley, but there was something lacking—a lightness in her step. Her laughter did not express gay happiness—merely amusement. Before acting she pondered seriously. Her grades were astonishingly high; the Professor regarded them with indifference.

"How are you getting along in dancing class, Faya?" he inquired.

"The teacher had me quit. She said I couldn't feel the music. But I don't care. I don't like dancing."

For a time the Professor was nonplussed. "It will come later," he decided.

Faya had few friends, and those indifferent ones. Charley won friendship from everyone, everywhere—his ready smile, his interest, his understanding did it. It became an accepted routine that Charley should be out each evening, and that Faya should be immersed for almost as late hours in her books. To all this the Professor was blind. He was writing a textbook on astronomy.

At last Charley graduated on a precarious and shaky scholastic standing.

"You're going to Harvard," said the Professor. "My boy, your playtime is over. I expect you to lead your class."

"In Harvard?"

"Yes. Have you decided what you want to major in—what you want to make of yourself?"

"No, dad."

"What? You haven't thought—considered?"

"Yes—a lawyer," said Charley with ready invention.

"I thought—you might take up—some line of science. But no matter."

"A lawyer's the work for me."

And so Charley went to Harvard. The Professor saw him kiss his mother good-by—laughter on the lips of both and a hint of tears in their eyes. Charley was straight and bronzed, and Amehlia fragile and fair, yet there was something about them alike. The Professor could not understand. And when Charley was gone Amehlia wept and sobbed for long hours. The Professor, true to his desire to keep her from all sorrow, attempted to comfort.

"Dear, Charles will be the most brilliant student in the law school, and we can be proud of him. Proud!"

But his words seemed only to make matters worse. And when Amehlia lifted her tear-ravaged face he realized that she was growing older—yes, older.

Glowing letters, but few, came from Charles, telling of the school life, the social events, and giving assurances as to unbelievable hours of intense study. The Professor wrote a worried letter begging Charles not to break his health by overwork.

Then one day there came the shocking realization that Faya was wearing glasses and heavy oxfords and leading her class at school.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 145]

THE THIRD PRIZE WINNER

HERE is Miss Lorene Squire, age eighteen, of Harper, Kan., whose story "Charles and Faya" brings to her the third prize of \$100.00 in The Companion's now concluded Junior Fiction Contest—a contest which, so to speak, rang round the world and brought to our editorial offices, when it was first announced, literally thousands of manuscripts. To discover the three distinguished stories

by youthful authors which, since December, 1927, have appeared in the magazine the board of judges, composed of William Allen White, editor of the Emporia Gazette in Kansas, Miss Elsie Singmaster, Companion author, and John Clair Minot, literary editor of the Boston Herald, gave lavishly of their time.

Young Miss Squire characterizes herself as "just another quill pusher." She is far more than that. Two years ago, when she was only sixteen, an article from her pen was accepted by Nature Magazine, and was reprinted in the Literary Digest. She has written a good deal since then, although "Charles and Faya" is her initial essay in fiction. "On an April day," she tells us, "when tramping along the Chickasaw I thought of it and proceeded to curl myself at the base of a cottonwood and write it all."

This rising young authoress can take great pride in the fact that her fellow Kansan, Mr. White, was particularly impressed by the originality and force of her story, including what he calls the "stringer" at the end. From her, as from all other winners and many contestants, The Companion looks for fine things in the future.



IF YOU HAVE A SWEET TOOTH

Some of the reasons why we have a national candy bill of over \$2,000,000 a day

By Arthur B. Heiberg

HERE used to be a day when it was unlucky to have a sweet tooth—particularly if you were young. In that unhappy era, the impression was abroad that candy was bad for people. Doctors frowned on candy for the young. Parents stood their children in corners if they manifested what they later came to realize as a natural inclination for things that were sweet.

The young citizen with five cents (which was supposed to have a much greater buying power fifteen years ago than it has today) was not fortunate in the auspices under which he had to spend it. It would purchase a vast quantity of rubber-like licorice, or an even vaster one of poisonously colored marshmallow, the greatest virtue of which was that it would last even the most indefatigable Fletcheriser for most of a forenoon. It would purchase a great area of a material libelously called "fudge," which pure food agencies would periodically discover to be composed of glucose with a shellac coating. It would purchase, of course, other commodities which were better, but which, unhappily, to an eye that looked for novelty were somewhat stodgy and uninteresting. And all of these wares were usually heaped together on an open counter in a dusty glass dish, where their unprotected surfaces formed as fine a breeding-ground for industrious germs as you could wish. Perhaps there was a good deal in the objection to candy after all.

Fine candies could be purchased, but they were far beyond the economic reach of the young citizen with five cents—who is the person we are considering, and who had a perfectly rational objection to spending any part of his capital on a fine box and ribbons.

This is the story of the good fortune of the young citizen with five cents to spend—and what has brought it about. For the national attitude on candy, and particularly on inexpensive candy, has changed completely in the last fifteen years,—has been revolutionized, in fact,—and largely by the candy-makers themselves. Candy is eaten in tremendous quantities today, and not in secret, not guiltily in a dark corner, but by permission and often with the encouragement of the very people who once frowned upon it. We have come to realize that a certain amount of sweets is not only desirable but necessary to health, and that the consumption of a reasonable, healthful amount of clean candy honestly manufactured ought to be encouraged.

Our Candy Bill

Some idea of the increase in the consumption of candy can be obtained from the startling fact that our national bill for confectionery in the last year for which figures are available was \$800,000,000, or \$2,192,000 for every day. This is nearly twice the sum that we spent for candy in 1915. And if we go back to 1900, we find that in little more than a quarter of a century our national bill for candy has increased over six and a half times.

What have the candy-makers done about it? By what means have they satisfied the enormous demands which have sprung up? I wanted to find out, and the only way in which it seemed to me that I could find out was to visit one of them and see for myself what went on. It was to the factory of the Curtiss Candy Company that I went for the answer to my question. It seemed to me that a factory which has solved the secret of how to turn out three and one-half million "Baby Ruth" candy bars a day ought to be the place where I could find the most authoritative answer. I made no mistake.

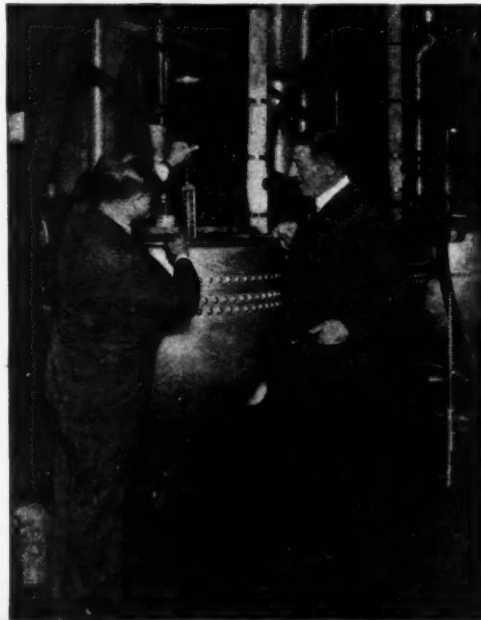
The first impression which a visitor receives on entering one of the three large factories of the company is the pleasant odor of chocolate—one of the most soothing smells which can greet the human nose. The next is that of a spotless cleanliness. Later you learn why. The abundance of daylight is only one factor. An air-purifica-

tion system is another, and it maintains a constant flow of pure, fresh air throughout the factory at all times. In each plant the company has trained nurses and matrons in charge of the girl workers. Not only is the conduct of the girls supervised within reasonable limits, but especially is there constant supervision of their health and clothes. There is a staff of chemists who analyze all raw materials to see that they are of the very highest quality. Every conceivable modern device is used to eliminate the handling by human hands of any of the materials used in the manufacture of candy, and the net result is a degree of efficiency which is almost unbelievable.

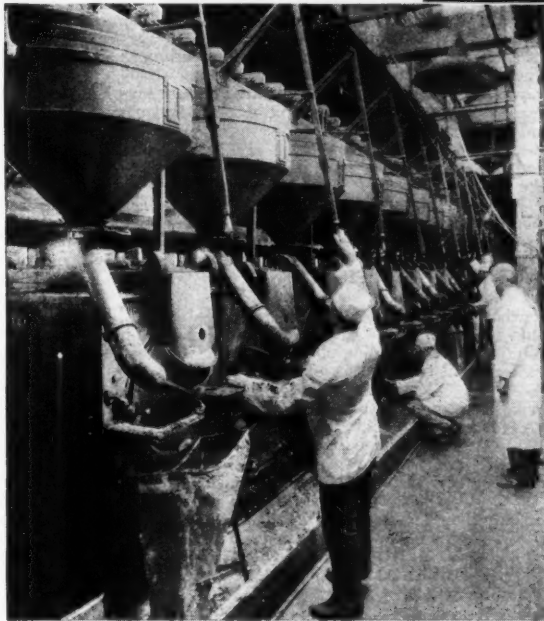
As you can well imagine, the production of a candy bar for the young citizen with five cents at the rate of twenty-five hundred every minute of a twenty-four-hour day calls for all the economies of mass production, and all of the wizardry of automatic machines, particularly when the highest standard of purity and quality of the ingredients must be maintained. Rows and rows of almost noiseless machines speed at their work. Immense kettles steam with their savory contents. These are so placed as to secure the utmost efficiency in handling. The candy bar consists first of an operacream center, then a layer of butter-caramel mixture, then a layer of freshly roasted shelled peanuts (which have passed through nine distinct cleaning and roasting operations), all of which is covered with a coating of special chocolate. The rapidly forming bars pass on con-

Fifty-four huge trailer trucks are used to help haul raw materials and cart away the finished candy bars—for of course there are no warehouses. Candy is good only if it is sold as soon as possible after being made and has not been placed in storage.

Forty-five million pounds of shelled peanuts (one-fifth of this country's annual production), twenty million pounds of corn sirup, eighteen million pounds of cane



Here are two scenes in the great Curtiss Candy Company plant. Above is a mixing and cooking kettle, one of the hundreds of like containers in which the filling for the candy bars is cooked under steam pressure. At the left is part of a battery of peanut roasters, capable of turning out 45,000,000 pounds of shelled and roasted peanuts per year.



sugar, thirty million pounds of chocolate coating and six million pounds of milk are used yearly by this one concern in the manufacture of "Baby Ruth" bars and eleven others. Every twenty-four hours the three factories of the Curtiss Candy Company consume from one and one-quarter to two carloads of sugar, from one and one-half to two and one-half carloads of milk, from two and one-half to four and one-half carloads of chocolate, from three and one-half to six carloads of shelled peanuts and from one and one-half to two carloads of corn sirup.

It takes thirty-five hundred office and factory workers in the three plants to convert these raw materials. Every year they produce a total of one billion candy bars, which, if placed end to end, would form a strip of sweets that would encircle the globe more than twice. In other words, they would make a solid candy bar over fifty-one thousand miles long. So great is this volume of product that the Curtiss Candy Company will soon begin to use two hundred special refrigerator cars in which to ship their candy bars, and will inaugurate their own tank-car service between refineries and plants to transport the huge volume of corn sirup used in making their products.

Nothing could better attest the romance of business in this country than the fact that the Curtiss Candy Company, now one of the most successful confectionery producing concerns in the world, is only ten years old. I was enormously impressed with the story told to me by its young president, Mr. Otto Y. Schnering, of the hardships he went through and the problems he was called

upon to solve during the early days of this business. So interesting was this tale of achievement that in a later issue of The Youth's Companion I will tell you more about this successful young American.

The Great Idea

In 1917 the "factory" of the company was in a small store in North Clark Street, Chicago, a veritable "hole in the wall." Within six months the business had grown sufficiently so that the factory moved to one entire floor of a nearby store building, and the force was much increased.

After this, however, business remained stationary for some time, and the young concern realized that to make further progress it would be necessary to make something different to attract the candy-loving public. It was then that the great idea struck—the idea of manufacturing a quality product from fine ingredients, in sanitary surroundings, to be sold to the young citizen with five cents and presented to him so that, regardless of where he bought it, he would be sure that it was still the same wholesome and cleanly product it was when it left the factory. This was the candy bar. Thereafter the demand for it grew by leaps and bounds until the business of making it reached the elaborate stage which I have described.

Candy bars of various sorts had, of course, been on the market before, but the success of this one lay in the combination, in one article, of so many of the things that young people demand in their sweets. This was one factor in the company's success; another was the idea of true nationwide distribution, enabling national advertising to be used successfully. This in turn insured rapid turnover, and thus the purchaser could always be certain the bars would be fresh.

Satisfying the American craving for sweets means, however, far more than merely producing good candy. The public must constantly be reminded in every conceivable way throughout all seasons of the year of the worth and purity of a product. Competition in the candy business is extremely keen, and a successful manufacturer must be in constant search for new methods of bringing his product before the public. Airplanes which dropped candy bombs over towns, and which were piloted by well-known airmen who threw from their ships hundreds of candy bars attached to small parachutes, gave a great impetus to business—and added much to the good-will of the company by taking local residents into the air to show them how their home towns looked from this unusual vantage point. A "flying circus," a fleet of speed boats, a famous race horse named after the bar, all these ingenious methods were used to supplement regular billboard advertising along the highways, signs in elevated and subway trains and street cars, colored advertisements in national magazines, and display ads in leading newspapers.

Confectionery Economics

This great amount of advertising might appear at first glance to be unnecessarily expensive. As a matter of fact, it is only through such means that the name of any product can be kept continuously before the public. Were it to be stopped for a moment, mass production, the only known way of manufacturing goods of high quality at low cost, would become impossible, and expenses would rise to such a point as to require an increase in price. Business today, you will see, is not the simple affair it was many years ago, but a thing of the greatest complexity, in which each link in the chain from raw product to final consumer must remain unbroken. And all this time and thought, in economics, in manufacturing and in advertising, because you have a sweet tooth! Did it ever occur to you before that people worked so hard to please you?

BIFFLE GETS A RÔLE

By Holman Day

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE HOSKINS



For a breathless instant the fugitive clung to the bough, the bear facing him

THE Forest and Field Motion Picture Company, producers of two-reel outdoor dramas, came on a special trip to Comas Township, on the edge of the big woods, in order to shoot "water stuff" in Cauldron Gorge.

While working on that picture Director Ralph Katon sized up the general layout of the surroundings. The yeasty flood of the gorge was the outlet of a good-sized lake. The lake was hedged by tall timber. In little clearings were log camps. There were ledgy cliffs and picturesque glens.

"Why wear out shoe taps hunting for a better all-round location than this?" Director-Producer Katon demanded of his troupers. "Here's every type of location we need for our outdoor stuff."

In picture circles there are lots of jokes about "yessing" the director. On this occasion Mr. Katon was "yessed" with fervor which was sincere.

"I could stay in this lovely wilderness forever," declared Miss Montague, who played mother parts and chattered continually about her love of nature.

John Woodruff, cast in old-man parts, indorsed less sentimentally with, "And I can make a deal with the landlady at the tavern to have that apple pie with clotted cream three times a day."

The others made the vote unanimous on general principles.

Therefore the folks of Comas soon learned that a motion-picture company had settled for the summer in the township—and were not a bit alarmed. These half dozen strangers had none of the harum-scarum traits ascribed by common report to movie actors.

"They're the steadiest-going boarders who ever pulled up to my table," was the statement broadcast from Mrs. Todd of the tavern. "And they're all gaping and sleepy-eyed by nine o'clock—then under the quilts they go."

And why not? The company was up at six o'clock in the morning in order to make the most of the June sunshine when the skies were clear of clouds. It was a partnership affair, all sharing in the profits from the two-reelers. The little pictures were not pretentious, but they were clean, full of brisk action, and had a ready sale for fillers in the small theaters of the country. Katon wrote the stories and directed and played leads with his wife, all in the interests of economy.

Inside a few days the village had adopted the company as one of the stable industries.

Katon hired a barn on the Jesset place, an abandoned farm, and fitted it up as a studio, explaining to Comas inquirers that not all the action in a well-balanced picture could take place outdoors in the sunshine.

Trucks brought up equipment from the nearest railroad station. All the folks in Comas who could get away from their jobs stood around and watched the installation of lights, film baths, and other adjuncts of a studio. Wires were strung from the saw-

mill at the head of the gorge; the water power gave Comas its electricity at bargain prices.

When all was set Director Katon gave Comas a gala evening. Men, women, and children came and basked and blinked in the white glare of the "Kleigs."

"But be careful," the director warned. "Squint and don't look at 'em long. Else you'll all have Kleig eyes—and I can tell you they're sore!"

After that evening folks in Comas could talk quite professionally about "banks" and "broads" and "domes" and "spots" and "ashcans," all these terms referring to the size and shape of the metal reflectors in which the lights were shielded.

That evening, too, Katon staged a rough-and-tumble scene in which he used the sawmill hands as extras. "Don't look at the camera; forget it's there. This very wicked renegade"—he pointed to Richard Danvers, the "heavy" who was just then tearing paper to make dolls for a group of hilarious children—"has tried to blow up the sawmill with dynamite—putting all of you out of jobs. You chase him in here. Going to lynch him. I'm a sheriff after my man. I stand you off, see? Now keep the grins off your faces. Look ugly. Hold in mind he has tried to smash the mill. Think how you'd feel about such a man."

Half a dozen times the rush and the scrimmage were rehearsed without the lights. Then the full flood was turned on, Katon yelled "Camera!" and the scene was taken.

"That was good work, boys," commended the director. "You have all broken into pictures! Everybody drop around here tomorrow evening, and I'll run rushes, and you can see how you look as actors."

He added a word of explanation of what "rushes" were. The negative film would be developed at once, dried over night, and a print would be made to run off for the screen on a small projection machine.

Then he took the mill boss aside. "What'll be about the right price to pay the boys for the work they've done?"

The countenance of the boss "registered" amazement. "You mean pay for that play stuff?"

"It's the usual thing in pictures to pay extras."

"Say, mister, if you offer to pay me and my boys I guess there'll be a real riot. Nothing doing! And if anybody else here in Comas asks pay for acting we'll give him a heave into the lake to teach him manners."

Katon reported that dictum to his company after the folks had gone to their homes. "As I told you," he added, "this is a mighty fine scenic location for a picture company, but I didn't expect it to be a movie Paradise."

ON the following day the director received further proof that Comas was a region unspoiled. In the early afternoon he was obliged to call off work for the day on outdoor scenes; puffy clouds were alternating with sunshine, and shooting in that spasmodic light would give them a patchy film.

Katon took a walk with "Big John," his electrician and utility man, on the hunt for some old building or camp which he would be allowed to dynamite as a scene in a projected picture.

On the highway outside the village they

passed a yard where a tall and strapping lad was chopping firewood.

Katon stopped outside the gate and stared. "Isn't that the hero of Cauldron Gorge, John?" There was a hint of a chuckle in Katon's tone. A few days before a Comas lad, coming unexpectedly on the scene, had mistaken for a real girl a dummy sent down the gorge in a canoe and had risked his life in attempting to rescue her. That exploit had given the villagers plenty to laugh about, though the boy had been as heroic as if the emergency had been real.

Answering a cheery hail from Katon, the boy set his axe into the block and came to the gate, his smile of greeting a bit deprecatory. He set his hand into the grip which the picture man proffered over the railing.

"I've forgotten your name, son."

"Orman Rowe, sir."

"And I don't remember seeing you at the studio opening last evening."

"I wasn't there."

"Guess you're the only youngster in town who stayed away. Look here! You're not afraid of the grins and giggles, are you? You did just as good a job in that rescue as if it had been a real girl."

"I stayed at home with Mr. Prescott because he isn't well."

"Relative?"

"No, sir! He took me out of an orphan's home when I was ten. I've lived with him six years. Maybe you have heard about him. He's the best woodsman in the north country."

"If he taught you how to handle a canoe, he's good all right."

Katon gave Big John a sidelong glance full of satisfaction; but the director did not proclaim that he needed an able-bodied young woods expert as adviser and helper. This modest chap looked as if he might be skittish if any hasty grab were made at him.

"Kept pretty busy with your work at home here, I suppose?"

"I do all the work. Mr. Prescott says he has made a good cook of me. I find plenty to do, chores and all, yes, sir."

A black dog came and seated himself behind Orman and gravely regarded the strangers.

"Seems to be a regular sort, your Mister Bow-wow."

"He's a fine dog," agreed the boy with enthusiasm. "I've had him from a puppy and have trained him. Would you like to see some of his tricks?"

"Sure would."

The dog displayed an almost human understanding of commands. He performed his tricks with snap.

"You sure have a prize dog all right," indorsed Katon, having some difficulty in choking back, "What'll you take for him?"

He changed the subject to a safer one by pointing to a small animal sitting upright on top of a fenced-in kennel in the yard. "What's that, son?"

"That's Wallie Woodchuck. I caught him when he was a little tike, and he can do tricks, too." The boy went toward the woodchuck, clicking queer sounds with his tongue.

The director muttered to his companion, "There's nothing like animal stuff to make an outdoor picture sure fire. What scripts I could write, if I had some animals to work with! John, I'm going to beg, borrow, or steal that young fellow and his menagerie. And he, himself, can head me straight in the way of keeping my woods stuff true to life. Here's a find, all right!"

The woodchuck performed nimbly and ended the show by taking a dogback ride around the yard, a remarkable display of amity between ground-hog and natural enemy.

"I'm glad to know you're interested in animals," said Orman, replying to their compliments. "I have the best of all behind the house. Walk around there with me."

On a tree trunk that was sawed off a dozen feet above its roots there was a platform and on it a cozy kennel. The visitors looked with interest at a fully grown black

bear that sat upright on his haunches and beamed good humoredly when the party came around the corner of the house.

"This is Biffle," announced Orman. "He's young, though he's big. He was only a cub when Mr. Prescott and I came across him in the woods after a hunter had shot the mother bear."

"Oh, I say! He's all tame, hey?" demanded Katon, backing away when the bear swung over the edge of the platform and slid down by claw-hold on a supporting sapling. "My gracious, there's no chain on him."

"He doesn't need one. He likes his home up there, where he's safe. Never thinks of running away."

Standing erect, his forepaws drooping, the bear waddled toward Orman with comical, clumsy gait. The boy dredged in a pocket, produced a lump of hard candy and placed it between his lips. Biffle pouted his own lips, bent forward and took the morsel carefully, delicately. Then he set his paws on Orman's shoulders, when the boy invited, and the two circled slowly in a grotesque waltz.

"And he likes a rough-and-tumble boxing match," stated the trainer over his shoulder. "But I have to wrap his paws up in meal bags; he forgets that his claws are sharp."

FOR Katon all scenery was a picture background, all moving objects material for his camera; his ideas clicked with the speed of the lens shutter. "John, we need an action trademark for our Northwoods Dramas—like the lion one of the big concerns uses for a picture's start-off. This bear is it. Son," he crisply informed Orman, "I want to shoot that bear!"

Quickly he interpreted the youth's stare of horrified amazement. "Not with a gun. With a camera. Shooting is a movie word for taking a picture. You pose your bear against that screen of little spruces across the field, let us shoot fifty feet of film and I'll hand you ten dollars."

"You're welcome to take pictures of Biffle. But I don't take money except for work I do." It was said firmly.

"Won't accept a little present?"

"No, sir."

The director gave the grinning John the flick of a glance. "A movie Paradise, as I said last evening. I hope we can keep it to ourselves, John. You hustle down and get the camera man."

A little later, against the background of the spruces, Biffle posed, giving Orman all his attention when the boy commanded from the sidelines and paying no heed to the man who twirled the crank of a black box set on a tripod. The bear rose on his hind legs and walked toward the camera into what the director called a "close-up."

"I can hear the youngsters squeal when they see that on the screen," declared Katon. "Bear coming straight at 'em. But they won't be scared, because the bear looks as if he's grinning. We'll flash the main title, fade it, let in the bear act, fade back to title,—Northwoods Dramas,—and away we go with the story! Great! And I've got a script in mind where we can work a bear in a picture."

He went to Orman and set a firm hand on the boy's shoulder. "This now is straight business, son. Much obliged for this free stuff, but it doesn't go in what I'm asking for next. I want to cast that bear in a picture—have him play a part. You'll have to manage him, of course. You and bear will draw down ten dollars a day—and it'll be for work. Understand?"

"I get only two dollars a day working for farmers when Mr. Prescott can spare me," Orman demurred.

"And haven't you heard that the foolish movies pay an actor thousands of dollars a week for making believe do work? My little company can't afford to be foolish, of course, but it won't be hard to give you ten dollars a day. That's settled. What say?"

"I think I'm very lucky. Biffle and I will do our best."

"Good talk, lad! You and your bear have broken into the picture game. If it's cloudy tomorrow, we won't be going on

outside location. Report with the bear at the studio at eight in the morning. I have a ripping idea for some interior scenes, and I can build the rest of the story both ways from that action," he informed his grouped actors who had come along with the camera man to welcome the new trademark of the Northwoods Dramas. The company did not see any peculiarity in this plan of their author. Director Katon usually wrote his stories "on the hoof," building from some pivotal situation, often shooting the climax first and then working up to it.

He hurried back to the barn studio and with the help of Tommy Briggs, stunt man who doubled as scenic artist, many bark-covered slabs from the sawmill were nailed along two sides of a corner in the barn; the effect was that of the interior of a log camp. Rafters supported broad sheets of beaver-board, which were painted to represent the sheathing of a sloping roof. The narrowed angle of the camera's eye would give no hint that two sides of this "camp" were without walls.

Katon was well satisfied with the slaty-gray skies when he turned out the next morning. The inspiration of the bear story was more glorious than sunshine at that juncture.

"Folks, it's a peach of a situation," he told the company assembled at the long table for breakfast. "I'll be working all of you on the set today. The missus, you see, has on riding togs." He nodded toward his wife. "She has galloped her horse from the settlement into the woods to warn me about something the heavy is plotting. I don't know what he's plotting. Haven't had time to work out that part of the story. And I don't know yet just how you all happen to be in that log camp. But it'll come around easy when I get to it. The point is you're all there. Woods rigs for all. And the heavy for some reason is holding you up with two guns. Me, too! He's got the drop on the hero. And in comes whooping a wild and savage bear! And the heavy is so scared he drops his guns and dives out through a window, glass and all—and by the way, Tommy, streak some cobwebs on that gelatine, so it'll register well as glass."

This diversion gave Richard Danvers time to get his breath for a protest. "Say, boss, seems to me, if I'm any kind of a heavy in this picture, and having a gun in each hand, I'd be shooting that blamed bear instead of running like a boob."

"Naturally, yes! But not in a movie; no, sir!" Katon answered with asperity. "You see, Dick, I'll probably swing the story so as to make that bear a tame one—showing him so later on. That plan gets two good laughs—first to have the heavy lose his nerve when such a surprise as a bear hops in—then the big laugh later when the bear sits up or rolls over and begs candy from the heroine. It'll all iron out pretty." He rose from the table and started for the door. "Everybody in togs and make-up and on the set in half an hour!"

Katon, in high boots and corduroy, was ready for work and hurried across the field to the studio. Outside the barn he found Orman sitting on a grass tussock, Biffle seated alongside, leaning sociably against his best friend.

THE director explained in a few words what he wanted of the ursine actor. "And he isn't going to get excited and biff or bite anybody, is he?"

"He's never mixed with a crowd," said Orman. "But he's used to having people stand around and look at him. He always pays attention to me when I speak."

"I'll have you stand inside here, out of camera range. You can call to him. Is there anybody else in the neighborhood who is not afraid of this bear or is halfway chummy with him?"

"Seth Todd has played a lot with Biffle." "All right! We'll have Seth hold him outside with the loop of a strap and slip the noose when you call. That plan ought to work."

Seth was summoned by a hurry call and was immediately on excellent terms with the amiable Biffle, after the bear had received a donation of broken candy.

Before the actors arrived there were half a dozen rehearsals on a dark stage. The bear tugged eagerly at the strap when Orman called from within. Loosed, Biffle scampered into the barn with his queer, bounding gait.

There were two more rehearsals after the company had been grouped on the set. Biffle paid no heed to the strangers but was intent only on getting to the master who

had called. But the actors were manifestly afraid of the bear when he came leaping in.

"Hold those same expressions. They're good. And we'll be shooting the scene while you're all scared. The heavy drops his guns and dives through the window. The rest of you pile over each other and huddle together in the corner of the camp, so frightened you're fairly paralyzed." The "fat" of the scene the author-director reserved for himself, according to movie fashion. "I take my stand between you and the bear, boldly protecting. I advance on bear, who is standing, and show I'm ready to tackle him barehanded. We'll cut at that point," he added discreetly.

Under direction, Orman conducted Biffle to Seth and left the anxious animal straining at the leash when the master reentered the barn.

"This is a camp interior—dim light," said Katon to John, who was at the switchboard. "Give us, to start with, the overhead dome and one spot on the heavy. When bear enters and heavy crashes out through the dusty window, the opening he leaves is excuse for every light in the shop. Throw 'em all on, John! All set! Let's go! First lights. Pull your guns, Dick! Threaten! Ad lib your spiel to us. Action! Camera!"

The raging villain brandished his guns and slowly backed the rest of the company across the set, even the hero cowed for the moment.

The alert and joyous Biffle came galumphing into the scene at Orman's call. Through the window dove the villain, taking sash and gelatine-glass with him. John, at the switchboard, threw on everything in stock for lights—banks, broads, and even the sunlight arc, as it is called.

In that sudden, dazzling flood Biffle instantly lost all his aplomb as a movie actor. In the flick of a second he was ringed by white fires such as he had never seen before. His startled whine rose to a wail of terror. Around and around inside that ring he galloped, gathering all four feet under himself as he bounced.

"Stop him!" yelled Katon. "Get busy, son!"

But Biffle was deaf as well as blind in the concentrated glare of the lights. He paid not the least attention to Orman's calls.

Realizing that the furred performer was wholly out of control, the company forgot orders to stay huddled in fright; their fright put wings on their heels. They ran for outdoors—and the hero led the way.

Then one variety of light—natural

sunlight—attracted Biffle. He leaped through the broken window.

Outside he beheld a man standing by himself. This was the villain, who had halted to figure out what was happening inside the barn where the uproar had started. The bear was carrying in his wide-open eyes the persisting glare of the "Kleigs." He was accepting this solitary figure as his boy friend and protector. Accordingly, Biffle fled to him for protection.

The villain, quite sure he was to be eaten by a bear gone completely wild, made a run of it for a sturdy maple tree and began to shin. But a bear has great facility of its own in shinning a tree. Biffle followed up the trunk.

Everything in the world was a picture for Director Katon when his movie wits were with him—and now the wits snapped back into action. "Shoot the chase," he bellowed to the camera man, who had fled outside, even in his panic lugging his precious camera, the instinct of his tribe making his salvage involuntary.

Just as involuntary, too, was his obedience to orders. He drove into the soil the legs of the tripod, focussed, and began to whirl the crank with his right hand while he worked another crank with his left, slowly elevating the lens end of the camera box. It was "panning the shot"—following the movement with panoramic effect. In this fashion was recorded the action of a man chased up a tree by a bear. The fugitive scrambled out along a branch. For a breathless instant he clung to it, the bear facing him. Then he dropped to the ground when the bough bent.

Although plainly bewildered by this peculiar flight of one accepted as a protector, Biffle dropped, too.

"I'm a goner," howled the villain, stubbing his toe against a hummock and falling headlong.

BUT at this moment, his eyes clearing, his ears cocked, the whirl of his emotions subsiding, Biffle heard and recognized his true protector. Orman was calling from the barn door. Whining shrill notes of thanksgiving, the bear stampeded toward the master.

"Catch him! Down him! Hold him!" were Katon's frenzied commands.

Orman flung himself on the bear and the two rolled over and over in a rough-and-tumble struggle.

"Shoot it! Get the scene!" yelled the director, and the camera man, now calmly

and methodically on his job, clicked off foot after foot until Biffle was subdued and lay on his back, jaws opened wide in an amiable grin, trying to lick his good pal's flushed face.

The director strode to and fro, rapping knuckles against his forehead, summoning up ideas, which must trip nimbly in movie-making.

"Thank goodness, I make sure of an elastic plot when I write my stories," said the author of scripts "on the hoof."

He went to the camera man. "How much did you grind on the interior set, Ben?"

"Till there wasn't anybody there any more—till the bear made his exit," said the stolid operator.

After a few moments of deep pondering Katon walked over and inspected Orman. The boy wore gaiters, corduroy knickers and a belted checkered jacket. "Near enough to my rig from the waist down," the hero remarked. "Let me have your jacket and cap, son. Will that bear bite me if I straddle him and hold him down?"

"He's all fine now. Isn't scared any more. I'll stand to one side where he can see me, and he won't bother you a mite."

So the hero borrowed Orman's jacket and cap, straddled the bear and had the camera man shoot a close-up of manifest victory.

"The tussle-take was a long shot, and action is so fast nobody'll spot it as work by a double," was Katon's satisfied declaration.

After this scene had been taken Biffle was shot emerging from covert, approaching stealthily across a field, this action to precede the dash into "camp."

"I may need him later for a few more cut-ins," the director informed Orman, "but I'll let you know about that when I write the rest of the story to build up to this situation. You and the bear may consider you're washed up for the day. Work finished, I mean. Here's your ten dollars—and I hope you like the movies well enough to chore for us some more."

"And I hope your bear friend, there, will have calmer notions about Kleig lights the next time. But I will say he pepped up the scene better than I'd written it. Wild bear chases everybody out, runs fierce villain up a tree, then hero tackles beast barehanded and does him up. It'll be a wov of a picture!"

Confided Orman to Biffle on their way home, "I'd guessed that making moving pictures was a queer business, but it's sure queerer than I ever thought it was."

Biffle whined his own sentiments on the subject.



"Catch him! Down him! Hold him!" were Katon's frenzied commands. Orman flung himself on the bear and the two rolled over and over in a rough-and-tumble struggle



Signor di Cervi stepped back in pity and dismay. "I heard that bad news came to you this evening, Signora Allen," he said. "I trust that it was not such very bad news, after all." . . . "My father—" said June, and bent her head. (Page 119)

THE TEXAS NIGHTINGALE

CHAPTER TEN

Milan Goes Mad

By Harford Powel, Jr., and
Russell Gordon Carter

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. LASSELL

INTO June's dressing-room at the opera house floated the notes of the overture to "Lucia di Lammermoor." But June, who was dressed to make her debut in the principal rôle, sat at her dressing-table with her face buried in her hands, and her shoulders shaking in an agony of grief. On the table lay the cablegram from Texas:

June, darling, your father died this morning.
Mother

Could any prima donna sing under the shock of such news? How could June, already nervously excited by the strain of her debut, go out on the stage and face all those hundreds of staring faces? Could any girl do it? These questions flashed through Grandma Allen's mind as she sat by June's side, choking back her own grief at the loss of her dear son. For the moment, June's misery seemed to the old lady the most important thing. Not for a whole two minutes did she speak. One of her hands lay on June's shoulder, dressed in the little Scottish jacket worn by Lucia in the first act of the opera.

"Tell them to stop," moaned June. "Tell them—oh, tell them I cannot sing."

Outside the dressing-room, in front of the stage, the orchestra concluded the overture; and now the curtain rose on the wood scene in which Henry Ashton, lord of Lammermoor, learns of his sister's love for his enemy, Edgar of Ravenswood, and vows vengeance before his company of huntsmen and followers.

While the hunters' chorus swelled and came flooding into the dressing-room, Grandma Allen racked her brain for an

answer to the hopeless problem. Her strong New England pride rebelled against surrender—surrender would mean the end of June's hopes. What would that Italian audience say if June failed now?

"June, dear," murmured Grandma Allen, "I know how you feel. I feel as you do. Remember that Abner was my son. What would he say if he could speak to you now?"

THIS WILL REMIND YOU OF WHAT HAS OCCURRED IN EARLIER CHAPTERS

JUNE ALLEN is an attractive girl of seventeen living in North Falls, Tex., when the war opens in 1917. To this little town, the World War brings a great aviation training camp, and to the camp comes Shan Jones, a cadet in the U. S. Army Air Service; before the war, Alexander Jones of the business department of the Metropolitan Opera Company. He meets June by chance one day, but Abner Allen (June's father), rendered harsh and crabbed by illness, is prejudiced against all soldiers and tells June that she must not see him again. One day, however, on a cross-country flight, Shan's motor fails, and with a terrific crash his airplane falls just back of the Allen home. June succeeds in rescuing him at great risk.

Brought into the Allen house, Shan, who has escaped any serious injury, soon recovers consciousness and hears a wonderful voice singing the simple melody of "Home, Sweet Home." He wonders to what great artist it can belong. It is June's. Shan promises her that he will write to his old business associates to tell them of his great discovery, despite her own modest view of her gifts. He does so, but Mitchell, his former chief, gives him a chilling rebuff. He is crushed with disappointment, as is June, although the girl conceals her feelings bravely.

Gilly Marsh, old time actor, and dear friend of all the Allens, comes to know and admire Shan. He attempts to raise funds for June's training, but the attempt is a lamentable failure. A little later, most unexpectedly, oil is discovered on Gilly's small chicken ranch and turns him overnight into a man of means. He and Shan hurry to tell June

the great news and to insist that she now will be able to study, only to find that she has fallen seriously ill, and that only serum can save her. Shan leaves his army post and flies to Fort Worth, returning in three and one-half hours and bringing the serum in the nick of time. He saves June's life.

But he does not see her again. He is sent to France, and in the long weary months of the war he thinks of her often, but has no word. To his amazement one day after the armistice, he meets her and her grandmother in Paris. Urged by her mother and grandmother, June has accepted Gilly's generous offer of the means for training her glorious voice and is now studying voice under the famous Madame Mardini, who pronounces June's voice the greatest she has ever heard. Soon she is to sing in opera, in Milan, and Shan looks forward to the day when he may hear her. Just before her debut, however, he is sent home for demobilization, and his golden chance is gone.

June and her grandmother leave for Milan, and at last, after long study and rehearsal, the great evening arrives. The opera house at Milan is crowded to the doors, for the first appearance of the young American girl. June is ready and confident. She is waiting in her dressing-room as the orchestra begins the first few bars of the overture. An attendant enters and hands her a cablegram. She opens it, stares at it uncomprehendingly for a moment, and collapses in a tumult of sobs. In her hands is a crushed slip of paper from her mother which says: "June, darling, your father died this morning."

June raised her tear-stained eyes. "I don't know what he would say," she repeated, brokenly. "How can anyone know?"

"Well, I know," said the old lady, in such a decided, vigorous voice that June was momentarily startled out of her grief. And then, without giving June a second's time in which to abandon herself again to sorrow, Grandma drew from her handbag Abner Allen's letter, and read it firmly aloud:

Dear daughter:
Mother and I are glad to receive news that you are getting along well and will soon be earning money. Do not let anything stop your progress now. I am not well, and I have little property to leave to Mother and Grandma, so I must look to you—

"Oh!" broke in June, dabbing at her eyes. "Oh, it is just as if I could hear him talking to me."

"He is talking to you," said Grandma Allen. "This is his last letter and his last wish—and you must go right out there on the stage and obey him."

June rose unsteadily to her feet. She took the letter in her hand, kissed it, and tucked it under her dress, next to her heart.

"I will sing," she said, in low, resonant tones. "I have rehearsed this rôle for myself—but tonight I shall sing it for him!"

Then, bending down, she kissed the wrinkled, upturned face of her grandmother, and walked bravely to the door.

NEVER has a more pathetic or appealing story been written than "The Bride of Lammermoor," Sir Walter Scott's novel, on which the opera is founded. The music of the composer, Donizetti, is of a quality to match the tragic events that unfold.

In the story, Sir Edgar Ravenswood loves

Lucy, sister of Lord Ashton, who opposes the match and by crafty deception leads Lucy to suppose that Edgar has jilted her, and then forces her to become the bride of the lord of Bucklaw, who has sufficient money to restore the dwindling Ashton fortunes. This wickedness is too much for the reason of Lucy, and after the marriage, in a fit of delirium, she slays her husband. The terrible event precipitates her own death; and Edgar, returning from a diplomatic mission to France, ends his own life in the cemetery where she is buried.

Only a few moments after June had left her dressing-room, the curtain rose on the second scene, representing the somber, shadow-haunted garden of Lucy's house, with venerable trees and blue mists rising in the background.

Madame Mardini shared the impresario's box with Signor di Cervi, the director of the Milan Opera Company. He was a heavy-set man, with gray hair, and large nose-glasses. An attendant handed him a folded note. He tore it open with his thin, white fingers, and his face grew pale.

"Signora Allen has received bad news of some kind," he whispered. "But she will sing—thank Heaven for that!"

And then, Lucy—or Lucia, as she is called in the opera—entered the garden and advanced toward the front of the stage, singing with Alicia, her attendant.

A clearly audible sigh escaped Mardini's lips—a sigh of relief, of hope. It was June Allen who was singing, and her voice held no flaw, no weakness. Soon June began her first aria, *Regnava nel silenzio*—"Silence Reigns O'er All."

Something like an electric current seemed to pass across the audience. There was a hush so profound that the great theater might have been empty save for the two figures on the stage. June's voice rose clear and sweet with the melancholy of her theme. She sang to Alicia, but it seemed to Mardini and to Di Cervi, and to the others in the assembly, as if she were singing to them individually, confiding to each, in a voice that seemed not of this earth, the story of that ancient lord of Ravenswood who long years ago had slain his lady beside the dark pool, and of the curse upon the house, and of her own deep and abiding love for Edgar, the last of his line.

Mardini sat erect and still. Never had she heard her pupil sing like that! For an instant Mardini experienced a pang almost of fright; it was so exquisite, that voice, so far beyond anything that June had done in the studio! Mardini was lifted out of herself, carried upward in a wave of emotion; tears brimmed her eyes and ran unheeded down her cheeks.

And then came the swift change from forboding to ecstasy. Lucia sang of nature smiling on her love, "And heaven in tenfold splendor enrobed the waning night—"

There was no applause as she finished the aria. It was as if the voice the audience had been hearing were too wonderful a thing to be acclaimed.

Then Edgar entered the scene, telling of duties that must take him to a foreign land ere dawn. Luigi Brandini, who sang this rôle, was a native of Milan, a popular favorite in the city; his first appearance in any opera was always the occasion of wild acclaim. But the audience was still under the spell of June's marvelous voice. Mardini, shifting her eyes, had a glimpse of hundreds of faces in the dim light reflected from the stage, of hundreds of heads as motionless as if they were made of wax.

The duet between Lucia and Edgar began—a duet of passionate longings and appeal, of tender promises and pledges to an undying love. Brandini outdid himself, inspired by the perfection of June's voice. And June, singing with a heart that was close to breaking, put all her own sorrow, and the sorrow of Lucia also, into the final parting between them.

With the first movement of the descending curtain a scene was enacted within the opera house like nothing that Milan or any other city had ever witnessed. All the pent-up emotion of the audience burst forth in a roar that seemed to shake the very walls and the candelabra hanging from the ceiling. People rose in their seats and shouted; they waved their arms; they embraced one another in their joy; they clapped their hands and stamped upon the floor while they called forth the name of the young American prima donna who, unheralded, had come to Milan and sung as no woman ever had sung before!

The lights flashed on, and Mardini saw an audience suddenly gone mad. And then the curtains parted, and June stepped forth

—timidly, diffidently, a little frightened, it seemed, at the sudden increase in the noise. She bowed and then retired. But the applause continued unabated, and she appeared again. Men and women thronged into the aisles; they hurried toward the stage, bearing armfuls of flowers—roses, carnations, lilies of the valley. They tossed them at June's feet. She gathered them up and smiled wistfully. The applause grew well nigh hysterical.

When June appeared again, she was dragging Brandini by the hand—and that touched the audience's heart. The tenor shook his head from side to side and pointed to June; he was as chivalrous off the stage as in his rôle of Edgar. The thunderous acclaim continued, and more and more flowers were heaped upon the stage—a great pile that remained there, far too many for one person to hold in two arms.

Eleven times June was obliged to acknowledge the acclaim of the deliriously happy people. Then two stage hands came out and gathered up the flowers; the orchestra began the overture to the second act, and only then, while the music was playing and the house was in darkness, did the people relapse into silence.

Meanwhile, Signor di Cervi had hurried to June's dressing-room and waited outside the door while the maid robed June for her next scene. At last he was permitted to enter, and he came forward smiling, with his hands outstretched and the word "magnificent" on his lips.

Something in June's face and manner made him pause. She was standing beside Grandma Allen, who was softly crying into her handkerchief. And there were tears on June's cheeks, and her teeth were clenched over her lower lip.

Signor di Cervi stepped back in pity and dismay.

"I heard that bad news came to you this evening, Signora Allen," he said. "I trust that it was not such very bad news, after all."

"My father—" said June, and bent her head.

"My son," added Grandma, softly. "He is dead in our home in America."

The director offered his condolences in Italian, putting real sympathy into his voice. And then, straightening himself, he spoke in English:

"You are superb—you have the greatest voice in the world, and the bravest heart."

He bowed and withdrew; and soon came the tap at the door which was June's signal that her scene was about to begin.

Her voice dominated the famous sextet. When, in the next act, she came to the pathetic "mad scene" she brought tears to the eyes of everyone. And again it was her own grief, mingled with the grief of Lucia, that she put into her voice and her acting. The applause that greeted her surpassed anything that had happened before, and yet it was surpassed by the prolonged ovation that came when she made her final appearance before the curtain at the end of the opera.

This was the hardest moment of June's life. She felt an overwhelming desire to go away somewhere by herself in a corner and relieve her pent-up emotions by a flood of tears. Instead, she was obliged by the traditions of opera, and by her duty to the audience, to bow and smile and bow again to that wildly applauding mass of people who would not leave the theater.

"June, you must sing for them!" Mardini whispered into her ear as she drew back for the twelfth time behind the shelter of the curtain. "They will keep you here all night unless you sing."

June stepped forth again. A large bouquet of red roses came hurtling across the orchestra pit and struck the curtain. She

the song of her childhood, the song that expressed more than any other her present heart-filled longings:

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

Her voice broke on the final word, and two big tears fell from her eyes upon the cluster of roses that she held. She smiled out upon the silent audience, then with steps that faltered despite all her efforts withdrew behind the curtain.

THE next morning June and her grandmother boarded an early train for Paris. But even in the emotion of her grief June had not forgotten her debt to Mardini. In a farewell note to her she wrote:

To three persons, more than any others, I owe the success that has greeted my initial appearance in opera. The first is a young man named Alexander Jones, a pilot in the United States Air Service, who first awakened in me the realization that I had a voice which people might find pleasure in listening to. The second is Mr. Gilford Booth Marsh, of North Falls, Tex., whose unselfish efforts in furnishing and raising funds among friends and neighbors made my musical education possible. The other, Madame, is yourself—my beloved teacher, who gave to my voice the training without which it would be of no value today.

Your devoted pupil and lifelong friend,

June Allen

That letter appeared a few days later in one of the Milan newspapers and was accompanied by a magnificent tribute to June from Madame Mardini.

June wrote one more letter and sent a cablegram before she and Grandma left Milan. The cablegram was to her mother and announced that she was on her way home. The letter was to Shan Jones. In it June said she had just made her début, and that it had been successful, but that owing to the death of her father she had cancelled all future engagements and was starting for America at once.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Shan Helps

SHAN JONES was pegging away at his new work as phonograph salesman at Macy's department store. In that enormous beehive of human activity he felt exceedingly small. But the war had taught him that any small person who does his work faithfully and well is sure to be promoted—if only for the reason that so very few of us really do our work faithfully and well! Shan always was thorough.

All day long customers came to the department where Shan worked and asked him to play records for them. Sometimes they bought, sometimes they shook their heads and wandered away.

When work ended at half past five in the afternoon, Shan would go around to the Harvard Club and bury his nose in a book. He had not enough money to go to concerts or the opera; not enough, for that matter, to take his meals at the club. Instead, he ate at lunch counters and cafeterias and slept in a stuffy hall bedroom on Forty-third Street, west of Eighth Avenue. But he knew that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



Neither had spoken for several minutes, but had remained standing together in the black and silver night. Shan's heart was pounding in a disconcerting manner. (Page 135)

picked them up and pressed her lips to them. She lifted her head and took a step nearer the footlights. She remained there, smiling, waiting for the noise to subside, gazing out upon that vast sea of faces.

"Silenzio!" some one shouted. "She is going to sing for us!" Other voices took up the cry all over the house: "Silenzio! Silenzio!"

Gradually the tumult slackened until the theater was quiet.

The orchestra leader, baton in hand, gazed up expectantly at June, eagerly awaiting a word from her. She shook her head slightly; then very softly she began to sing, not one of the arias from the opera, but

FISHES CARRY TALES

By Harry Irving Shumway

ILLUSTRATED BY F. STROTHMANN

CAPT. PENHALLOW FREEDOM was usually in his big barn when the four young members of the Hammer and Chisel Club arrived for their afternoon's work. They always expected to see the ruddy, cheery face of their genial host when they pushed open the door. But for once he was missing.

"Wonder where the Captain is?" queried Larry Dodd. "He's usually around."

"Here he comes now," said "Mother" Holloway, looking out through a window of the shop. "And someone's with him. Looks like a sailorman, too. He's wearing a blue cap with an anchor on it."

The Captain soon answered the group of four interrogation points by presenting the visitor. He was a thin but strong-looking man with a leathery skin and deep-set black eyes.

"Boys, I want you to meet an old sea-mate of mine, Capt. Lemuel Quackenbush. Lem, these are the lads I've been tellin' you about. They have great times, workin' here in the barn makin' things—and listenin' to my yarns."

The newcomer smiled. "Glad to know you, boys. So Captain Pen has been tellin' you some of his—hum—so-called adventures. Well, I s'pose he *thinks* he's seen a few things in his travels; most sailormen do. I guess the brine goes to their heads."

Captain Lem smiled and sat down in an old chair. He leaned back and studied the workroom, and finally his eyes rested on a big fish mounted on a wooden plaque, a rather stiff-looking piscatorial citizen about four feet long, with its mouth open.

"Hum. That's funny—makin' statues of your bait," he murmured without a smile. "Why, I've seen—"

"You quit makin' fun of our decoys," said Captain Pen, gazing fixedly at him, his one good eye seeming to carry a challenge. "Those little things were just decoys that we set in a trap to get our bait, so's we could get somethin' big enough to tempt regular fish!"

Captain Lem nodded—like a good checker player who has lost a man but who has plenty of confidence in what he'll do in return. "I'm company—but you go ahead and tell one first. Let's hear what kind of a fish you caught with that—hum—decoy."

SURE," replied Captain Pen. "Nothin' much to that. One time a few years ago I had a Chinese cook, On Ling, and he'd been pesterin' me for months about a place he knew where he said the biggest fish in the world lived. I remember it was about the Chinese New Year, and it seems a Chinaman feels kind of generous at that season—wants to pay his debts and give presents.

"You sailee ship where I tellee you," he said. "We near placee now. Ketchum big fishee. Chinamen keep secler many thousand moons—but I tellee you, Claptain Pen. You fine claptain."

"On Ling had a funny way of locatin' his fishin' grounds; he stood up in the bow of the schooner and sniffed like he could *smell* the fish. Finally he said, 'Here now, Claptain Pen.' I don't know how he knew; there wasn't a sight of land anywhere around.

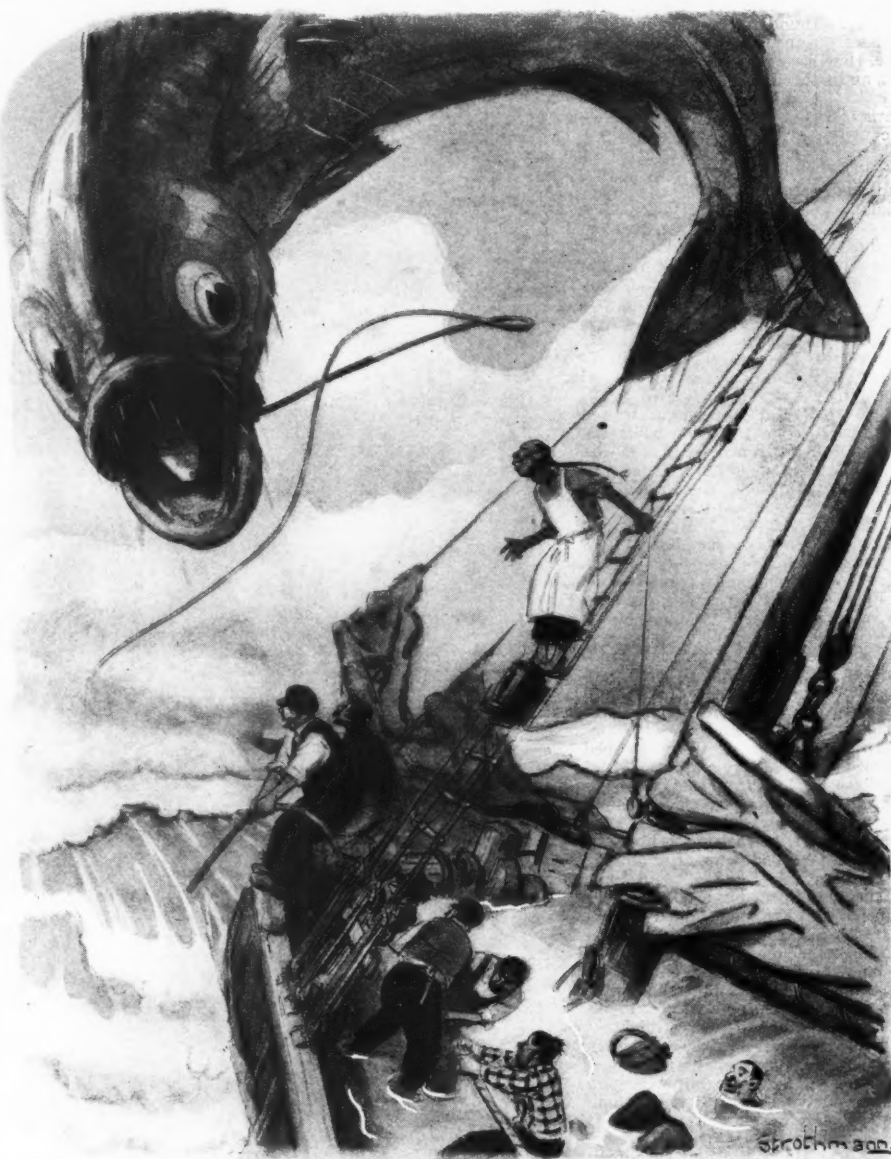
"Well, we chucked some giant tackle overboard, baited with a nice fat halibut. And we got action in a second. Whang! Out went that line like an express train. Actually the bow of the schooner dipped into the sea. The stern flew up and caused such a bedlam below decks that we were days gettin' things unsnarled. It took a dozen of us to hang onto that line; first we'd be up for'ard, and then we'd be jerked around aft, our heads bangin' together. That fish sure was lively. He'd leap out of the ocean a good forty feet, boilin' the water all around us. Then he started on a sprint, like a racer around a track. Finally,

after a score of laps he quit so sudden the boat hit him a whack—and that seemed to madden him, so off he started on another sprint. Round and round he went until he got so dizzy he lost his course, just like a ship without a rudder."

"So you pulled him in?" observed Captain Lem.

CAPTAIN LEM blinked a little at his friend in silence, then the corners of his mouth began to smile. "That's pretty good—and I ain't doubtin' any of it—any more'n I expect you're goin' to doubt the one I'm goin' to tell."

He glanced up at Napoleon, the parrot, who favored him with a glassy stare.



"That fish sure was lively. He'd leap out of the ocean a good forty feet, boilin' the water all around us. Then he started on a sprint, like a racer around a track"

"No," said Captain Pen. "He turned over on his back and gave up, he was so dizzy. On Ling touched me on the sleeve—and he seemed bowed down in grief and shame."

"Sorry, Claptain Pen. Wrong season." "What do you mean, old almond eyes?" "He pointed at the fish out there—and he was a good sixty feet long. 'Claptain Pen, when sardines run—no ketchum big fishes!'"

"So we pulled out of there, as On Ling said there was no use waiting around while those things were clutterin' up the sea. We cut up the—ah—sardine, and he was fair eatin'—somethin' like chicken. I brought home one of the bones, and we used it for a flagpole until lightnin' struck it."

"It's the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!" shrieked Napoleon, the Captain's parrot, who had been listening attentively.

"One time I was on a ship that was anchored in a little bay off Darien and, thinks I, a little fishin' wouldn't go amiss, seein' I had a lot of time on my hands. So I shoved off from the ship in a dory and, findin' a spot that seemed about right,—nice comfortable water,—I began to fish."

"I got a few good lively ones, and then, like frequently happens, they quit bitin'—not a stir out of 'em. 'S funny,' I said to myself. 'Guess maybe they've stolen my bait.' I hauled in, and there on the end of the line was the queerest-lookin' fish I ever saw. He wasn't so big,—nothin' like the sardine you got,—but he was remarkable in another way. He was the oldest-lookin' critter I ever saw. Wrinkled face and a powerful sad expression. He was so old I didn't even know what he was—cod, haddock or what."

"I eased the hook out of him, careful as I could—I always tried to be respectful to the aged. I laid him in the bottom of the boat,

and he just stayed there—never flopped around like all fishes are s'posed to.

"What's the matter, old timer?" I asks him. 'Rheumatiz so bad you can't flip-flop for a friend?'"

"He just blinked his old eyes at me, sad and tired. I thought about him a long time; his ways touched me. And finally I concluded he wanted to die,—too old for any fun,—and you could see his rheumatiz bothered him a lot. So I put him out of his misery."

"Later I dressed what fish I'd caught and, without thinkin', I opened the old feller by mistake. My knife struck somethin' hard,

and in a minute I pulled out a small metal cylinder; silver it was. After studyin' it awhile I figured it might hold somethin' or other; there was a ring around the middle. It opened after a little coaxing, and inside was a bit of paper, old and faded, but still whole and dry. This is what it said, in Spanish:

"'Lat. 14° 7' N; 74° 15' W. Ship Rosa de Juncos wrecked in storm. We took to lifeboat and are starving. There seems no hope. Have caught this fish and will enclose message in tube and insert it in fish, hoping someone may learn of our fate. Farewell."

Don Rogas El Cabañas,
Captain S. Rosa de Juncos
A.D. 1574'

"So you see that was a pretty ancient fish! Poor feller had been swimmin' around for years, tryin' his best to tell what had happened to the sailors who had caught him. It makes me sad whenever I think of it."

"Hum," remarked Captain Pen. "That is a powerful-movin' story. A fish has feelin' same as other animals. In fact, I don't see how you can bear to tell it—it must stir up your emotions terrible."

"It does," said Captain Lem. "Every time I tell it, it most spoils my day for me, but I thought you'd like to know about it. It was so odd."

CAPTAIN PEN nodded sympathetically. "Speakin' of fish and starvin' makes me recall an incident in my younger days. I'd shipped aboard a freighter, and on a trip from Hamburg to New York we ran into an awful blow. I won't bother you with the details of the wreck, but the result was complete disaster for the ship. I was the only one saved, bein' a powerful swimmer. I landed on a small island, uninhabited and bare of anything but rocks and sand. It looked like the end of one sailor named Penhallow Freedom. Washed up later, almost where I landed, was a big packing case which looked like a gift from heaven to me, with nothin' at all to eat and only my two bare hands. I knocked open the case with a rock—and what do you suppose I found in it?"

"Nothin' you could use," said Captain Lem. "It always happens that way."

"True. It contained nothin' but a load of band instruments. Cornets, drums, flutes, bass horns, and even a fiddle! Now I ask you, what good was the makin' of an orchestra to a man stranded on a desert island? It was a problem. By Bingo, I'd have swapped the whole lot of silver tooters for one ham sandwich!"

"My hunger grew terrible as the days went on. I'd try to drive the gnawin' away by playin' some lively tune on the alto horn, but it was hard to fool my yearnin' insides. 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginny' was always a great favorite of mine, and I used to comfort myself by playin' it on the A flat cornet until I'd think of that part of the song about 'there's where the cotton and the corn and 'taters grow'—and I had to give that up."

"But I began to notice somethin' queer in the sea in front of me. Every time I'd play on an instrument I could see fish swimmin' around, tryin' to keep time to the music. I experimented with the different instruments



"Then I started for shore as fast as I could, the big oompa-oompa-oompa blattin' out the stirrin' strains of 'Turkey in the Straw'."

and found that they were most partial to the big tuba. But how to get 'em; you can't catch a fish in your hands. There was a nice problem—and I was starvin'.

"Then I hit on an idea. I noticed when I'd tramp up and down the beach, playin' a good snappy march, the fish would follow me in the water. So I started to train them. Their favorite tune was 'Turkey in the Straw,' played on the big tuba. The large fish in particular were crazy about it.

"Patiently I trained them—and pretty near starved, blowin' my lungs out on that big horn. But one day I saw I had 'em completely charmed; they'd follow me blindly. So I speeded up my time so I had to run to be in step with my music.

"When the time seemed ripe, I took my tuba and waded out until the sea was up to my arm pits. Then I started for shore as fast as I could; the big oompa-oompa-oompa blattin' out the stirrin' strains of 'Turkey in the Straw.' As I neared the beach I put on all the speed left in me and leaped up on the beach, still oompa-oompa-oompaing.

"Quickly I dropped the horn and turned. Sure enough, two big mackerel had followed me up on the sand, and, bein' helpless on land, I captured them. Maybe those two fish didn't taste good. A feast for a king!

"Fish are foolish, like moths. I got my three meals a day and only played a tune on a horn—as easy as Tommy Tucker sang for his supper. Sometimes I got mackerel and sometimes shad and cod—and once I got a fine halibut with 'Annie Laurie' played on a flute.

"I was picked up by some fishermen after a couple of months, but I could have stayed longer. It made me superstitious, that trip. Now when I go to sea I always carry a harmonica in my pocket."

Captain Lem smiled on one side of his mouth and shook his head. "I take off my hat to you. I don't believe Robinson Crusoe could have beaten that."

"It's the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!" cackled Napoleon, stalking back and forth on his perch. Napoleon seemed a bit distraught.

Captain Lem cleared his throat.

WHAT I am about to tell you I've never mentioned to anybody before. I know you'll entertain no doubts, seein' you're a man of rare observation and can appreciate the phenomena of Nature—even when it does seem stranger than fiction."

Captain Pen bowed, as gracefully as his peculiar architecture permitted. "I acknowledge the compliment, and by all means let us hear it."

"What ain't universally known is that fish can be fine pets; also trained to be useful. If setters and pointers can be trained to stalk game and birds, why not fish? One of the smartest fish known is the dogfish.

"I myself once trained a pair of dogfish. Raised 'em from mere puppy-fish, so to speak. I put a lot of time and patience into the job and taught 'em lots of tricks. Jack and Jill I called 'em—and probably they were the smartest fish in the world.

"I admit my motives were not wholly unselfish. It had often occurred to me that the treasures of the deep had never been

touched; untold wealth was in it. So my efforts with Jack and Jill centered on one thing. I taught them to stalk—"

Captain Lem hesitated, and Captain Pen waited a few seconds and then politely said, "Yes?"

Captain Lem lowered his voice. "I taught them to stalk—ambergris!"

Every eye—and ear—was attentive. Captain Pen gazed with faint admiration at the speaker, the boys stared open-mouthed—while Napoleon softly clucked, with what emotion would be hard to say.

"It was hard work; took a powerful lot of patience. First, I made a harness for each of my fish, and to this was attached a single rein. I got a small piece of ambergris—paid a sight of money for it, too—and anchored it lightly to a float about a hundred feet from shore. Then I taught Jack and Jill to swim out, get the ambergris, and bring it ashore. Weeks and weeks it took to teach 'em to do this. Of course on each successful trip I'd give 'em a fat sea-worm or some tidbit. They got the idea after a spell—and once a dogfish gets a thing into his head he never forgets it.

"Then I began to vary the spot where the ambergris was; placed it in different spots. Finally they got so they'd swim several miles and bring it back. And eventually they learned to work without harness or rein. Longer and longer trips they made—always bringing back the precious substance.

"Well, one day I removed all traces of the ambergris and gave 'em the word to go.

"Scat, you Jack—and you Jill! Go fetch it," I said and shoed 'em away. They looked at me just once—and off they danced away out into the ocean to bring back the treasure. They were big, husky fish then, capable of taking care of themselves anywhere.

"They were gone three weeks," went on Captain Lem, after a pause. "Thought I'd lost 'em for sure, when one day back they swam, each of 'em towing a big lump of

ambergris! About two thousand dollars' worth.

"I sent 'em out again, and they were gone a month this time. But back they came one day with two chunks of ambergris, more than the first. Three thousand dollars' worth that time.

"Unfortunately for me, it got out—and a thing like that is sure to stir up the cupidity of some folks. Just after the third trip of Jack and Jill, a good thirty-five-hundred-dollar haul, it happened. I was shanghaied and carried off to sea in a ship bound for distant parts—very distant. They kept me a prisoner for eight months—and it took two more to get home."

Over Captain Lem's face came a look of sorrow. "When I got down to the place on the beach, there was Jack and Jill,—both dead,—a chunk of ambergris near by. I never knew just what happened exactly—but from studyin' the corpses and the worn condition of the ambergris I came to the conclusion they'd followed me all over the globe while I was a prisoner, not knowin' any better. The ten months' swim just wore 'em out. Even a fish has swimmin' limits. I never tamed any more,—sentiment, I guess,—because I thought a heap of Jack and Jill."

There was silence. Then from above came a faint whisper—"S the truth." Napoleon, huddled on the floor of his cage, let it go at that.

Captain Pen was full of sympathy for his friend. "That was too bad, Lem. You always were a sentimental one. But didn't you ever find out who it was that shanghaied you?"

"Nope. Just some gang of cutthroats. But like as not some perfume factory was behind it. With my scheme of collectin' ambergris, why, the price of cologne and shavin' lotion would have dropped to kerosene level. They had to use harsh measures."

"You were lucky to get off with your skin," remarked Captain Pen. He picked up a stick and began to whittle with his big horn-handled knife. "I remember a leetle adventure of mine with fishes that—scared me a mite every time I think of it. Once I was sort of shanghaied by fish themselves."

"Sho!" breathed Captain Lem. "Let's hear about it—if it don't scare you."

"Oh, of course if you think I'm tellin' a—"

"Not at all," apologized Captain Lem. "We sailormen have seen such things—why, we don't dare tell all the sights we've seen."

"Right you are. Now this thing that happened to me was totally unlooked for. The big schooner Fannie G. Cahoon was becalmed one time off the Azores. Not a stir of wind anywhere, and there

was nothin' to do but lay by and chew our thumbs. My eyes are always busy,—always gettin' me into trouble, too,—and while gazin' around I spotted somethin' floatin' on the water about a mile to port. I jumped into a rowboat and went out to investigate. Of course it wasn't anything much, just a big piece of some old boat. I lazed around in the sun and finally got drowsy and dropped off to sleep.

"Don't know how long I snoozed, but when I woke up I thought I was still asleep and dreamin' wild. The whole sea around me and between me and the Fannie G. Cahoon was just jammed with big porpoises!

"Skedaddle, you!" I yelled. "Go on! Get out of here!"

"But that made things worse. When they started to skedaddle as requested the sea became entirely too rough in my vicinity, so I had to apologize.

"There, there now," I cooed like a turtle dove. "Nice old porpoises. Don't be afraid. Nothin's goin' to hurt you. Lay down and be nice little porpoises!"

"That kind of calmed them—and me, too. I wasn't scared, of course—but I didn't want to stay there all day in that hot sun. How to get back to my ship? I couldn't budge the boat an inch.

"I'd done a little log-jumpin' when I was a boy in Maine, and the idea came to me in a flash that if I could ride those fish same as the logs I'd get back to my ship. Careful and silent, all the time cooing like a dove. 'Nice old porpoises, good old porpoises,' I climbed over the gunwale and started for the Fannie G. Cahoon.

"Well, a live porpoise's back ain't exactly like a pine log; and there was one busy sailor for a few minutes. I'd no more than touch a foot on a slippery back than the back would get ticklish, and over it would roll.

"How I kept my balance I don't know, but I didn't go down once—not all down, or I'd been a goner. I made that in record time—and I was a lucky boy that it was porpoises and not crocodiles! They threw me a rope from the ship, and I was saved.

"We fired a sky-rocket at 'em, and then they skedaddled. Probably that was the most fish I ever saw in one place. I'd take my oath—"

THERE was a little shuffling sound in Napoleon's cage. The Captain and his visitor rushed over to see what had happened. Poor Napoleon! He was flat on his back, feet up in the air, eyes closed!

"Guess the strain has been too much for poor Nappy," observed Captain Pen. "I'll sprinkle a little water on him. He'll be all right in a jiffy. Gracious me, it's near six o'clock."

The boys began putting their work in order for the night.

"Captain Lem, you're goin' to stay to supper of course. And, boys, you're invited, too. We got a big baked cod, stuffed."

"One you caught yourself?" inquired Captain Lem.

Captain Pen grinned. "Sure. With a dollar bill in a fish market. There's the supper bell now. Come on. Maybe after supper Captain Lem will get his tongue loosened up and tell us a yarn or two."

"After you, my dear Captain Pen," said Captain Lem.

"The idea came to me that if I could ride those fish same as logs I'd get back to the ship."



DEATHLESS SPLENDOR

The Life of Washington
By William E. Barton, D. D.



A little-known picture of Braddock's defeat, painted almost one hundred years ago by C. Schuessle. The mounted figure a little to the left is George Washington, rallying the troops

CHAPTER SEVEN

His First Fights

GOV. ROBERT DINWIDDIE of Virginia understood the defiance of the French as an invitation to war, and he began to prepare for it at once. The French were erecting more forts in the debatable land, and he wanted to build forts of his own. He secured authority to raise six companies of troops, and the Virginia Assembly granted him an appropriation of ten thousand pounds and undertook to direct the expenditure of the money through the supervision of a committee. George Washington asked for a promotion and got it. He had been a major; he now became a lieutenant colonel.

These six companies were to have been commanded by Col. Joshua Fry, a graduate of Oxford and a professor in William and Mary College. This officer never reached the troops. He was slow in departing for his command and was thrown from his horse and injured so that he died. Lieut.-Col. George Washington was at the front with the men, and whatever had been done by way of organization and fortification had been done under his direction. He became the commander of the expedition. He was very young; he was totally inexperienced in military affairs; but he had all the courage needed by an ambitious and high-spirited youth eager for military distinction. He needed to serve a severe apprenticeship under an officer of experience, but none was at hand to give him such instruction. And so George Washington, only twenty-two years of age, and never before in command of even a company, was at the head of an expedition that was almost certain to bring on, and did bring on, a war.

Washington's first battle was at Great Meadows, near the line between Maryland and Pennsylvania. With him as an ally was the halfling, with a band of Indian warriors. The French were assisted by other Indians. Washington attacked the French in the early morning and won a victory. The French suffered a loss of ten men killed, among them their commander, De Jumonville. Twenty-one of their men were captured. It was Washington's first experience as a soldier, and he was victorious.

In his report, which was forwarded to London, Washington said: "I fortunately escaped without any wound, for the right wing where I stood was exposed to and received all the enemy's fire, and it was the part where the man was killed and the rest wounded. I heard the bullets whistle, and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound."

This report was read to the king, and it was the first time he had ever heard of George Washington. Horace Walpole recorded the incident. The king's very proper comment about George's pleasure on hearing the sound of bullets was: "He would not

say so if he had been used to hear many." Old soldiers do not enjoy the sound of whistling bullets. It is only the rash and inexperienced who think they love the sound. Washington was brave, but his was, at this stage, the courage of the inexperienced. He was soon to have other experiences which made the sound of bullets less pleasant.

Governor Dinwiddie was beseeching the other colonies to assist in the general fight against the French. They were tardy and reluctant. Pennsylvania, remembering its Quaker principles, was disinclined to do any fighting. New York sent two companies:

"Not Combleat in Numbers. Many of them old that cannot undergo a March of 200 miles in the wilderness, and burthened with thirty Women and Children."

Bad as the New York troops were, the Virginia recruits were no improvement upon them. While Washington was gathering his little command he wrote to the governor describing them as "loose, Idle Persons that are quite destitute of House and Home." He said:

"There is many of them without Shoes, others want Stockings, some without Shirts, and not a few have Scarce a Coat, or waistcoat to their backs."

On July 3, 1754, another fight occurred, and the French were successful. The little stockade called Fort Necessity, in which Washington's depleted and insubordinate command was huddled, was badly located

and was surrounded by the French and Indians. Food gave out and ammunition was low. A heavy rain put some of Washington's muskets out of commission.

The beleaguered fort held out till the fall of night, and then accepted an invitation to a parley. Further resistance was hopeless, and a surrender was agreed upon.

On the morning of the 4th of July George Washington surrendered to the French, but he and his men walked out with the honors of war. He signed articles which acknowledged the attack on the French, and the death of De Jumonville, and this document was written in French. When later that paper was translated into English, Washington was surprised to learn that he had admitted that he had "assassinated" the French commander. Certainly he had never intended to make any such confession, but the document, published in France and reproduced in translation in London, had no small part in the controversy over the French and Indian War, which now had begun. Dinwiddie wrote of this incident:

"It's true in the Capitulat'n after they make use of the Assassina'n, But Washington not know'g French was deceived by the Interpreter. If he had not, he declares y't he w'd not have agreed to it, tho' in great Straits. The Interpreter was a Poltroon."

One from whom much was expected arrived a few days later. He was Gen. Edward Braddock. On February 19, 1755, he landed in Virginia with British troops. There appeared good reason to expect that short work would now be made with the French. The colonies were voting men and money. Four months before the arrival of Braddock, Washington, hurt by criticisms which he believed unjust, stung by a reduction in rank and pay, and tired of the annoying conditions which gave him responsibility without authority, resigned his command, and returned to his home at Mount Vernon. He had no expectation at that time of being associated with General Braddock in his prospective expedition.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Braddock's Defeat in 1755

SICK and weary as George Washington thought himself to be of military life and its disappointments, he was ill at ease when he saw Braddock's army of well-trained men and observed the colonies rising with some approach to a united spirit for the resistance of the French. He must have expressed to someone his wish that he could have a share in what was about to occur. At all events, on March 2, 1755, he received an invitation to join the expedition as a member of the staff of General Braddock. He accepted the invitation, acknowledging

he wanted to learn the art of the military profession from so able and experienced a general as Braddock. The "most flattering prospects of intimacy" with that officer made strong appeal to him.

In view of the damaging criticisms to which Washington had been subject, and the fact that Governor Dinwiddie was no longer supporting him in any effective fashion, General Braddock's desire to have Washington as a member of his official family is proof that that general, hearing as he must have heard all the gossip of the French charges, thought highly of the young officer. Braddock's confidence must have rested on what seemed to him reliable evidence of Washington's ability and character.

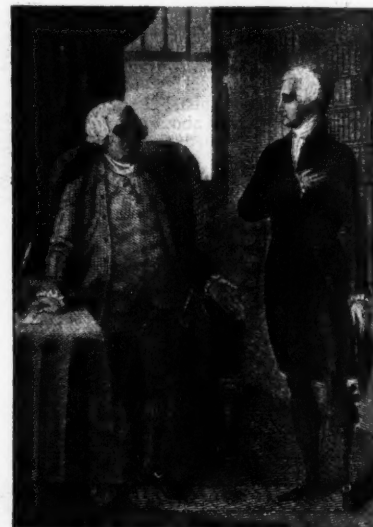
It is interesting to learn, not only from Mr. Weems but from Washington's own correspondence, that his mother, having heard that he was considering a return to army life, made a journey to Williamsburg, where he had gone to meet Braddock, seeking to persuade him not to return to the life of a soldier. To Captain Orme, General Braddock's aide, Washington wrote:

"The arrival of a good deal of company (among whom is my mother, alarmed at the report of my intention to attend your fortunes) prevents me the pleasure of waiting upon you today. . . . I herewith send you a small map of the back

country, which, though imperfect and roughly drawn, for want of instruments, may give you a better knowledge of the parts designated than you have hitherto had an opportunity of acquiring."

How we should like to see that map! Instruments or no instruments, George Washington was an excellent draftsman, and he knew the country through which Braddock must pass as no other man capable of making a map would have known it. We may be sure, also, that it was not "roughly drawn." Entire accuracy was, of course, impossible, but we may be certain that Washington knew what maps Braddock could already have possessed, and that he was able to furnish him a better one. If there was any one thing which Braddock particularly wanted just then it was a good map; and he also wanted a man who knew the region.

Nevertheless, Braddock set out in reliance on other advice and instead of following up the Potomac marched to Fredericktown by way of Winchester. Washington was closing up his affairs at Mount Vernon and had not yet joined him. He wrote that Braddock had "a good opportunity to see the absurdity of the route."



Governor Dinwiddie and Washington (right). An engraving published in 1824 in the American Monthly Magazine. It bore the following caption: "Tomorrow—today—this hour, and at all hours I am at the Service of my Country!"

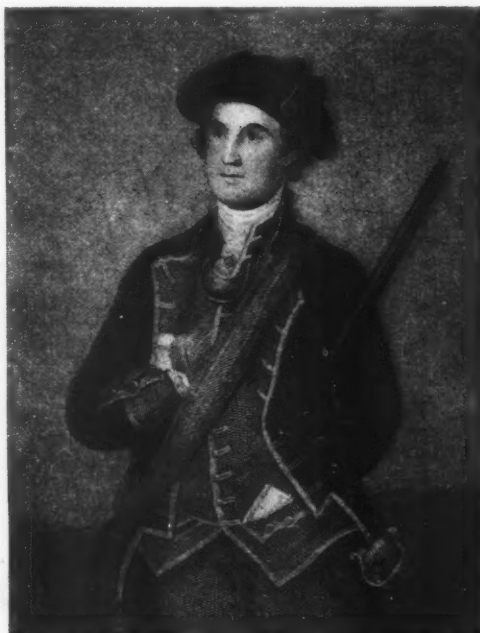
Washington overtook Braddock and was treated with great courtesy. He had returned with all his heart to a military life. But, to his great sorrow, four days after the march began, he was taken with "violent fevers and pains in the head, which continued nine days without intermission." He had to be left behind with a wagon and a guard, and when he set forward the jolting of the wagon was agony. The doctor's warning that to proceed would endanger his life, and Braddock's promise not to bring on a fight till Washington arrived, held him for a time in the rear, but he was impatient to be in the front. "The General has given me his word of honour, in the most solemn manner," he wrote, that if there was to be a battle he (Washington) should be brought to the front and permitted to join the advance. Washington was there in ample time. The advance was slow. Roads had to be cut in places and improved in others.

Where the Allegheny and the Monongahela unite to form the Ohio, and not far from where Pittsburgh now stands, the French had erected Fort Duquesne.

This was the fort which Braddock was advancing to assault. But his battle occurred before he got there. It occurred within the present limits of the city of Pittsburgh, where now is the village of Braddock.

It is hardly correct to say that Braddock was led into an ambush. Braddock's advance came upon a small force of Indians and Canadian French and opened fire upon them. The Canadians ran, and so did the Indians, but a company of French regulars

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 150]



An engraving from Anson Dickinson's portrait of Washington in the earlier part of his career, executed from Peale's original. This is said to be the only known portrait of Washington painted prior to the American Revolution



MISCELLANY



LIVES REMADE

The Companion's Religious Article

THE potter's wheel is one of the oldest of human inventions. The flat, horizontal wheel is turned by steam or electricity, and so turns much more rapidly than in the olden time; but in essentials the processes of the modern potteries are like those which the prophet Jeremiah saw when he visited the house of the potter and watched him at his work.

The potter took a lump of wet clay, put it in the middle of his wheel, and as the wheel turned shaped the clay, partly with his fingers, and partly with his very simple tools; and so he wrought upon the wheel the jar or vase the pattern of which was already in his mind. Jeremiah was interested in the fact, which he presently observed, that the potter sometimes changed his plan. Now and then the material proved refractory. It was a little too wet, or a little too dry, or there proved to be not quite enough of it, or there was a pebble or other foreign substance in it that turned it awry. Jeremiah noticed this. He could not always tell the reason, but the potter sometimes manifestly changed his purpose. "He made it again another vessel." It may even have been that the vessel thus modified, through first having been marred, became a more useful and even a more beautiful one than it would have been if it had kept to the original design.

Our lives are marred by the vicissitudes of life. Whether we call it fate or the will of God, there is no denying the marring effects of sorrow, accident, and ill health.

We mar one another's lives. There are people who have to live together who continually rasp and irritate and hurt one another. There are strange pairings and matings and assortings in family and business relationships. And for many of them which seem so unfortunate there is no remedy that lies within our power.

We mar our own lives. We brood over our wrongs, real or imaginary. We eat out our hearts for the joys denied us. We cherish envy, spite, and ill-will. In time the poison in our spirits manifests itself in the hard or cynical expression of our faces. We go through life marred, not wholly by reason of what has been done to us, but on account of what we have done to ourselves.

But God, like the potter, does not throw the clay back into the trough. God has resources available for the reshaping of marred lives. Those who are seen rejoicing around the throne are they who have come up out of marred experiences. It is a fact of common knowledge that the lives we most admire are not those that have always had their own unhindered way. In every saintly face there is something that tells of a serenity and a peace that have been won by meeting adverse conditions, by the conquest of which the soul has been shaped into a lovelier form.

If we have been marred, we need not be disheartened. God has for us other and perhaps even worthier and more beautiful uses.

NIGHTMARE

The Companion's Medical Article

NIGHTMARE and night terrors are two names for a particularly vivid and terrifying form of dream, the first when the dreamer is an adult, the second when he is a child. Nightmare is more or less familiar to most of us and needs no detailed description. One of the compensations of age is that this form of dreaming becomes less frequent with advancing years; whether this is because the placidity of age gives no encouragement to the harboring of such nerve-racking terrors, or because the imaginative powers are dulled, or because indulgence in late suppers of rich and indigestible food is less frequent, we do not certainly know. One who is prone to suffer from nightmare should take his heavy meal in the middle of the day and avoid late suppers, should sleep on the side, and should read nothing exciting, such as detective stories, in the evening, or indeed at any time.

One usually awakes from a nightmare with a distinct remembrance of it and with relief at realizing that it was only a dream; but the child victim of night terrors is not so fortunate.

nate. The disturbance of dream consciousness has a stronger hold on the young. The child screams and cries with terror, and sits up in bed, but often does not recover full waking consciousness. When he is questioned he may say that a dog wants to bite him or a big man with a black beard is going to beat him; and then he often falls asleep again without recognizing his mother or his nurse. In the morning he has no recollection of what has happened.

Children liable to night terrors are usually of an unstable nervous constitution and should be gently handled. There should be no ghost stories, no rollicking games after supper, a very light supper, and a dimly lighted room to sleep in. A child who suffers from them often without apparent cause should be taken to the oculist, for eyestrain is a potent exciter of the nerves when it exists. Other possible causes are enlarged tonsils, adenoids, constipation, and overwork at school—too long hours or too hard lessons. The child should be examined by the family physician, who may detect one of the above mentioned physical defects or some other, correction of which will give the child relief.

THE JUNGLE FROM THE AIR

Modern Cartography in Borneo

THE picture on the right shows our readers one of the most remarkable airplane photographs ever taken. It is indeed made up of fifty or sixty separate photographs, which have been carefully joined together. And the picture we show is only a part of the complete air map, which is several times as large.

What you see in the picture is a bird's-eye view of some hundred or hundred and fifty square miles of the dense tropical jungle that covers much of the area of the British protectorate of Sarawak on the island of Borneo. Sarawak is a very interesting little country, inhabited of course by Malays, Dyaks and a sprinkling of Chinese. Eighty-seven years ago the famous English soldier and explorer, Sir James Brooke, was made the rajah of Sarawak in return for his services in suppressing a rebellion among the natives against the Sultan of Borneo. His descendants have ever since governed



Reproduced by courtesy of the Maharajah of Sarawak and the Air Survey Co., Ltd.

Mapping by airplane: a river in the Sarawak jungle

the country and have made it one of the most progressive and prosperous districts in the East Indies.

The jungle shown in the picture is too dense for any travelers to penetrate far into its interior, but the airplanes, flying back and forth above it, have come back with this extraordinarily accurate and fascinating map. Examined closely, it shows every little indentation in the river banks, every brook and creek, and almost every individual tree in the forest. The white patches here and there distributed over the picture are little fleecy clouds. Down in the lower left-hand

corner is a narrow white line, which is the roof of one of the long community houses of the Dyaks. The forest is composed of extremely valuable tropical timber, such as teak, mahogany, ironwood, and ebony.

ENGLISH COLLEGE YELLS

Have You Heard Them?

WE are accustomed to think of college yells as distinctly American inventions. Apparently they are not. The Boston Herald has discovered that the practice is firmly established in Great Britain, and was not, apparently, imported from the United States, either.

The college yell of University College, Exeter, which greeted the Prince of Wales: "Delafar, Spragafar, Kikofar, Ewara, Poy, Poy, Poy and the Coll," moved one London editor to violent protest. "For very small children such gibberish might be suitable, but to hear it shouted by young men makes me feel as I do when I see a 'grown-up' in Boy Scout uniform."

The editor was taken to task for saying: "This is the first of its kind in this country, so far as I am aware."

Mr. Noel Treavett wrote in reply that it hurt him to see the practice ascribed to American influence. "Cardiff, my old college, has for years given vent to its feelings with a yell which starts with an imitation of a rocket, repeated three times. Then come the following words:

Cardiff-ee, Cardiff-ee,
Cymru-o, Cymru-o,
Cardiff-ee, Cardiff-ee,
Cymru-o, Cymru-o,
Bant a hi, bant a hi,

Nawr te, nawr te,
Hip-ray, hip-ray, hip-ray,
Hurrah!

"Aberystwyth, Swansea and Bangor, the other constituent colleges of the University of Wales, each has its yell, and there is one for the university as a whole also."

A CHINESE OLD MAID

She Was a Widow After All

IN China, where marriage is regarded as the one right and proper destiny for all women, maiden ladies of an age beyond the twenties are practically unknown. The only one whom Mrs. Elizabeth Enders met, as she relates in her recent book, "Temple Bells and Silver Sails," was, however, a very charming example. A pleasant day had been planned for the American upon a houseboat with Chinese friends.

"Mr. Wu brought his sister and young daughter to accompany us, and they were both quite beautifully dressed for the occasion. The somewhat elderly sister wore a dove-colored cloth coat and black satin skirt, her little bound feet encased in pointed, heavily embroidered shoes, and her hair dressed with jade and pearl ornaments. She was so very gracious in her manner, and looked after all our comforts so assiduously, that, in spite of the fact that we did not speak each other's language, I felt absolutely at home with her all day.

"Afterwards, I was told the reason that she was still unmarried in spite of her middle age. In her early childhood she had been affianced to a little boy of ten, and just before the time of their wedding he had died. So, after the funeral, in spite of the fact that she had never even seen him, a wedding ceremony was held, in which the spirit of the departed youth became her husband, to whom she had ever since remained faithful."

So, after all, her one Chinese "old maid" was a widow!

[MISCELLANY CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

1. In Greek mythology, what man, in trying to fly, fell to his death because he came too near the sun?
2. What name has the church given to the day on which Jesus was crucified?
3. What are anchovies?
4. What is a "clearing-house"?
5. For whom was the month of July named?
6. Who said, "A penny saved is a penny earned"?
7. What is the holy river of India?
8. What is a "statute of limitations"?
9. What was the original meaning of "ostracism"?
10. Who composed "The Beautiful Blue Danube"?
11. Who is M. Coty?
12. How many lines are there in a sonnet?
13. Who is the heavyweight boxing champion of the world?
14. What is loess?
15. What is a Percheron?
16. For what is Louis Pasteur famous?
17. Where do immigrants first land on reaching New York?
18. What is the derivation of the word "Fascism," the political movement now supreme in Italy?
19. Who wrote the "Idylls of the King"?
20. What is the "Flying Dutchman"?
21. Who is the most famous of American humorists?
22. Why are mules still used, instead of machinery, to draw canal boats?
23. Who built the great temple of the Jews at Jerusalem?
24. What seas does the Suez Canal connect?
25. What is the Alamo (pronounced Al-a-mo)?

[Answers on page 125]

FACT and COMMENT

How the Companion Editors
see the News of the Day

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Subscription Price: \$2.00 a Year in advance for the United States and Canada; \$2.50 for foreign countries. When asking for a change of address, please give the old as well as the new address.

Remittances: Bank Check or Draft, Post Office Money Order, Express Money Order or Registered Letter; no other way by mail is safe.

Manuscripts: Send to The Editors, inclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope. MSS. will be given ordinary care, but return is not guaranteed. Keep a carbon copy of all MSS. you send to publishers.

Published by

PERRY MASON COMPANY

Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H.

Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

NOT THE QUEER FELLOWS, but the sound fellows, go down from age to age.—John Galsworthy.

WE SUGGEST that Colonel Lindbergh be created Volant Ambassador of the United States to the World at Large and attached to the Department of State. Great as are his services to flying, they are still greater to the cause of amity and good feeling between our own country and the nations that he visits.

WHAT PRICE a discontinued Ford model? A young man was recently arraigned in Brooklyn for stealing an old Ford. Though he was indicted for grand larceny, the judge refused to hold him for anything but petty larceny, and the jury acquitted him, though he admitted the theft! What an indignity to an old and useful friend!

THE FRENCH have a playful fancy. The new 50-franc note bears a vignette in which Cupid, the god of love, symbolizing in this case the cause of good feeling between the nations, is letting fly an arrow aimed at Mars, the god of war, who is affectionately regarding a pile of modern ammunition. Let us hope Cupid's arrow will take effect on the tough old desperado.

AT LEAST it is possible that Vice-President Dawes will be the Republican candidate for the Presidency this year. In that case he will be the first Vice-President actually in office to be nominated for the higher office since the Southern wing of the Democracy put up John C. Breckinridge in 1860. And if he should be not only nominated but elected, he would be the first Vice-President to ascend to the Presidency (except through the death of the President) since Martin Van Buren, ninety years ago.

WINNING LAND FROM THE SEA

LOOK at a map of Holland, and you will see that the middle of the little kingdom is occupied by a wide gulf or arm of the sea, called the Zuyder Zee. Seven hundred years ago the Zuyder Zee was represented by a rather small fresh-water lake, and the coast line of Holland followed the chain of islands which now sweeps from Helder to the mouth of the river Ems in Germany. But in the thirteenth century a succession of tremendous storms breached the line of the shore, and the sea rushed in to flood a million acres of Dutch soil. Today Holland is engaged in an ambitious effort to win back from the encroaching water at least half of the land it covers.

The government is building a great dyke between the island of Wieringen and the shore of Friesland, which, when it is completed, will shut off the greater part of the Zuyder Zee from the salt water. Since the bed of the Zee is merely flooded land, the water is everywhere shallow; nowhere is it more than twenty feet deep, and at the southern end of the Zee it is only three feet deep at low water. Where the inclosing dyke is to run, it is from six to twelve feet deep. The dyke is to be nineteen miles long, and it

will take an enormous quantity of sand and clay to build it, but the shallowness of the water makes the project possible.

When the dyke is finished it will be about two hundred feet wide above high-water mark, and it will carry a railway line and a highway, so that the means of communication between Friesland and the rest of Holland will be greatly improved. Behind this dyke it is the plan to reclaim four great districts (which the Dutch call "polders"). Retaining dykes will be built around these polders, and all the water will be pumped out. It is expected that more than five hundred thousand acres of good farm land—an area equal to one tenth of present-day Holland—will thus be brought back to the use of man once more. The Dutch say that that will suffice to support three hundred thousand or four hundred thousand people. A central lake of fresh water will be left between the polders, through which the Yssel and other smaller rivers can discharge themselves into the sea; for the outer dyke will be pierced with sluiceways for that purpose.

The great project will not be completed for twenty years, and it will cost something like \$200,000,000 in all. Of course the government expects to get back a great part of this sum through the sale or lease of the farm land recovered from the sea. Altogether it is one of the most remarkable episodes in the long battle of the Dutch against the Atlantic Ocean, in which the Hollanders, unlike Mrs. Partington, have again and again succeeded in sweeping back the invading waters.

RUSSIA'S THERMIDOR

REVOLUTIONS are never alike in detail, but they do usually follow one another in broad outline, since human nature is much the same in France and in China, in Russia or in England. So in watching the progress of revolution in Russia there is a constant temptation to compare these events with those that distinguished the great revolution in France more than a century ago, and to get by such means some idea of the stage which affairs have actually reached at Moscow.

The recent sensational quarrel among the soviet leaders, which ended in the expulsion of such famous Communists as Trotsky and Zinoviev not only from all their offices but from the Communist party as well, is clearly a landmark in Russian history; and it has a singular likeness to the events which led in France to the fall of Robespierre on the 9th of Thermidor. Robespierre, you will remember, was the doctrinaire and the uncompromising radical of the French revolutionists, the instigator and the defender of the Reign of Terror, and for years the idol of the Jacobins, as the extreme left wing of the revolutionary movement called themselves. But in 1794 the end came for Robespierre. The people tired of the Terror, the Jacobins fell away, the course of popular feeling began to head strongly toward moderation. Robespierre lost his life on the guillotine, and the revolution slid downhill toward the Directory and Napoleon.

Trotsky and Zinoviev are the doctrinaires, the incorruptible radicals, the flaming revolutionists of the soviet régime, but events have proved too strong for them. Shouting protests and curses, declaring shrilly that the Communist revolution is being sacrificed by Stalin and his machine to a nationalistic policy for Russia and a week-kneed compromise with capitalists and greedy peasants, they have found themselves unable to rouse the spirit of their old followers. Their lives have been spared,—so far,—but they are ignominiously thrown out into the street. Communism, like Jacobinism, is in retreat. Russia has passed its 9th of Thermidor. What precisely will come next we can not tell. There is no sign of a Napoleon in the offing, but a continuing moderation, a return to a normal national development, unvexed by the rigid theories of Marx; and perhaps a temporary restoration of some form of strong personal government is probable.

Some observers in Russia report an interesting religious movement there, not toward the old Orthodox Church, but toward such Protestant bodies as the Lutherans and the Baptists. They call it the "Russian Reformation" and expect it to

play a great part in determining the future of the country. The old church, they think, is too deeply tinged with czarism to regain its hold on the people, but as Communism fades they believe the reformed churches will lead Russia toward a genuine democracy in government and a true revival of religion. We hope they are right; but we must wait and see.

THRIFT AND SPENDING

WE have traveled a long way from Benjamin Franklin, prophet of thrift, whose comfortable doctrine was "a penny saved is a penny earned." We no longer spend our money with a sense of guilt; we also contract light-heartedly to spend in the future money we have not yet got. In a word, we practise "instalment buying." No one knows how many hundreds of millions, or even billions, of unearned dollars are already ear-marked today for the automobile agent, the furniture dealer or the man who sells fur coats.

Not only that, but many of our present-day guides, philosophers, and friends tell us that we must not be afraid to spend money. The industrial system under which we live is geared up to such a speed that it needs plenty of spending to keep it in motion. Mr. Owen D. Young, who is a wise man as men go today, warns us against saving too much. If you save for investment, you are putting your money into "plant account," building new mills and factories, buying new machines, turning out more goods; and if you do not keep on buying these goods lavishly, you will soon cause overproduction, a collapse of credit, unemployment; and you will play hob generally with the delicate machinery of our modern civilization. Such is the counsel of our present sages—who are no longer abstemious philosophers, but stirring business men.

There is no doubt that conditions are vastly different now from those of the eighteenth century. Then capital was scarce and goods expensive. The difficulty was to get money enough together to finance the production of more plentiful articles of trade. Today capital is abundant, and goods pour out of our factories in such a stream that the difficulty is to sell them fast enough to keep them from choking up the sources of supply. It is theoretically very possible to save too much; to add too rapidly to our productive equipment, while we fail to take care of what it is already turning out.

But we think that danger is chiefly in theory. Most people need little encouragement toward spending money. They will spend it fast enough if let alone. Indeed, those thinkers who are not afraid that we shall wreck business by spending too little are fearful that we shall eventually wreck it by spending too much—in instalment buying. Our own view is that Benjamin Franklin is outmoded more by external conditions than in principle, and that, however much we spend, we shall be happier and wiser if we save enough to add steadily to our bank accounts, our insurance policies, and our well chosen investments. It is as true as it ever was that "a penny saved is a penny earned."

WHY SUBMARINES?

IT is now two months since the tragedy of the submarine S-4 off the harbor of Provincetown, and we can consider the event with a coolness of mind that was not at first possible. The more we think about it the clearer seems the essential futility of the submarine. No striking invention of our time is so useless.

For purposes of peace the submarine is valueless. As a cargo carrier or a passenger vessel it can never compete for a moment with ships that go upon the surface of the sea. Its only service is as a weapon of war. And, although for a time during the Great War it appeared likely to be a very effective weapon, the navies of Great Britain and the United States managed to work out systems of defense which made the submarine almost helpless against properly armed ships. The undersea boats can still sink merchant ships if not under convoy; they can kill noncombatants, men, women, and children; but that is about all they can do.

A good many naval experts are ready and

anxious to abandon the submarine, as a weapon that is almost as dangerous to its own crew as to anyone else, and more dangerous to its occupants than to the armed forces of the enemy. So far every suggestion to limit or forbid the use of submarines has been blocked by the nations that maintain comparatively small navies, like France and Italy, on the ground that it is a "defensive" weapon, comparatively cheap to build, and so useful to countries that cannot afford or do not need great fleets of battleships. But even for such countries seaplanes are likely to be more valuable than submarines, in time of war. We believe every dollar that is spent on submarines is as good as wasted.

But while they are still built and sailed there ought to be better means devised for their crews to detect the presence of other ships, for air and food to be conveyed to men trapped, as the six men of the S-4 were, in a wrecked submarine, and for raising a sunken undersea boat to the surface. The Navy Department has been assailed for neglecting to provide safety appliances of these three kinds. It replies that no such appliances have yet been invented. Perhaps that is true, though we know of inventors who insist that they have. It would certainly seem easy enough to install valved ports in the surface of a submarine through which air and liquid food could be supplied to an imprisoned crew. But, whatever are the facts at present, the Navy ought to lose no time in applying its energies to discovering some means of meeting the situation. There is inventive ingenuity enough in the United States for the purpose. Let it be encouraged to wrestle with the problem.

THE SWEETEST SUGAR

THOSE of our young readers who have studied chemistry know that what we call "sugar" is only one of a large family of similar substances. The chemists call our table sugar, derived from cane or beet-root, "sucrose." Besides that there are glucose, maltose, lactose, galactose and several other forms of sugar, most of which are not commercially so valuable as sucrose, either because they are not so sweet or because they do not crystallize so beautifully, and are therefore less attractive either to the eye or to the taste.

But there is one kind of sugar—fructose, it is called—which is a great deal sweeter than common sugar, and which the chemists, after much trouble, have found it possible to crystallize very successfully. Fructose is found in many kinds of fruit, in honey, in molasses, and in sorghum. The great question is, Can it be produced inexpensively enough to make it a competitor of our familiar white or sucrose sugar? If it can, its extraordinary sweetness and the fact that it is assimilated much more readily than cane sugar, and so is far less likely to disturb the digestion, will make it one of the chief sources of the world's sugar supply.

The chemists do not believe that it can be recovered cheaply enough from the substances we have mentioned—except perhaps from molasses—to be commercially plentiful. But there is another source—the bulbs of the Jerusalem artichoke. This hardy and vigorous plant does not require a particularly rich soil, has been known to produce almost a thousand bushels of bulbs to the acre, has few or no insect enemies or fungus pests, and can be cultivated wholly by machines. At present one seventh of each bulb by weight is inulin, a starchy substance from which fructose is easily derived. No doubt that proportion can be greatly increased by the ingenuity of the plant-breeder.

It may be that another revolution in the great sugar industry is at hand. It may be that the United States will eventually be able to raise all the vast quantity of sugar that it uses, instead of importing four fifths of it. It may be that our farmers are to have another money crop offered them which will help to solve the troublesome question of farm relief. We cannot say that all these things are going to happen, but they are regarded as likely by those who are studying the nature and behavior of fructose, the "queen of sugars." Perhaps we shall see the Jerusalem artichoke disputing with wheat and corn the primacy among our agricultural crops!



MISCELLANY



Photograph by National Museum of Naples, Supplied by Professor Federico Halbherr

THE FIRST AIR CRASH

The Fall of Icarus on a Pompeian Wall

ONE of the most interesting houses unearthed by the excavators at Pompeii is that of the priest Amandus, whose body, with those of eight of his household, was found embedded in the ashes that had buried his home. Amandus was a man of some wealth and much cultivation. His house is charmingly decorated with wall paintings which give us an excellent idea of what art was like in the great days of the Roman Empire.

Our picture shows one of those brilliantly colored wall panels in which the painter has depicted the unlucky exploit of Icarus of Crete, who, according to ancient myth, was the first victim of primitive aviation. Dædalus, the father of Icarus, was said to have made wings of wax, on which he and Icarus made their escape from Crete, where they had fallen into disfavor with King Minos. Dædalus came safely to Sicily, but Icarus, flying too ambitiously, approached the sun. The heat melted his wings, and he fell to his death.

The artist has naïvely shown three different moments in the affair in the same picture, a space-saving contrivance that the early painters of the Renaissance sometimes employed. In the middle of the wall Icarus—or it may be Dædalus—is shown in full flight. Unfortunately, that part of the picture has been destroyed; we can only see the tips of the flyer's wings projecting to the left of the patch of exposed plaster. At the top of the painting Icarus has met the sun god in his chariot and is seen plunging downward, amidst the horrified cries of two young girls in the foreground and two boat-loads of spectators in the middle distance. At the bottom of the panel we see Icarus stretched upon the ground, while a wayfarer approaches to offer help.

BY PROXY

A New Use for Polly

A SWEET old lady, a Quakeress, recently offered to take care of the pet parrot belonging to her daughter-in-law while her son and his family took a trip abroad. Its owner hesitated. The bird was a handsome and diverting creature, but it was noisy and of a temper, like most of its kind, by no means amiable. Moreover, it had been brought over and trained by a Spanish steward on a West Indian vessel and only spoke his language. But she did not know how else to dispose of it, and the offer was finally accepted. When she reclaimed her pet on returning, she said:

"It was so good of you, Mother! I know you couldn't have enjoyed Pedro; you are so fond of peace and quiet, and he is terribly talkative. It must have been a real sacrifice, and indeed I appreciate it."

"Thee need not worry, Lucy," replied the old lady. "I took much satisfaction in thy bird. I have thought of asking thee if thee or John could find another like him for me."

Her Contribution

By Luke Larrabee

[She never "earned" any money. She lives on a farm. She is somebody's mother, maybe your own. She has earned no money. No, but in her thirty working years she has served 235,435 meals; she has made 3190 garments, 35,500 loaves of bread, 5930 cakes, 7960 pies, 1500 gallons of lard; she has grown 1525 bushels of vegetables and 1550 quarts of fruit; she has raised 7660 chickens, churned 5460 pounds of butter, put up 3625 jars of preserves, scrubbed 177,725 pieces of laundry, and has put in 35,640 hours sweeping, washing and scrubbing. At accepted prices, this work is worth \$115,485.50. She has no bank account to show for it. She can't retire on her savings; she has to keep on. Not earnings, no. How do you define the ordinary American woman's contribution to her family's wealth—and to the nation's wealth?—*Editorial from Collier's Weekly, reprinted by permission.*]

BROTHER'S coming home to-night,
Very stiff and sore;
Limping up the driveway,
Stumbling through the door.
Took a test at school today,
Played a hockey game,
Has his home work still to do—
Isn't it a shame?

Sister's eyes are tired out
By the movie show;
Party scheduled for tonight,
How's a girl to go?
Stitching at her party dress,
Fingers stiff and sore,
Life is simply full of work!
Isn't it a bore?

Father had a trying day
Slaving at the store;
Seven drummers came to call,
Took him off the floor!
Meeting of the Board of Trade
All the afternoon—
Life's a never-ending dance
To a cruel tune!

Mother? No complaints from her,
Hasn't time to shirk;
See her bustling round the house
At her endless work.
Up all night, if someone's sick;
Patient—busy—true!
Let the other folks complain;
Here's a verse for you.

"Why, of course we will!" cried Lucy. "And this time we'll make sure you have a parrot that talks English."

"No, Lucy, no," said the aged Quakeress quickly. "I prefer a foreign language. The neighborhood is changing, Lucy; there is a garage across the way, and a tall apartment house going up on the corner, and many things which I find distasteful. I endeavor to resign myself, and I say nothing. But Pedro, too, does not like hooting and tooting and riving and banging and clanging, and it has been a real comfort to listen to his remarks as he hangs in the window. I do not know what he said, but his manner was forceful, and I have always understood that parrots—I should truly prefer a foreign language, Lucy."

"Yes, Mother," said Lucy, keeping her face straight. "Your parrot shall speak anything but English." And she never told the dear old soul that the strong language she had innocently enjoyed by proxy was really nothing more startling than a string of fervid Spanish endearments, intended for the sweetheart to whom Pedro's first owner would have given him had they not quarrelled.

faith. They are supposed to be reincarnations of the divine Buddha himself, and they are always chosen as children and rarely suffered to reach maturity. While they do live they are treated with every mark of distinction and even veneration; but the priests of the monastery in which the Living Buddha of the moment is immured keep him completely under their control and see to it that the divine infant gets none of the pleasures of life that are appropriate to his years. Our picture shows one of these little Living Buddhas—the Skushok of Spitok in Chinese Turkestan—seated in wistful dignity, with the peaked cap of the Buddhist priesthood on his head. Before him is a toy bird made of rubber, which may be his favorite plaything, and a curious demon-driving double drum, which is made of the tops of two human skulls. The youngster has an intelligent and rather charming expression; it is pathetic to think that his childhood is being distorted to serve the superstitious purposes of his guardians, and that he is probably doomed to an early death at the hands of those who have him in charge.

FASHIONABLY DRESSED

The Power of Advertising

SUZUKI was the "boy," or butler and man-of-all indoor work,—though he made his little wife do most of it,—in the home of an American family resident in Japan. When he first came in summer he wore a dignified black silk kimono and white *tabi*, or digitated stockings. But as the autumn verged toward winter the weather grew chillier and chillier. One day his mistress, returning from a shopping trip down town, rang the doorbell and received a decided shock when Suzuki opened the door, bowing obsequiously. He was clad in a brand-new fleece-lined union suit.

Suspecting that the man was drunk, she related, I shut myself up in the library until my husband came home for tiffin a few minutes later, when I told him the incident and asked him to rebuke Suzuki properly.

"Look here, Suzuki," began Dana San firmly, "don't you ever dare to answer a bell in this house without being properly dressed."

Freed from the wonted hobbles of his kimono, Suzuki fairly launched himself across the room; I was sure he was about to assault Dana San with some jiu-jitsu hold. Instead he pulled up by the table, snatched a



Photo by courtesy of The Times of India Illustrated Weekly

A BOY BUDDHA

The Little Skushok in Full Regalia

ONE of the curious things about modern Buddhism as it exists in Tibet and Chinese Turkestan—a form of the religion that is much corrupted in the interest of superstition and the priestly class—is the institution of "Living Buddhas." There are several such characters, each the nominal head of a branch of the Buddhist

copy of the Saturday Evening Post, flipped over the pages rapidly and extended toward us a double-page advertisement of an airy gentleman promenading in a well-known brand of underwear.

"See, Dana San," cried Suzuki, dramatically. "Bell ring, me all dressed, new clothes all the same as American Dana San, very hi kara!"

Hi kara, a corruption of high collar, from the days when Japanese dudes first affected European clothes, stands in Japan for anything chic and imported. Poor Suzuki was much cast down to find that his lovely new union suit, however correct *hi kara* in itself, even as the fashion plate had indicated, could never be openly displayed to the eyes of an admiring public.

AN EGG-SHAPED PUZZLER

Strange Stone Found in New Hampshire

IF you ever visit the rooms of the New Hampshire Historical Society at Concord, you will see—if you look for it—the curious egg-shaped stone, a picture of which we here present. This stone was turned up more than fifty years ago by some workmen who were digging a trench at Center Harbor



on Lake Winnepesaukee. It was found some three feet below the surface and was incrustured with quite a thick coating of hardened clay. A Mr. Ladd, who got the rough-looking object from the ditch diggers, carefully removed the crust of clay and found within a smooth egg-shaped stone, covered with curious designs and markings.

The stone is of a kind of sandstone not found in that region, and it is shaped as smoothly and perfectly as if turned on a lathe. It is three and three-fourths inches long and weighs a little over a pound. A hole wider at the bottom than at the top has been drilled right through its axis. On its surface there are cut a perfect circle, an eight-pointed star, a very realistic ear of corn, a spiral figure, four crossed arrows making a sort of letter M, a crescent, and two crossed maces or war clubs. There is also a carefully made Indian tepee with the four poles protruding at the top, and a face, oval in shape and engraved with remarkable skill, the features of which are not in the least like those of the Indian of the northeastern United States.

No one has any idea where the stone came from, who made it, or what purpose it was meant to serve. The circumstances of its discovery and the care with which the designs are executed are against its being a hoax, but it is certainly unlike any other carved stone ever found in this country.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

[See page 123]

1. Icarus. 2. Good Friday. 3. Very small fish found in the Mediterranean Sea and esteemed by epicures for their flavor. 4. An institution maintained by the banks, where checks and bills against member banks are exchanged, the balances only being paid in cash. 5. Julius Caesar. 6. Benjamin Franklin. 7. The Ganges. 8. A law that sets a term of years after which a legal action cannot be brought. 9. The Greeks used to "ostracize," or banish from their cities, public men whose conduct they disliked. The word comes from the Greek word for the pieces of tile used as ballots in voting. 10. Johann Strauss. 11. A famous Parisian manufacturer of perfumes and cosmetics. 12. Fourteen. 13. Gene Tunney. 14. A fertile soil in North China, yellow in color. It is wind-blown from the deserts to the westward and deposited in great depth, often hundreds of feet. 15. A heavy, strong draught horse originally developed by French breeders. 16. He first made clear the action of bacteria in causing both fermentation and disease. 17. Ellis Island. 18. It comes from the Latin word "fasces," the bundle of rods that was the symbol of the consular power. 19. Alfred, Lord Tennyson. 20. A phantom ship that, according to sailors' tradition, is to be seen off the Cape of Good Hope in stormy weather. 21. Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"). 22. Because the action of the waves caused by engine propellers disintegrates the canal banks and gradually fills up the bed of the canal. 23. King Solomon. 24. The Mediterranean and the Red Sea. 25. A stone building, originally a mission church, in San Antonio, Tex., in which a body of Texans were besieged by superior numbers of Mexicans in 1836. All the Texans were killed during or after the desperate battle.

THE GALLANT LALLANES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]

"Just a moment, Marion." Mrs. Lallane held out her hand, and at a sign from her Marguerite went into the adjoining room, closing the door behind her. Marion, moving toward her mother, laid her hand in the outstretched one, but waited impatiently.

"Can Mother help you, dear?" "I don't think you can, Mother." Marion stared through the window into the glossy leaves of the bitter-orange tree, then, slipping to the floor, she threw one arm across her mother's knee. "You see, Mother, I can't tell you about it because I don't think you would let me do it."

Mrs. Lallane gave no sign of the amused surprise she felt. All she said, after a moment, was: "And you think it right?"

The gold-brown head was laid on her knee, and Marion sat very still. Finally, she raised her head, and her brown eyes looked straight into her mother's.

"Yes, Mother, I do."

"Very well, then, dear, if—"

"Doesn't God order the steps of a little girl?"

"Always! Of a good little girl."

Marion leapt up. "Doing something for somebody else, even if it's something you love to do, is being good." Her face was radiant, and there was no shadow of doubt in her voice. Stooping swiftly, she met her mother's kiss and was gone.

Mrs. Lallane's eyes were on the western sky, aflame with color. Her mind went back to the past, when Marion was learning to take her first steps, balancing precariously on tiny feet, tottering, one step at a time—two—three, and then the quick little run into her outstretched arms, or into the arms of her father, kneeling opposite.

"But they're such little feet," the mother had pleaded once, with tears and laughter, reaching forward even while obeying her husband's signal not to steady the baby pilgrim.

"They're her own," he had answered positively, "and we must let her use them."

"But suppose she falls!"

"She isn't going to fall," said Mr. Lallane, and their little daughter trotted triumphantly into her father's arms.

"Hooray!" he had shouted, rising and tossing her into the air. Then, ducking his head into the dimpled curve of the baby's elbow, he set her again on her feet. "They are tiny feet, but they're your own, and you've a right to use them," he said.

Something of the radiance of the swiftly setting sun was in Mrs. Lallane's face now, as she turned from the window. "Yes," she said aloud, "she has a right to use them."

NEXT morning, on her way to school, Marion paid no attention to Merry. Her thoughts were absorbed by her own problems, especially as to where she could give her dancing lessons. She had to let that go, too, during the morning sessions, when her own lessons must be given some attention, and at recess, when she had so much to explain to all "the little Selects," as they called Miss Ettam's kindergarten children.

The result of these explanations brought a continual stream of visitors to the school that afternoon, and later Marion was told to report to Miss Ettam herself.

"What's this I hear, Marion," Miss Ettam began the moment Marion stood before her, "about your collecting ten cents a week from the children? My pupils!"

"Oh, Miss Mary—" Marion's eyes were wide with horror. "No—I mean—yes. No—that is—" And in a torrent of words Marion told of her plan and its purpose, adding, pleadingly, "Is ten cents too much, Miss Mary?"

For a long time Miss Mary made no answer. "You're too young, Marion," she finally said, "to teach at any price."

"I'm fourteen, 'most. And they're ever so much younger than me—I, I mean. And—and—Marguerite wants so much to go to college."

"Does your mother know?"

"No, Miss Mary, but she's given me permission to do it."

"How can she give you her permission if she doesn't know what you are doing?"

"Because I think I am doing right, Miss Mary. I told Mother that, so she says she is willing to trust me."

"Yes, your mother would say that." Miss Ettam's voice was soft again, and the blue eyes very tender. "You may give the lessons every Friday afternoon, in the kindergarten." She put her arm around Marion.

"Who is going to play for you?"

"I hadn't thought of that!" Marion looked aghast.

"I will," said Miss Ettam. "Now run along home. I have some notes to write."

Late in the afternoon Miss Ettam was still writing notes—to the mothers of her kindergarten pupils. She said nothing about the reasons that had given birth to Marion's class, treating it simply as a good opportunity for the children to have dancing lessons at a very low rate, from a young but really competent teacher. "I have watched her in the yard, when the organ-grinders pass, and she can teach, beautifully. And the lessons will be here, in the kindergarten, and under my personal supervision."

"Not going to Randolph Chase!" Harry's voice filled the room; his mother stopped seeding raisins, his father held the meat-chopper in midair above a wooden bowl, his three brothers and Marion stopped picking pecans, Merry stopped cracking them.

"Not going to the plantation for Christmas?" Mr. Warren stared at his sister.

"Why?"

"Because the boarders—"

"It's because that old crow," Merry indignantly interrupted her mother, "brought another bill here this morning." She pounded a nut, viciously.

AN "IF" OF HISTORY

By Joseph Alger

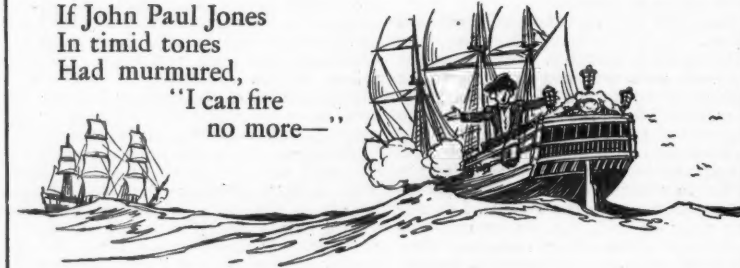
If Paul Revere
Had said, "O dear,
It's much too cool
to ride tonight";



If General Grant
Had said, "I can't
Be bothered with
another fight";



If John Paul Jones
In timid tones
Had murmured,
"I can fire
no more—"



Our history,
Indeed, would be,
To say the least, a
frightful bore.



She sent a messenger to deliver the notes. So, on the following Friday afternoon, Marion Lallane opened her dancing school with ten tiny pupils and, just before dark, ran home with ten shiny dimes in her hot little fist. Instead of going up the front steps, she ran around to the back door of the "Office Building," which Meena opened after satisfactory explanations. Somewhere in the dark recesses of her office, Marion found a crystal powder box, without a cover, that matched the stopperless perfume bottle, and in this she put the nest-egg for her big sister's college education.

CHAPTER FIVE

A Tax Bill Arrives

WHERE will you tether the b's?" Harry Warren asked his cousin, and Marguerite silenced him with a "sh-sh."

"Mother doesn't like us to call them that," she whispered, holding out a sticky finger from which he took some citron.

"Well, then, how do you intend to dispose of your boarders," he minced his words as he chewed the citron, "when we go to the plantation for Christmas?"

"We are not going to the plantation," Marguerite's voice was still low.

"What old crow? What bill?" several people asked at once.

"That nasty Nestor man," said Merry. "He's always doing it."

"Merry!" Mrs. Lallane spoke severely, and Merry flushed. But Marion, flushing as she spoke, said, "He is a bird of evil omen—a regular old raven. 'Be that word our sign of parting,'—she waved a nut pick wildly—"bird or fiend, I shrieked, up-starting."

"Get thee back into your office and the night's Plutonian shore!" cried Merry.

"Leave no tax bill as a token," they declared together, "of the lie thy soul hath spoken. Take thy beak from out our hearts and thy form from off our door."

"What's the trouble?" a pleasant voice interrupted, and Timothy Nestor came into the dining-room.

"Get thee back into the—" Merry pointed her hammer directly at the handsome, fair young man, but Marion stopped that.

"Just a raven," she said, and Mr. Nestor, looking all around, said, "Where?" then seated himself beside Marguerite.

"Oh, never mind," Merry giggled, running from the room, and Marion, giggling, said, "He still is sitting, still is sitting," and followed her younger sister.

"What's it all about?" asked Timothy, dipping his hand into the wooden bowl and snatching out a fistful of candied fruit just before Mr. Warren brought the chopper down. "My sister tells me," said Mr. Warren, "that she is not going to the plantation this Christmas."

"Why not?" Timothy opened wide his blue eyes.

"I can't leave the boarders," Mrs. Lallane said after a short silence. "It seems so inhospitable."

"Send 'em home," said Harry Warren.

"They haven't any homes."

"Take 'em along, then."

"That's the stuff!" Harry shouted now, and then all hands went back to preparing the things for the fruit cake and all tongues to planning the Christmas fun.

Transportation did not count. Uncle Frank was a railroad man, and he could provide a whole day coach—Randolph Chase was only an hour's ride from New Orleans—and take everybody along, boarders and all, so the family could have its usual Christmas fun on the old plantation.

"The boarders might not care to go," Mrs. Lallane suggested.

"Oh, yes, they will," everybody answered. And everybody was right, as Mrs. Lallane soon learned to her delight. Miss de Rive, you see, was a cousin of the family. Her going was taken without question. Mrs. Nairne strolled into the dining-room, about nine o'clock, and her pretty hands were soon as busy with a small knife and citron as a few moments earlier, they had been busy at the typewriter. The plan was unfolded to her, and, after momentary hesitation, she accepted.

Then came Mr. White's hearty "good evening" as, hat in hand, he entered, with Merry and Marion, still trying to suppress their giggles.

"Where else would one want to spend Christmas," Mr. White asked, "except with the Lallanes?" He strolled around the table, absent-mindedly feeding himself with whatever he could reach, his broad face beaming.

"He looks like Merry Christmas morning, himself," Uncle Frank whispered to Merry.

"What about the new boarders, Sister?" Mrs. Warren asked. "The Boston lady and the little orphan niece—poor child."

"Faith isn't an orphan," Merry said. "Her father's living."

"But not her mother," Mrs. Lallane said gently. "I think they'd love it. They love everything about us so far."

"I'll go ask Faith." Merry ran from the room.

When she returned, following Miss Lowcott, she was trying to make Faith understand that there wouldn't be any snow, not even at Christmas time; that it never snowed in New Orleans, for it wasn't cold enough.

"But it isn't cold when it snows," Faith was insistent.

"Well, it isn't even snow-cold here. Goodness, Faith Lowcott, we often wear lawn dresses Christmas day, outdoors—and this is going to be a warm winter, Meena says."

"But in the country? The plantation's in the country, you said."

"Yes, but there's no snow there, either."

Merry was emphatic, and Faith was much disappointed, although her aunt was charmed with the idea of a plantation Christmas.

Later while the Lallane girls were preparing for bed they spoke of Faith's feeling about the weather.

"She's homesick," Marguerite called from her bedroom, "for her father, and the snow and ice."

"Well, that's silly," announced Marion. "Not the father part, of course. But I should think she'd love a warm, Louisiana winter lots better than that old cold, br-r-r—" Shuddering, she jumped into the big four-poster, tucking in the mosquito bar as though the fine-net canopy would keep out imaginary winds.

"I don't blame her at all," Marguerite said. "I'm homesick myself, all the time, for snow and ice."

"Well, that's sillier," said Marion, "when you've never even seen it."

"I've seen it in pictures, and I know just how Faith feels."

"I'm sorry too," Merry was climbing into her side of the big bed. "I'd hate to be away from home for Christmas, and she says they always have a tree—everybody does. She wouldn't believe it when I said Southern people didn't."

"Lots of Southern people do," argued Marion.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]



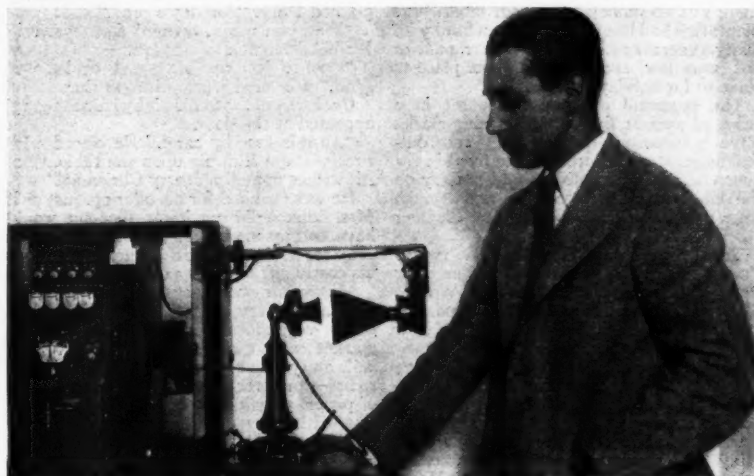
THE MARCH OF SCIENCE



TICKETS TO ORDER

This Machine Prints Them While You Wait

RAILWAY companies now have to pay big printing bills for their tickets and maintain large stocks of tickets in all important offices. Occasionally, too, they lose a good many dollars' worth of tickets through theft. But an ingenious inventor has constructed an automatic ticket-printing machine which he thinks will make substantial economies possible. You can see a picture of the machine at work directly above. The operator actually prints your ticket before your eyes; and the ticket bears not only the names of the stations from which you start and to which you are going but the number of miles between the stations and the amount of the fare. The machine also keeps an automatic record of all tickets sold and the amount of money received. The only question that suggests itself is, Will the machine work fast enough to be satisfactory when there is a long line of waiting travelers? (Photo by Times-Wide World)



EXPRESS-TRAIN BOAT

The Fantail Is the Clue to Its Speed

HERE is a speed boat which is quite capable of giving the Twentieth Century Limited, or any other crack train in the country, a run for its money. It has the distinction of having made over sixty-four miles per hour in official tests. Most boats which attain this speed do so by utilizing a hydroplane-type hull which merely skims along the water and draws only a few inches. The craft at the right has, however, as you can see, an ordinary or "displacement" type hull. The clue to its speed lies in the fantail arrangement at its stern, which may be set at any angle desired by means of an air compressor plunger inside. The angle of the tail, if set above the horizontal, will cause the hull to rise far out of the water when the boat attains speed, thus reducing friction. A five-hundred-horsepower engine does the rest. The fantail is the invention of Johannes Plum. (Photo by International)



A CLEVER TELEPHONE

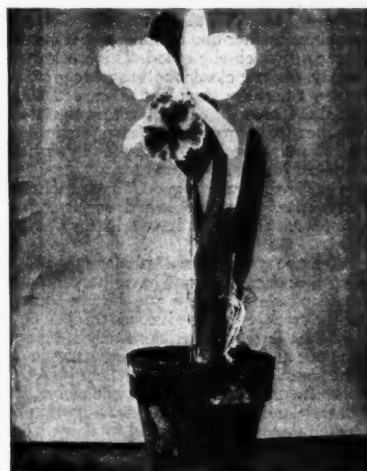
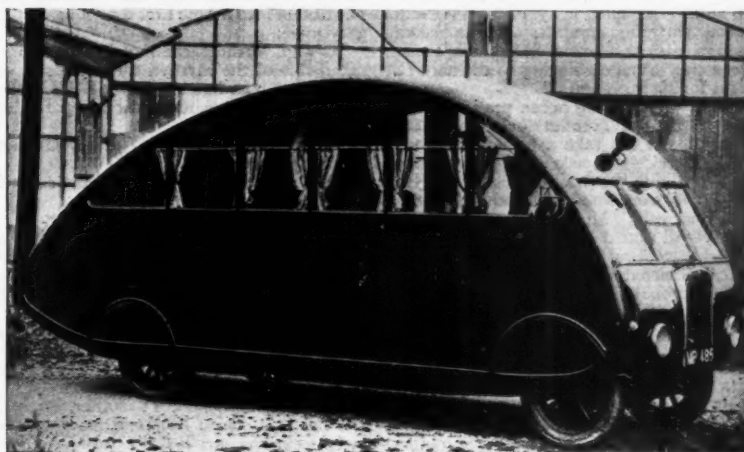
This One Answers if No One Is Home!

AUTOMATIC devices that will operate with no human supervision are becoming more and more uncannily intelligent in their saving of human effort. The photograph at the left shows Mr. Dewey M. Radcliffe standing beside a device of his invention to give information automatically. The telephone is installed at a reservoir. It is of vital importance to the engineers at all times to know the exact height of water. To discover it they need now only call a number, known only to themselves. Mr. Radcliffe's device, as soon as the operator plugs in the call, lifts the receiver from the hook. The horn in front of the transmitter then comes into action and by a set of penetrating buzzer signals gives to the listener at the other end of the line an indication in code of the reservoir's water level. The buzzer is activated by a complicated device connected with the reservoir gauge. (Photo by P. & A.)

APARTMENT ON WHEELS

A Motor Car as Convenient as a Flat

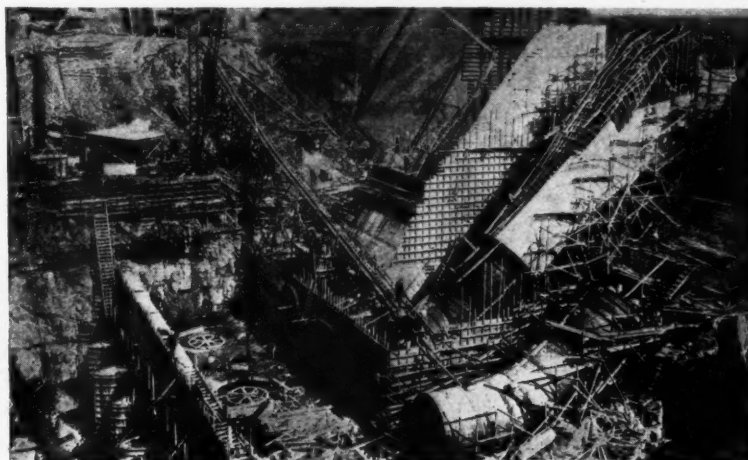
THE curious-looking automobile pictured on the right is not a new kind of tank, but a real "touring car," in which the passengers can actually live while on the road, and live, too, in a comfortable, not to say luxurious, fashion. The car does not take up much more room on the road than an ordinary roomy touring car of the old model, but it contains two sleeping cabins that are separately inclosed, with comfortable beds made from the seats, electrical cooking appliances sufficient for the preparation of substantial meals, and an ice box. It is also said to be equipped with an eight-tube radio set, a Victrola, and—wonder of wonders—a "library" and a shower bath! Don't ask us where all these conveniences and luxuries are concealed. They are there, somewhere; and with this car the *ne plus ultra* in compactness of domestic arrangements seems to have been reached. (Photo by P. & A.)



A PLANT WORTH \$500

Orchids Grown under Glass in California

THEY are now growing wonderful tropical orchids under glass in Southern California. The delicate plants require constant care, and the business is one for a patient man to engage in, for it takes almost five years—and sometimes more—for an orchid to grow from seed to its first flowering. When the blossom appears it will remain fresh and beautiful on the plant for a month or two, and it will keep for from ten days to six weeks in water, after cutting. The plants will live for fifty years or more, with the proper care. The California growers are now trying to develop flowers much larger than those that nature produces. They have already succeeded in creating orchids eleven inches in diameter, and they hope to increase these dimensions another inch or two. The picture shows a plant valued at \$500 bearing its first blossom after seven years of cultivation. (Photo by P. & A.)



ENGINEERING SINEWS

How a Great Powerhouse is Built

SELDOM does a photograph show more clearly, even to the layman, the inner secrets of engineering procedure as applied to great power projects than does the photograph reproduced at the left. You see a section of the great dam and powerhouse now close to completion at Smoky Falls, Kapuskasing, Ontario. Note how clearly every detail stands out, through the maze of timbering, scaffolding, and falsework. In the upper center may be seen the great sloping concrete wall of the dam itself, which when completed will be 1700 feet in length and will hold back a "head" of 114 feet of water. Closer to you are the three great intake flumes through which the water will make its way to the turbines—the foundations for which are also visible. They will drive huge dynamos which will develop 75,000 horsepower for use fifty miles away. (Photo by Times-Wide World)

THE GALLANT LALLANES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126]

"Of course, if they want to; and they don't if they don't. Just as we do. But Faith says nobody'd think it was Christmas, in Boston, unless they had a tree."

"Why not have one," Mrs. Lallane called from her room, "if Faith wants it?"

Getting a tree was easy; the woods were full of them, but there was nothing to trim it with or to light it with. The task loomed larger as the girls grew sleepier.

"Faith Lowcott will have to spend one Christmas without a tree," Marguerite finally decided. "Good ni-i-gh-t."

"G'night," echoed Marion, faintly, and Merry's voice was only a murmur.

Next morning they all got into their mother's bed, Marion and Merry on either side of her, Marguerite leaning against one of the carved posts at the foot.

"It is hard that Faith can't have a tree," agreed Mrs. Lallane, "but we can't buy anything with that tax bill to pay."

"What's a tax bill doing at this time of year?" Merry asked. "The Raven paid the taxes last September, or said he did, anyway, so we couldn't go to Miss Ettam's. But we fooled him."

"Please don't talk that way about Tim Nestor. The bill is a very big one—two hundred dollars. Back taxes on the swamp land. O dear, I suppose we'd better let the sheriff sell it for the taxes—but what would your grandfather say?"

At this remark, so much like Meena's favorite question, Merry giggled. But the other girls looked serious. There was a pause of portentous length, and then Merry changed the subject by asking:

"Why can't we make Faith a tree?"

"Well, perhaps we could," Mrs. Lallane's eyes shone, looking back into her happy past. "We used to make artificial snow out of cotton dipped in hot starch, and then in pounded mica. How mad Meena used to be! We used to steal the little windows from the stove and pound them up, I'm ashamed to say."

"Why couldn't we do that?" asked Marguerite. "There must be a wornout stove somewhere. Then we could string popcorn and cranberries and—why not have a holly tree, ready-made, with its own red berries, and—"

"Let's have the big holly in the sheep pasture and trim it right where it stands, a living tree."

This was Marion's suggestion, and a shout greeted it.

"And your Uncle Gene," added Mrs. Lallane, "can have some sugar cane dipped in alum—the long leafy ends. The alum makes glittering crystals, and the darkies used to carry these canes like shining spears, when they came up singing to the house at night for their presents."

"And we can hang pecan pralines on the tree and some coconut ones too," said Merry. "We can take a nickel here and a nickel there"—she picked imaginary money from the air—"to buy the candles with."

"Take it from where?" demanded Marion.

"From you," Merry said. "You've got plenty—all that dance money."

"I know Miss Ettam told you all about that," admitted Marion. "But not one penny of that money goes to anything but Marguerite's college career!"

"Oh, please, Marion," Marguerite begged. "Just a little bit for candles for the tree for Faith."

Before Mrs. Lallane could quell the argument that arose on this point, it was time for all to get up and dress. But Merry nestled further under the covers near her mother.

"We'll keep it a secret from Faith, and then won't she be surprised on Christmas morning!"

Mrs. Lallane thought that, if Faith took part in the preparations, the holidays would

be less sad and lonesome for her. The three girls, forcing one another out of bed, agreed with their mother. And Merry, after Marguerite had brushed her thick hair, hurried into her clothes and went to find Faith and tell her about the plans for a real, live Christmas tree.

NOT here can this chronicler of the Lallane family describe in detail all the preparations that went forward—the candies and sachets that were made, the little cloak that Faith sewed for Pianola's doll, and the questions that kindly Mr. White asked before he caught the spirit of the occasion and went Christmas shopping himself. But the trip to Randolph Chase, in the magnificent private day coach, must be described in full. Randolph Chase was a small plantation in Plaquemines Parish, only a few miles below New Orleans. Its six or seven hundred acres bordered on the Mississippi and were covered with virgin forest, cypress in the swamp, pine on the high land.

On the few acres under cultivation were Col. Eugene Warren's orange trees, the pride of his old age and the source of his only income. The rest of the land lay idle, because there was no money to pay for labor. This plantation had been in the Warren family for many generations. Taxes, whether paid or not, were low, and it was a great place to come to for holiday fun.

The beautiful old house was set in a grove of ancient live oaks. Morning-glories wove a tapestry over stables and out-buildings. Many colored people lived in the quarters, raising vegetables and poultry on the land about their cabins, and enough sugar cane in the fields to bring cash for their other needs.

Three days before Christmas, at twelve o'clock, noon, the train arrived from New Orleans, bringing the Lallane and Warren Christmas party. There was only a momentary delay while the rusty switch of the spur track to Randolph Chase plantation was thrown; and then the engine came puffing alongside the storehouse and all the visitors came tumbling out of the special car. The platform was lively with negroes, young and old, including white-haired grandparents, many young men and women of assorted hue, and innumerable pickaninnies. Many hands reached for bags and bundles and piled them into a cane cart drawn by an old gray mule.

"G'wan, Vashti," the mule's driver commanded, and the cart led the procession of family and boarders across the fields. Soon they came to a pause beside a patch of sugar cane.

"It looks like giant corn," said Bostonian Edith Lowcott.

"Mighty sweet-tasting corn," the colonel said. "Cut some, Duty."

"Ya-as, sah, Kunnel."

Duty, a half-grown brown boy, pulled a cane knife from his belt and slashed slantwise through a bright-green stalk, which he separated at the joint. The colonel peeled off the bamboo-like husk, quartered the pith, and cut it into short lengths to be handed round. Everybody mumbled with delight as the juicy sweetness trickled down dry throats.

At the back gate, Duty's mother, Jezebel, and his twin sister, Ronomy, made everybody welcome and led the way into the house. In no time at all, family and friends were scattered on every floor. In the rooms fires roared up wide chimneys, while gentle breezes blew through the open windows. Hot coffee was served, and milk, and

chocolate, and then each one fell to a chosen task, or to one enforced.

Only Uncle Frank went away, as the holiday season was the busiest of all for the railroad. The boys disappeared on the plantation, as did the little girls. Colonel Warren, as the patriarch of the place, took Mr. White for a walk across country. Miss de Rive, having first slammed down the windows, shut herself up in her room to put the finishing touches on the fur collars she had made for the girls. Mrs. Nairne and Miss Lowcott sauntered through the front gate and along the flowing bayou, where the banks were blue with violets. Picking violets out doors for Christmas seemed to the Boston lady a most delightful novelty.

In the house clustered the more strenuous workers. Mrs. Lallane, Marguerite, and Mrs. Warren planned with Aunt Sarah and Jezebel the meals that were, of course, to reach their climax with the Christmas dinner.

"De boat brung dese dis maw'nin'." Duty came into the kitchen carrying boxes from the grocer—olives, pickles, salted almonds, raisins, cheese, crackers, petits fours, nougat. And there was a barrel of oysters. "Dey kum on de boat, a barr'ful," grinned Duty. "An' dey's good."

"Wat you mean, openin' dem eysters?" Jezebel demanded of her son.

"Opened jes' one ter see ef de lot wuz good," answered Duty, disappearing.

Uncle Enoch, with his kinky hair ash gray, appeared at the door.

"Ah raiz dese by hand." He placed a fat turkey and a slim pig upon the table. "An' Ah wishes you-all a Merry Christmas!"

He was thanked for his offering, just as if Mrs. Lallane did not know that she would have to pay more than double the market price for it. Then came a younger negro with his costly gift of sweet potatoes.

Marguerite was busy unwrapping tomatoes and celery, lettuce, cauliflower, and other vegetables bought in the French market early that morning. But soon she stole away to her room. An idea had occurred to her—and presently, hunched over a sheet of paper, pencil point between her lips, she was writing a poem!

Well, not exactly a poem. She wrote, scratched out, hummed and wrote some more. Finally, tossing away all but one sheet of paper, she ran humming down the stairs and through the house to the kitchen yard. At the top of the steps outside she passed Pianola and a group of her cronies who were singing the words of the song that Harry Warren inside the large room was playing on his banjo.

"Try this," said Marguerite, handing the sheet of paper to her cousin. He glanced at the words.

"Thank goodness," he said, "for a cheerful hymn. Where did you get it, and where's the music?"

"You make the music," Marguerite ordered, and while her cousin picked out notes and hummed her words she joined Stan and Nick, who were taking from a marble slab, as fast as they fell, the sugary drops from Meena's spoon. Meena had been making the pralines at a red hot stove in the corner—pecan with dark brown sugar, and coconut with white. As fast as the fat little cakes hardened, Marion lifted them on the blade of a knife into squares of waxed paper. These were folded carefully and packed by Faith and Merry into boxes of every shape and size.

Before long Harry's clear voice floated in, trying notes to match the rhythm of Marguerite's song:

I leans on de Lord a lot,
I leans on de Lord a lot;
An' dis accounts fer de strength I feels,
'Cause I leans on de Lord a lot.
Oh, sing of joy, oh, sing of joy,
An' lean on de Lord a lot.

"Where did you find it?" Harry shouted. "I wrote it," Marguerite answered diffidently.

"Well, not so bad," Harry sang again:

Oh, I love my Lord a lot,
I love my Lord a lot;
So I knows fer sure dat my Lord loves me,
'Cause I loves my Lord a lot.
Oh, sing of love, oh, sing of love,
Sing love to the Lord a lot.

"Not so bad," Harry repeated, "for a girl."

"Not so bad for anybody," said Marion. "I think it's beautiful, Rita."

Swaying, she began to sing, and in a moment the room was full of the melody of Harry's making, while white and colored people, inside and out, sang or crooned the words of Marguerite's song. Even Meena, with back turned haughtily, hummed an occasional bar.

CHAPTER SIX

The Living Tree

MARGUERITE slipped from bed on the morning before Christmas, folding a faded wrapper over her nightgown. She went quickly into the next room and shook Marion into wakefulness. Marion kicked Merry out of a deep sleep.

"Time to get up," Marion finished her work with a push that landed Merry on her feet on the floor, beside Marguerite, who was shaking Faith Lowcott.

"Oh, Rita, I won't have your new wrapper finished for Christmas. I'm so tired. Get up, Pianola."

Merry poked her foot into the ribs of Pianola, who was asleep on a pallet on the floor. Pianola's dressing was quickly accomplished. She hopped up, grinning, pulled on the two cotton garments that made her costume and ran softly down the stairs. In a very short time the Lallane girls and Faith followed, but the yard was already filled with boys and girls of Pianola's size, most of whom had slept in their clothes to be ready for an early call at their cabins.

All traveled like ants across the sheep pasture, bearing boxes and bundles of gifts and ornaments for the holly tree. And then the work of decorating began.

Merry and Faith attacked the top branches, neither one minding the tall step-ladder on which she stood. This work went quickly, for the closer the branches grew to heaven the more they had discarded their spiked defenses. But the leaves on the lower branches had thrown out sharp barricades, and work here was delayed by many scratched fingers.

"Oh, Tree, please be good," apostrophized Marguerite. "Anyone would suppose you didn't want to help us have a happy Christmas."

A faint murmur was heard among the top-most branches. It may have been only a breeze passing through the brittle leaves, but the tree seemed to give less trouble; and most of the work was done when Meena came out and ordered the young ladies in to breakfast. Mr. White joined them immediately afterwards, bearing his gift of brightly colored candles, each fitted with an exquisite fairy lantern to shield its flame.

"Where did you get them?" everybody wanted to know, but all that he would say was the single word "Pekin."

At the lunch table everybody promised everybody else not even to peek toward the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]



Marguerite had written "How the Stars Came to Be in the Skies," and Miss Ettam's school had acted in it at commencement

His words are flames to scorch a wrong!



IN a secret room sit three politicians. They smile as they complete their plans to push a certain bill through Congress—a bill which will fill the pockets of a few, at a staggering waste of the public's money . . .

In another room a famous Senator pores over the same bill. He also smiles—but it is a grim smile—as he prepares his facts to expose the 'favored' measure.

The next day the bill is offered. It is cleverly worded. The law-makers seem favorable to it. But now the famous Senator leaps to his feet. Fiercely proud in the righteousness of his cause, he denounces the bill. His words are flames. And under their pitiless fire, the clever deceit shrivels. The bill is revealed in its true light—corrupt, despicable.

The Senate votes. The resolution is overwhelmingly defeated. And millions of the public's money are saved—thanks to the keen brain and brilliant oratory of one man.

Attending countless committee meetings—rushing from one affair of State to another—speaking for hours on end . . . how do these seemingly tireless public men stand the strain? How do they manage to keep the vigor and energy so necessary to the execution of their important tasks?

Successful men speak . . .

Not so long ago many of America's most famous men were asked these very questions. Public officials, statesmen, bankers, lawyers—all answered with practically the same reply. "Through careful living", they said. "Largely by choosing wisely in the matter of food".

These great men told about their own meals. Particularly they stressed the importance of breakfast, and the need for starting the day with a proper supply of well-balanced nourishment. Exactly the kind of breakfast that dietitians advise!



Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate.



© 1928, P. Co., Inc.



For this kind of breakfast, dietetic experts highly commend Grape-Nuts. Eaten with milk or cream it is a food that is not only delicious—but also contributes to the body a well-balanced supply of vital, sustaining food-elements—just when the body most needs such nourishment after the long fast of the night—at breakfast!

Imagine this array of vital elements. Grape-Nuts, made of wheat and malted barley, contributes to the body iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite.

Crispness an important factor

Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is a food to tempt the most jaded appetite—and it provides more varied nourishment than does many a hearty meal. It is baked to a pleasing crispness. So you enjoy chewing it thoroughly. And proper chewing, dentists say, is necessary to preserve the health and soundness of teeth and gums.

Try Grape-Nuts for breakfast tomorrow morning. You will relish it, not only for its deliciousness, but also because it helps greatly to build up your body physically for the career you hope to follow.

Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts. Or you can accept the free offer below. Just mail in the coupon.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with the booklet "Over the Top Physically," written by a former physical director of the United States Marines.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, LTD.,
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario



Stop!
have you had
your **WRIGLEY'S**
today?
"After every meal"

I-16



★ The best answer to any question of throat protection ★

**Not
so
dumb!**

WATCH the chap who carries a box of Smith Brothers' Cough Drops. Pretty smart, that lad!

Smith Brothers' are real candy—and yet they're wonderful for keeping off coughs and colds. Any little rawness in your throat is soothed and cleared by an S-B right away.

Protect your throat by always having a box of S-B's handy! It's a big nickel's worth—either as candy or as throat protection.

"The cheapest health insurance in the world"

5c—S. B. or MENTHOL

SMITH BROTHERS
THE CANDY COUGH DROP



When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

GOOD MOTION PICTURES

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST OF
FILMS THAT ARE SAFE FOR ALL THE FAMILY



"MY BEST GIRL"

Mary Pickford's New Picture a Success

THE great popular favorites of the motion pictures—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin—have got into the habit of showing only one picture a year—if so often. They are so well established and so prosperous that they need not do more than that, and, since they own their own studios and produce their own pictures, they can suit themselves in the matter. One advantage that this arrangement has is that it makes possible the most careful preparation and the most thorough oversight of detail.

The latest offering of Miss Pickford is called "My Best Girl." It tells the story of a little "salesgirl" in a five- and ten-cent store, and it is full of the gentle humor and charming if somewhat obvious sentiment that this popular actress excels in. For the first time—is it not?—Mary does not appear as a child or even as a very young adolescent. She is sixteen or so at the start, of an age to have a lover. Charles Rogers plays the part of Mary's sweetheart extremely well. He is emphatically a "nice boy." The picture has been very successful wherever it has been shown. Miss Pickford retains her youthfulness of looks and of manners, and she has an expertness of screen technique that makes her work as convincing as her appearance.

sary. They were introduced in the spirit of sordid realism that picture-makers often yield to; and they make it impossible to recommend the film unreservedly.

OUR FILMS ABROAD

They Like Them Even in Russia

MR. WALTER DURANTY, the able correspondent of the New York Times in Moscow, says that, whatever are the difficulties of business in general in Russia, the film business is doing extremely well. According to Communistic principles, the showing of pictures is a government monopoly. The state-owned trust that attends to the business is called the Sovkino. Only a year ago it had a capital of one million roubles; now it has nearly ten million roubles in capital, and it made a profit of five million roubles in eight months.

But, though the people evidently like the screen fare that Sovkino offers them, the thick and thin Communists are beginning to grumble because the trust shows so many American pictures, "bourgeois" films, in the lingo of the Bolshevik. They were especially angry because at the time of the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the revolution Sovkino put on the American picture "Scaramouche," instead of some of the Russian-produced political propaganda films like "Potemkin," or "Mother." However, the men who run Sovkino evidently think they know what their customers want, and are proud to be able to show about the only government balance sheet that is not written in red ink. It is interesting to see that our pictures are appreciated even in a country where the people are taught that everything American is shamefully "anti-revolutionary."

In France too they think our films are altogether too popular for the prosperity of the home industry. The government is considering a law—it may be decreed by the time this issue of The Companion is printed—providing that only seven foreign films can be shown to every one of French manufacture. It is also on the cards that a motion-picture agreement is to be made between French, German, and English producers for the exchange of films and the consequent reduction in the number of American pictures shown. All of which is very complimentary to the wide appeal of the pictures "made in U. S. A."

THE BLUE-RIBBON LIST

A HERO FOR A NIGHT—Universal

A non-stop flight across the Atlantic by a self-exploiting novice writes a new and amazing record. Glenn Tryon, Patsy Ruth Miller

VERY CONFIDENTIAL—William Fox

What happened in an exclusive watering-place when a department-store model tries to pass herself off as a famous sportswoman. Madge Bellamy

VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—First National

With scenes taken in the redwood forests of California; this tale of an attempted railroad steal is pictorially as well as dramatically effective. Milton Sills, Doris Kenyon

NIGHT LIFE—Tiffany-Stahl

Two magicians, of Vienna, reduced to thievery through unemployment, forget all else but their Damon and Pythias friendship until a young girl touches their hearts. John Harron, Eddie Gribbon, Alice Day

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS—Pathé-De Mille

A romance of the sea, founded upon Longfellow's poem of the same name. Virginia Bradford, Sam de Grasse, Frank Marion

THE SWIFT SHADOW—F. B. O.

A dog avenges himself upon a cruel master when the life of his benefactor is menaced. Ranger, the dog star

NOW WE'RE IN THE AIR—Paramount

The farcical performances of two doughboys who didn't want to be aviators, when they found what the hazards of the business were. Wallace Berry, Raymond Hatton

HER WILD OAT—First National

The orphaned proprietress of a night-lunch wagon decides to belong to the Four Hundred if only for two weeks, and succeeds—for twenty-four hours. Colleen Moore, Larry Kent

THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS—First National

Harold Bell Wright's pastoral of the mountaineers who found a spiritual leader, who, in his turn, found peace. Alec B. Francis, Molly O'Day

THE LAST OUTLAW—Paramount

A wanderer becomes the sheriff of a frontier town and rids it of outlaws, restoring to the girl he loves her stolen stock. Gary Cooper, Betty Jewel

THE CIRCUS—United Artists

Charlie Chaplin, after a long absence from the screen, presents a comedy in which, as his usual pathetically futile self, he gets employment in a traveling circus. Carefully made and full of the usual Chaplin humor.

UP IN THE AIR

Wonderful Flying Pictures in "Wings"

IN "Wings" Paramount has produced a very remarkable picture; one which deals in an almost epic way with the deeds of the air heroes of the Great War. The photography is extraordinarily good. We have never seen such pictures of airplanes before, and we can hardly imagine the thing better done. In theaters where the projector is equipped with a magnascope the effect is thrilling. The pictures are thrown on a screen several times as large as the ordinary one, and the scale is so immense that the spectator seems to be flying side by side with the great scout or bombing planes, watching them swoop, turn, glide, and mount above the battlefield. Our picture shows an episode in which a plane descends to attack a detachment of soldiers, accompanied by a tank, crossing a stream. It is by no means the most remarkable shot in the picture play, but its striking realism is apparent even in the reduced size of the cut.

Unfortunately, there are some scenes in the play which are unpleasant and unneces-

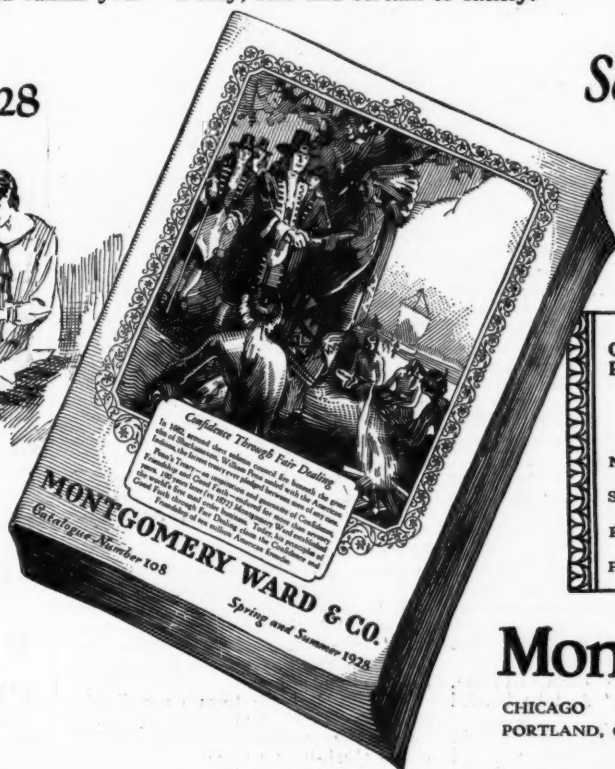
*How may you be sure
in advance of what only
time and use will prove?*

We sell only good merchandise that answers your needs, meets your most exacting requirements and fulfills your

And then note the money-saving prices. Buying from Montgomery Ward is easy, safe and certain to satisfy.



Montgomery Ward & Co.'s testing laboratory follows the same methods used by the Bureau of Standards. Paints, varnishes, fabrics, leathers, floor coverings, tires, oils, radio sets, rope, chains, chemicals, and hundreds of other articles are subjected to the most rigid tests before being listed in our Catalogue. In this way the "Invisible Values" are safeguarded.



Name.....
Street & No.....
Rural Route No.....Box No.....
Post Office.....State.....

CHICAGO KANSAS CITY ST. PAUL BALTIMORE
PORTLAND, ORE. OAKLAND, CALIF. FORT WORTH

Rollfast SKATES



next to Wings!

TO hand your playmates a big surprise—to outspeed them, or to swing aside and dodge them easily, get a pair of Rollfast Skates.

You've never seen their like. They enable you to go fast as the wind. Uphill or on the level, the crowd will never catch up or pass if you are on Rollfasts.

Skate experts say Rollfasts are the fastest skates made today. That's because Rollfast Wheels are mounted on the largest ball-bearings that can be put into a skate. Rollfasts are safe, too. They're built close to the ground like a fast modern automobile. The Patented Special Reinforcement permits each skate to flex and "give" freely. But even when it is fully extended, you can't buckle or bend a Rollfast Skate out of shape.

Skate as fast as you wish. Stop as short as you want to. These skates are built to do these things safely.

Rollfasts are beauties. Heavily nickel-plated, they are made to last. For sale wherever sporting goods, toys, hardware or bicycles are sold.

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. CO.
D. P. Harris Building, New York, N. Y.

THE TEXAS NIGHTINGALE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119]

eventual promotion must come, if he would but persevere. Millions of ex-soldiers were out of work, all over America. Shan knew he was fortunate to have employment at all.

Two days after June's debut at Milan he read a newspaper dispatch in the New York Times about it. The notice was brief, stating only that a young American, June Allen, had made a brilliant success in the rôle of Lucia. Shan, reading it, felt like throwing his hat high into the air. He clipped the item and put it into his pocketbook, wondering grimly what Mr. Mitchell would say when he read it.

More than a week later June's letter arrived, forwarded to him from the Metropolitan Opera House, where it had been sent. Shan broke the seal with trembling fingers. The note was short, and he read it almost at a glance. Then, for several minutes, he sat staring into space.

He straightened abruptly and reached for the newspaper. "She's already on her way home," he said to himself. "If she lands at New York, I'll see her! And maybe I can be of some help."

That afternoon the Evening Post carried on an inside page a long story about June Allen's first appearance in grand opera. Most of the article consisted of a quotation from a Milan paper. Shan read it with wide eyes and parted lips. It was written in a flowery style and was replete with superlatives in praise of the new prima donna's voice and acting. It asserted without qualification that no one had ever sung Lucia as June Allen had just sung it. One had to hear her to understand that a musical miracle had taken place. The article ran on in that vein, comparing June Allen to Jenny Lind and Adelina Patti, and ending with impassioned regret that the sudden death of the singer's father in America should have taken her from Milan.

Shan sighed as he finished reading. "A miracle!" he murmured. "Just what Madini said to me!"

After looking up the ship news, Shan asked his chief, the department manager, if he might take the following morning off. When the manager discovered that Shan intended to meet the sensational new singer, June Allen, he gave permission at once; and at luncheon that day with his own superior, an executive vice-president of the store, he said some very pleasant things about Salesman Jones's ability and conscientiousness.

So Shan hurried downtown next morning, with a Customs House pass admitting him to the pier. The big steamer docked at ten, and June and her grandmother came down the gangplank among the first of the returning crowds.

They saw Shan almost at the same instant he saw them; and the young man was thrilled to observe that June's pale face lighted up with pleasure at sight of him. They greeted one another warmly, and Shan offered his condolences.

"Is there anything at all I can do for you?" he said to June. "Please let me do something for you if there's any way I can possibly be of help! That is why I am here, to make things easier for you."

June and Grandmother thanked him with eyes grown suddenly moist; and June added, "We are not staying in New York a minute longer than is necessary. We want to catch the first train for St. Louis and North Falls. They told us there was a train at noon."

"I'll take care of that!" exclaimed Shan. "Wait just a moment." And he hurried toward the office window.

He was back in a minute. "There's a train at twelve-thirty," he said. "Have you had breakfast? Good. There'll be plenty of time to get to the station. Now for your luggage—"



Madame Mardini sat erect and still. Never had she heard her pupil sing like that! (See page 119)

"Oh, we haven't much," said June. "I am sure it can be inspected very quickly. I did not want to see the newspaper reporters. Will you say a few words to them for me, explaining the circumstances?"

In the next ten minutes, Shan found himself at work at his old trade of publicity man! The reporters, who had failed to interview June Allen at Quarantine, thronged round him; and with practiced ease he gave them the high lights of her story, modestly suppressing his own part in it.

"How do you know all this?" asked the Times reporter, a keen-eyed young man named Sedgwick, whom Shan had met once or twice at the club.

"I was fortunate enough to meet Miss Allen at North Falls, Tex., during the war."

"Where are you working now?" "In Macy's music department, selling phonographs."

Mr. Sedgwick nodded and passed by to interview a returning major general. But in next morning's Times appeared a long article in which Shan was startled to find that his own name appeared with a reference to his business connection at Macy's. And this item, you may be sure, was read with warm approval by his chiefs at the store.

From the pier, Shan took June and Grandma Allen straight uptown in a taxicab to the Pennsylvania Station. There was just room for all three of them and the trunks and valises. Shan completed all the preparations with half an hour to spare; and then they sat in the beautiful waiting-room, talking in low tones about June's triumph—and about her tragedy, too.

"Ah, no," she said, in answer to his question. "I have no immediate plans. I shall remain at home with Mother. She needs me, and that is all I want—to be with her."

Shan escorted Grandma Allen and June to their train, and stood on the platform as it began to move. He had a momentary glimpse of June's face at the window, and then she was gone. He walked with slow steps to Macy's, only a block away, and resumed his work, glad that he could have been of some service to both women, in their trouble and distress.

Somewhat, all that day, he could not forget the memory of June's last look and the slight pressure of her fingers which she had given him at their parting.

CHAPTER TWELVE

"Home, Sweet Home"

THE long train journey from New York to North Falls passed like a dream. June dimly remembered her very different trip in the opposite direction, when she had come to New York with such high hopes to start her musical career. But now, as the slow hours went by, all she could clearly see was the thing that lay ahead of her—the grief-stricken home in the prairie town.

Grandmother Allen tried to console her. "Think of your father, June, as we saw him for the last time," the old lady said. "You remember? He stood upon the railway platform, talking to us as we waited for the train to move. I can see him now. He was bareheaded, and there was a look of joy in his eyes—yes, joy and hope and pride." She repressed a sob and added, "It is how I like to think of him."

They reached the town on a Sunday morning—a cool, clear morning of unclouded skies and flooding golden sunlight. It was a half-hour before church time, and bells were sounding on the clear air.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

This Toy Plane



Has 3 Propellers!

YOU'LL say this model of a three-motor monoplane is the best looking toy aeroplane you ever saw! Wind the spring and watch it go round and round the floor, all three propellers flashing as they spin, and the body and wings glittering like silver. Strongly built—all of steel. Finished in aluminum, gilt and green bronze. Bright red wheels with big rubber tires. Powerful clock-spring motor. Wing spread 15 inches. A wonderful birthday gift! Ask at the store where your toys are usually bought. If it is not on sale there, send \$2.25* to us and we will fill your order direct. Now is just the season to own this toy. Order it today.

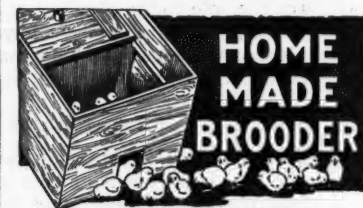
*West of Miss. or in Canada, \$2.50

KINGSBURY MFG. COMPANY
84-c Myrtle St., Keene, N. H.

Complete Toy Catalog Free

KINGSBURY Motor Driven Toys

Send 10c for this Novel Eraser. It's a wheel from this Kingsbury plane with a "balloon" tire of Eraser Rubber. Set of four erasers 35c.



HOME MADE BROODER

Costs Only \$4.96, Complete

In an hour you can make a better brooder than you can buy. No tools needed but saw and hammer. The materials, including heater, cost \$4.96. I want you to try my brooder and will send you plans for making it, together with a Putnam Brooder Heater, for \$4.75. All postpaid. The Putnam Brooder Heater holds 1 quart of oil and burns 10 days without attention. Try the brooder out and if you don't say it's the best brooder you ever used, return the Heater in 30 days and get your money back. When ordering, please give your dealer's name. Send for my free Booklet, "Poultry Helps."

L. PUTNAM, Inc., Route 356-B, Elmira, N. Y.



BETTER BOATS at Lower Prices



The BEST that Skill and Experience can Produce

TWO BIG FACTORIES
Our complete line of 22 models offers you a variety to choose from. Prompt shipment from factory to you. **Catalog Free—Save Money—Order by Mail** Please state kind of boat in which you are interested.

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO. (INC.)
214 Ann St., PENSACOLA, Fla. (other places) 1114 Elm St., CLEVELAND, OHIO

HOW TO PLANT GLADIOLUS BULBS

Expertly, interestingly told in Farnsworth's illustrated catalog, free on request. 78 varieties. Many exclusive—the Specialties of 'Glad' Specialists. Wonderful bulbs this season. 50 cents to \$50.00 per dozen.
J. E. FARNSWORTH & CO., Inc., Lancaster, Mass.



NOW YOU TELL ONE!

The Companion will pay \$1.00 for each original joke that is accepted for this column. Only the best of the thousands that are sent us can be used and paid for. We can not undertake to return those that are not accepted.

REASON ENOUGH

THE teacher gave an examination in physiology. One of the questions asked was, "Why is it necessary for us to chew our food?"

One of the pupils wrote the following answer, "It is necessary for us to chew our food because we have no gizzard."—Joy Unger

NO MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE

A SMALL colored boy was called on by one of his white neighbors to do an errand for her. After it was done she smiled graciously and said:

"Much obliged, Bill."

Bill looked at her fixedly and queried:

"Miss Mollie, what store is that whar I kin git candy for 'much obliged'?"

—Mary Crump-Bouldier, Jr.

A CURE FOR SILENCE

AUNT MARY had been visiting our house, and she was a great talker. A few days after she had gone home the subject of vaccination was being discussed one evening, and our young son, some past eight years of age, remarked:

"Well, I guess Aunt Mary was vaccinated with a Victrola needle."

—Arthur E. Northrop

A REMARKABLE CASE

ROBUST old gentleman to an old lady at a health resort: "When I came here first I hadn't strength to utter a word; I had scarcely a hair on my head; I couldn't walk across the room and had to be lifted from my bed."

Sick lady: "You give me hope, sir. How long have you been here?"

Robust old gentleman: "I was born here."

—Mary Yates

OCULAR EVIDENCE

MARY is a tomboy of the nth power. Her various activities during the day demand more than ordinary ablutions at night. Coming out of her bath recently, she was inspected by her mother and remanded to the tub with instructions not to come out until she had bathed perfectly. After a long interval, a voice called imperatively from the bath room:

"Mother-r-r! If you don't believe I'm clean, you come here and look at this water."

—Mrs. C. K. Henderson

AURAL PROOF

A MEXICAN and an American worked together in a mine in Kansas. On several occasions the Mexican had rabbit in his dinner pail, and he shared it with his workmate. One night the American asked:

"Where you get rabbits, José? I can't find any."

"My wife, she get um," José replied.

"Ever' night they come round the house and make noise. She shoot um."

"Noise? Rabbits don't make a noise."

"Sure," asserted José positively. "Go, 'meow, meow.'" —Rudolph L. Couillard

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT

THE new teacher said, "Tomorrow each of you bring in an original fable containing a moral; and, Fred, if you miss your lesson again you'll get a whipping."

When she corrected the papers, she found that Fred's read:

"Teachers

"Last year we had a awful big teacher. He whipped me cause I missed my lesson but Paw seen him bout it. Paw beet him up so he cudent teach skule and he limped fur a week. Paw said no teacher better not whup me no more. I spose you see the moral. Fred Smith"

—Mrs. Olvin Smith

Try Some Novelties

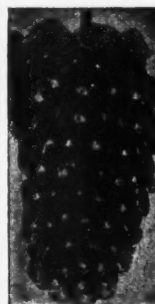
In Your Garden This Year. They will Please You, Interest Your Neighbors and Give You a Sample of Something New.

TREE STRAWBERRY



Also called Strawberry-Raspberry—a new wonderful fruit—everybody wants to try it. It grows to height of 2 feet and over, and commences to bear in June and continues until killing frost. The roots are perennial. The canes or shoots die to the earth in winter, new ones being thrown up the following spring which begin blooming at once. The plant is hardy and will stand most any amount of cold or heat. It bears ruby red berries which are excellent for preserves, pies, etc. Be sure and plant some Tree Strawberries in your garden this spring. It is a novelty that will interest your friends and neighbors. Prices on plants—3 for 50c; 8 for \$1.00; 20 for \$2.00.

THE MAMMOTH WONDERBERRY



An improved variety of dewberry that produces unusually large berries. The plants we send you are extra large, with strong canes and heavy roots. We know of no other fruit berry that attains the mammoth size of the Wonderberry, which often is more than 1½ inches in circumference. Excellent for eating fresh and has no equal for canning or pies. The large juicy berries just melt in your mouth. Very hardy and of rapid growth, the Wonderberry will grow from 5 to 8 ft. in a single season. It can be left to run on the ground, but for better fruit and also for ease in picking should be trellised. The fruit ripens in July, and any surplus you wish to sell will bring a big price on the market. We will send you strong, well rooted plants. Prices—5 for 50c; 15 for \$1.00; 50 for \$2.00.

GROUND ALMOND

A delicious nut with a flavor resembling the coconut or almond. The meat is clear white, covered with a thin shell or skin of brown. Grows close to the surface; very prolific, a single nut yielding from 200 to 300 nuts in a hill. Does well in any soil. Planted in the Spring the same as potatoes. Plant some for the children. Everybody likes them. Pkg., 10c.



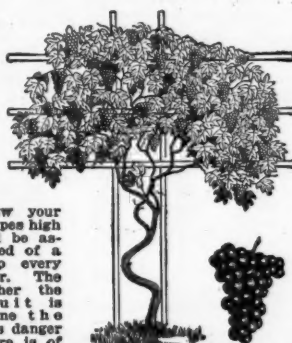
YARD LONG BEAN

This is an excellent variety, as well as being an interesting curiosity. The vines are fast growers and produce an enormous crop of long round pods which are of excellent quality for snap beans. The round pods average from 2 to 4 feet in length. Very productive and fine flavor. Pkg., 10c.



6 pkts., 1 each of above varieties of seeds for 50c postpaid.

Grow Your Grapes High, Like Trees



Grow your Grapes high and be assured of a crop every year. The higher the fruit is borne, the less danger there is of frost and rot attacking the fruit. The Grapes we send you are of extra size, with long arms and splendid roots. We have picked out a limited number of these specimens, and as long as our supply lasts will supply them at the prices quoted below. By following carefully the instructions which we send you for the care and training of Grapes to grow them high, you will be astonished with the tree-like appearance, as well as the wonderful productiveness of the vines when trained to grow upright. This unique method of culture, and our extra quality, large size plants will more than repay you, and a trial will convince you that it is far superior to any of the old systems now in use. To try it is to be convinced. These Grapes are the choicest of the standard varieties, and with our new method of training will bear heavy crops of excellent fruit. We can furnish in the following colors: White, Red, Blue and Black. Full instructions for training are included with each order. Each, 35c; 3 for \$1.00; 10 for \$2.50; 25 for \$5.00.

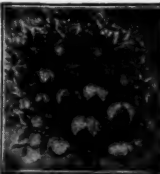
DAHLIAS

Golden Gate—We consider it as the best yellow Dahlia shown. Red Hussar—Color is a dazzling cardinal scarlet and flowers a full ball shape. Drovers White—The leader among the white show Dahlias. Extremely early. Very large; quilled flowers of pure white. Mixed Dahlias—An excellent mixture for those who plant in large quantities. First size bulbs only. Special prices—Separate varieties 7 for \$1.00; 15 for \$2.00. Mixed varieties 10 for \$1.00; 25 for \$2.00.



WONDER BUSH CHERRY

These bushes grow about 18 inches high and bear heavy crops of the best flavored fruit you ever tasted. Although many use the fruit raw, all claim it makes better pie than tree cherries. The Wonder Cherry, sometimes called Ground Cherry, will bear fruit eight weeks after planting the seed. Pkg. 10c.



VINE PEACH

This wonderful Vegetable Peach is a most beautiful vegetable. It resembles oranges in color, shape and size, and grows on vines like melons. There is nothing like them. Extremely early, of the easiest culture and very prolific, with golden fruit. They will bear fruit eight weeks after planting the seed. A package of the seed will be sent postpaid for 10c.



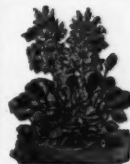
covering the ground grow from the seed in 30 days. A package of the seed will be sent postpaid for 10c.

MYSTERY PLANT



This curious and wonderful "Mystery Plant" (Anastatica Hierochuntica) will entertain and mystify you. Each plant has been treated so that when water is poured on it a chemical reaction takes place. In addition to the natural action of the plant. Place the plant in a shallow bowl, pour a cup full of water on it, and immediately the plant will begin to unfold its leaves and turn green. The water will change to a deep pink color, and the alluring scent of Roses is given off. A most marvelous and astounding spectacle, and it all takes place within 20 minutes from the time the water is poured on the plant. The plant, with its fern-like appearance, makes a fine ornamental centerpiece for the table or stand.

Price, 35c each; 3 for \$1.00; 12 for \$3.50.



WATER HYACINTH
An interesting and beautiful novelty. The bulbs float on the surface of the water and send up fine spikes of rosy lilac orchid-like flowers. Not only are the flowers beautiful, but the foliage is very ornamental and presents a curious and novel appearance that makes an ideal pedestal plant or a fine centerpiece for the table. Each, 25c; 5 for \$1.00.

MASTODON STRAWBERRY

The Mastodon is without a doubt one of the largest and best Strawberries that we have seen, and would be a prize if only a Spring bearer, but when you add that it is a true ever-bearer, it sure is a world beater. The fruit is big, dark red, solid, highly flavored and is a perfect shipping berry. The berries are of such mammoth size it requires only 2 berries to a layer, 12 berries to a qt. The plants are large and heavily rooted. The Mastodon produces an enormous crop, a field of four acres producing an average of nearly 350 crates to acre, the most of which sold at prices ranging from 35c to 50c qt. It is a sure money maker, to be the first to plant in your locality and profit by your foresight. Prices of Genuine Mastodon Everbearing Plants—12 for \$1.00; 25 for \$1.50; 50 for \$2.75; 100 for \$5.00.



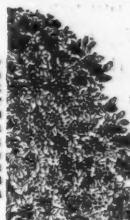
JAPANESE CLIMBING CUCUMBERS



A distinct new cucumber from Japan. The vines are extra strong and vigorous, and great climbers, producing a surprising amount of superior fruit on poles, fences, side of house, etc. Three times the usual crop from a given area can be grown with this variety. They are large also, nice green color and fine for slicing and pickling. Pkg., 10c.

GARDEN HUCKLEBERRY

The New Garden Huckleberry grows from seed the first year. A new fruit that cannot be excelled for Pies and Preserves. It is very prolific, yielding an immense crop of fruit. It is an annual and must be planted each year from seed. Grows and thrives in most climates and on most kinds of soil. Pkg. 10c.



AMERICAN SUPPLY COMPANY

Dept. 90

QUINCY, ILLINOIS

If You Don't Like It You Can Get Your Money Back



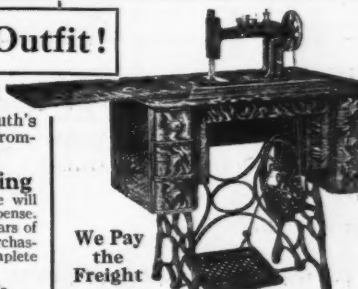
Portable Electric This compact portable model may be used on any convenient table. Carrying cover included.

MAKE Your New Spring Outfit!

The New Companion Sewing Machine may be had in either electric, oscillating or rotary models and is fully warranted by the Publishers of The Youth's Companion for twenty-five years. Our Direct-from-Factory plan saves you \$25 to \$40!

Try It Three Months Before Deciding
If not perfectly satisfactory in every particular we will refund your money and take back machine at our expense. In justice to yourself, be sure to write for full particulars of this Free Trial Offer, and our Low Prices before purchasing a new machine. Post card request brings Complete Catalog to you by return mail.

Send for FREE Booklet Showing Eleven Models
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.



We Pay the Freight

Famous Number 3 You can not secure greater sewing efficiency, or durability.

HUNTING!

Listen fellows. Whoever said you can't go hunting with a bicycle was full of bunk—I've done it almost every Saturday, all winter.

I don't know how you can get along without a wheel. I couldn't. I earned the money for mine and I sure got my money's worth, too. Mother says it gives me an "awful appetite"—and I guess she's right.

And look fellows, it has the new, improved New Departure Coaster Brake—it has multiple discs, just like an automobile clutch, you know. You ought to have a bicycle equipped with this brake and see how easy it is to slow up or stop. I wouldn't have any other kind—now.

If you want the right dope, write the New Departure Co. for a folder, telling about it. *Skunny*

NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO., BRISTOL, CONN.

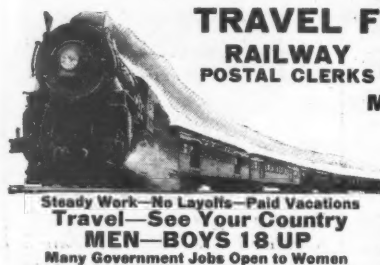


Because bathing should be a luxury without work or worry—



Ivory Soap is 99⁴/₁₀₀ % pure
"It floats"

© 1928, F. & G. Co.



TRAVEL FOR "UNCLE SAM"
RAILWAY
POSTAL CLERKS \$158 TO \$225 MONTH
Mail Coupon Before You Lose It

Franklin Institute, Dept. A-224, Rochester, N. Y.
Sir: Rush to me without charge copy of 32-page illustrated book, "How to Get U. S. Government Jobs," with list of positions obtainable, and full particulars telling how to get them.

Name _____

Address _____

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE TEXAS NIGHTINGALE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132]

Mrs. Allen was getting ready for church when June and the old lady reached the house. She uttered a cry of joy and thanksgiving as June's arms went about her. Then for a long time the two remained silent, clinging to each other, expressing in their sobs and in the pressure of their hands the things they were unable to express in words.

AND so began June's first day at home. That afternoon Gilly Marsh called at the Allen home. The old man was strangely changed in the way he greeted June and her grandmother. All his high-flown manner of speech was gone; he was quiet, reserved, even a little timid, before the girl who owed so much to him.

The reason for his visit, aside from seeing June and Grandmother Allen, was to tell of an offer that a merchant had made the day before for Abner Allen's little business.

"He's a young fellow from Austin," he said to the mother, "and he wants to set up here in town. I had quite a talk with him yesterday. I said I'd see you and let him know later on if you had a mind to sell."

"O dear!" said Mrs. Allen, with a worried look. "I've no head for business, and we shouldn't talk about it today."

"Oh, there's no need to think about it till you're ready," the old man continued. "But it may be in the end you'll want the bother of the business off your mind. If you do, I think you could depend on this man."

They continued to talk of this and that for a while, and then Mrs. Allen and Grandmother went upstairs, leaving June and Gilly alone together.

"June," said the kind old man, "what are you going to do?"

"I have no plans," was the reply. "I suppose I shall remain here with Mother."

"Yes, of course—but later?"

"I don't know," replied June. "As long as Mother needs me here I'll stay. Just now there's the business to look after. I can't let you do that any longer."

"I am at your service always," said Gilly Marsh.

He leaned a little forward and with something of his old buoyant manner added, "You can't remain here in North Falls, June. Don't you realize that? People just won't let you stay here. America has been a little slow to understand the importance of that first brief news dispatch from Milan; but it is waking up. The correspondents will be down to interview you. The Metropolitan Opera House will send a representative. Probably he's already on his way. You will be swamped with offers to sing! What are you going to do about it, June?"

"It all rests with Mother," replied June. "Then I know how it will be settled in the end," said Gilly Marsh.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Shan Makes a Journey

SHAN JONES was tying his necktie before the wavy mirror of his bureau in the room that he occupied. The room was on the top floor back in a brown-stone house that had been made over to accommodate lodgers. The window beside the bureau looked out upon tin roofs, skylights, and chimneys of all shapes and sizes—a vast extent of brown and red with no other colors to relieve the monotony.

Shan was frowning as he gazed upon the dismal scene. "New York certainly does depress a man who has no money," he said to himself. "Wonder when I'll be earning more than I do now!"

"Mr. Jones—telephone." It was the voice of his landlady—a shrill voice from the floor below.

He hurried down to the telephone, on the second floor landing, and lifted the dangling receiver. "Hello. Mr. Jones speaking."

"This is Mr. Mitchell," replied a familiar voice. "Like to have you come over to my office at the Opera House—soon as you can. Something interesting to say to you."

"I'll be there during my lunch hour," said Shan.

He hung up the receiver, wondering what Mitchell had to say to him. At twelve-thirty he went to the Metropolitan and was instantly admitted to the publicity office where he had worked before the war.

"I wanted to talk to you about June Allen," the publicity head began abruptly. "Let me say first that all of us here realize

we made a mistake. And yet, how could we know?"

"You could have believed my letter from Texas," replied Shan, softly.

"We've got to have Miss Allen!" Mitchell continued with set lips. "We've written to her, and we've sent a representative down to North Falls. We made her an unparalleled offer, but we haven't been able to get her name on a contract. She says she is not quite sure in her mind what she intends to do. Our representative did all he could to persuade her, but he has had no success at all."

Mitchell leaned a little forward. "I've just had a talk with the director himself," he continued earnestly. "I told him there was one person who might succeed where our representative had failed. I told him about you."

"Did he remember the letter I wrote to him about Miss Allen, back in 1917?" inquired Shan.

Mitchell made a wry face. "Yes, he remembered it. But never mind that. Here's what I want to say: would you accept a commission to go to North Falls for the express purpose of getting Miss Allen's name on a contract?"

"I'd be willing to try it," was Shan's prompt reply. "But you'll have to get me a leave of absence from the store."

"You don't look as if it could be arranged."

"It's impossible," said Shan.

"Come in and see the director; he has been asking for you."

Shan entered the director's office and was courteously received. The conversation lasted half an hour, at the end of which time Shan glanced at his watch and stood up.

"Store rules are rigid," he said. "Perhaps we could continue this conversation after my working hours."

Bowing politely to both men, Shan walked gravely out—and then ran at full speed down Broadway to the store, in order not to be late. There were many record buyers in the department, and he served them, one after another, with no thought of anything but his work. Presently, to his vast surprise, a young man from the administrative offices came up to him.

"Please report at once to Mr. Francis," he said.

Shan followed the young man into the office of Mr. Francis, one of the vice-presidents of the store, and found him to be a smiling, youngish man who sat at an immaculate glass-topped mahogany desk, with hardly a paper upon it.

"Sit down, Mr. Jones," said the official. "I have been hearing very pleasant things about you from the director of the Metropolitan Opera Company. It seems that he wishes to entrust you with a mission to Texas."

Shan nodded. "Your work here has been most satisfactory," continued Mr. Francis. "It is a pleasure to give you the desired permission. Take ten days whenever you wish. And one thing more, Mr. Jones."

Shan had risen and was moving to the door, with a cordial word of thanks. But Mr. Francis recalled him.

"When you come back, Mr. Jones, you will be assistant manager of the music department," said Mr. Francis, smilingly.

And to his own secretary, when Shan had expressed his amazed gratitude and withdrawn, Mr. Francis added: "That young man has worked tremendously hard, and I learned today that he is the real discoverer of June Allen. He'll have a job and a salary more his size from now on."

THREE days later, Shan reached North Falls. He left his luggage at the hotel and turned his steps to the familiar street on which June Allen's house stood. His pulses quickened when he saw it. There was the yard where once he had landed, a green pilot, for water to fill the radiator of his plane, the day, the historic day, when he had first met June. There was the spot where, another day, he had crashed and lain unconscious while his plane caught fire. June had rescued him—saved him from certain death. Nothing was left of that episode now save a few rusting scraps of the abandoned engine and a memory, the deepest and most thrilling that Shan would ever know. And there was the window of the room where Shan had lain, after his accident, when the strains of the loveliest

voice in all the world had come floating to his astonished ears. "Thank God; at least I knew a voice when I heard it," thought Shan to himself. There were the front steps that he had spurned in his leap when he started his mad race against time to save June's life as she had saved his, and brought serum in his plane from Fort Worth to check her dread disease. Actually all this had happened a bare two years ago. The war made it seem incredibly distant now.

Shan bounded up the steps and found himself a minute later in the little living-room.

June greeted him with warm friendship in her face and manner, as if she were greeting a lifelong friend—someone whom she had learned to admire and trust. Shan was deeply touched, as he was by the genuine welcome of June's mother and grandmother. The four of them sat in the little living-room, with its organ and New England souvenirs, and talked for a long time before Shan ventured to bring up the matter that had brought him to North Falls.

When he had finished explaining the object of his mission, Mrs. Allen sighed and glanced at her daughter. "It is time we settled it, June," she said simply. "I have been weak; I knew I must face it sometime, but I have put it off and put it off. I should be a selfish mother if I kept you here any longer. I do not wish to keep you. Go, June. Let the world hear your voice!"

June remained silent, her lips pursed, her gaze fixed on the carpet.

"There would probably be some difficulty with the European company," Shan suggested.

"I think not," she answered. "There was no hard and fixed agreement. If my first appearance was successful, I was to have signed a contract; that is all. Things have changed meanwhile; I do not wish to go to Europe again—at least not at present."

She looked full at her mother. "You are sure?" her mother said. "You have no doubts, June, no misgivings?"

"None," said June. "Very well," turning to Shan, "it is settled."

And so, in that way, a friend had accomplished what an experienced representative of the Metropolitan had been unable to achieve.

Before Shan left North Falls he spent an evening with Gilly Marsh at his home. The old man was in high spirits, full of gestures and appropriate quotations. The conversation between the two was animated and at times hilarious. And once Gilly sprang to his feet and threw his arms round Shan's neck.

"Success!" he cried. "We have achieved it, you and I, in our own humble way! You, my young friend, discovered the night-tingle; I helped to give her the chance to sing—and, ah, my friend, how she has made use of that chance! I am an old man, but I would have given all my few remaining years to have been in Milan on that evening!"

"There will be other chances," said Shan hopefully. "Many of them!"

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Dreams Come True

JUNE planned to leave North Falls soon after the first of the year. Meanwhile there were many things for her to do. Mrs. Allen had decided to sell the business, and June took charge of all the arrangements. And with the money from the sale, and also part of the money advanced by the Metropolitan, she repaid Gilly for the amount that he had spent on her education. He refused at first, protesting that he already had more money than he could ever hope to spend; but June insisted, and in the end he was obliged to yield.

Another matter that required June's attention was her mother's decision to leave North Falls. After the death of Abner Allen the little town held no attractions for her;

only memories of hardships and sorrow. With the help of Shan they procured a small piece of property in Vermont not far from Grandmother Allen's birthplace—an old house, not too large, picturesquely set among old elms and beeches.

And there was another matter that occupied June's thoughts. She had decided to give a farewell concert for the special pleasure of the people of North Falls. Gilly arranged for everything connected with the event, which was to take place shortly before Christmas, at the new high school.

Shan Jones journeyed again to North Falls at June's express invitation to attend the concert and to spend Christmas as a guest of the family. On the evening of the concert he sat with June's mother and grandmother and Gilly Marsh midway back in the hall.

A burst of handclapping greeted June as she stepped out upon the platform—a smiling, radiant figure in white with a spray of moss roses in her girdle. She acknowledged the applause and waited expectantly. The orchestra began the first bars of one of the arias from Lucia; it was a small orchestra consisting entirely of boys and girls from the high school, but they had practiced faithfully and were at their best.

For Shan, June's singing was beyond anything that he had expected—and he had expected much. He sat spellbound, his lips parted, his gaze fixed on June; and it was as if he were alone with her and she were singing to him. He forgot everything save the girl on the platform; all the cares and worries of the world faded before that voice, so sweet in its pathos, so pure and rich.

THAT evening, after it was all over, Shan had a few moments alone with June. It was after they had all returned from the high school, and he and June had lingered on the porch of the Allen house. The night was clear and crisp, with a full moon halfway up in the sky and a multitude of blue-bright stars that seemed to dance as the cold-laden wind swept across the prairie. Neither had spoken for several minutes, but had remained standing side by side, in the black and silver night. Shan's heart was pounding in a disconcerting manner, shaken by emotion—an emotion that seemed almost more than he could bear. He longed to put his thoughts into words, to tell the slender girl beside him how much she meant to him; but the very ardor of his longing made it impossible—that and the realization that she had risen to a height toward which he ought not look.

June turned her dark eyes full upon him.

"Shan," she said very softly.

Her use of the name startled him and at the same time thrilled him. He met her eyes, and his heart seemed to stop.

"I've never told you how grateful I am to you," she continued. "Oh, don't say it's nothing! It is everything! Only for you I might be what I was before—nobody!" Her voice trembled as she added, "I shall never forget—never, never!"

Shan suddenly reached forth and took both her hands in his. "What you have done, June," he said, "is all because of what you are! You owe nothing to me—nothing!" He squared his shoulders and continued, "The best part of your life, of your musical career, lies before you—and that is more important than all else. But it may be that sometime—some day—"

He checked himself abruptly, suddenly afraid of that overpowering emotion within him; but the pressure of her hands in his and the sparkle of her dark eyes told him, more plainly than words, that she understood. And then again there was silence between them—a long silence charged with understanding. The night seemed to have faded, and it was as if both were looking at the dawn of a new day—a day filled with happiness for both.

THE END

"THE DERELICT" begins in APRIL

CHARLES NORDHOFF, writer of thrilling stories of adventure, has completed the finest story of his career. It is "The Derelict"—a tale of strange adventure, far away. The broad Pacific, a trading-schooner in quest of a mysterious derelict wanted by the British Admiralty, a German ship-of-war, an uninhabited island in the South Seas in the hurricane season, and how young Charlie Seldon comes to grips with fate—these are but a few of the elements which Charles Nordhoff has combined to make one of the most exciting tales which have ever appeared in any magazine. Magnificently illustrated by Courtney Allen, it begins in April. Watch for it!

A NEW Ingersoll WATERBURY

Jeweled--the small, stylish 12-size
Now with an enduring, platinum-like
CHROMIUM FINISH CASE
of handsome engraved design



PLATINUM-like in blue-white brilliance; diamond-like in hardness; amazingly resistant to rust and corrosion!

Such are the qualities of chromium—qualities that make chromium plating an ideal finish for a watch case.

The new Waterbury is the first watch to have this brilliant and enduring finish. Thus the Waterbury at once attains greater beauty and more endurance. But in other ways, too, new beauty is added. The tasteful artistry of the engraved design... the Butler finish metal dial with sunk second-circle

and graceful hands and figures... the Butler finish back—all will appeal to you.

A new pull-out set makes it delightfully easy to set with nice precision.

These improvements and refinements are built on the solid foundation of jeweled accuracy and remarkable sturdiness that have made the Waterbury one of America's most famous and most popular watches.

The price is just \$5. It is easily "the best watch \$5 will buy," and looks the part of a very much higher priced watch.

At dealers everywhere.



Above—New Waterbury, Chromium Finish \$5.00

Left—Ratiolite model \$6.00

Right—Back view, showing Butler finish, standard on both models.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc. New York Chicago San Francisco

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



Will you explore the Arctic?

Do you hope to discover unknown Arctic lands, to hunt the walrus, or lasso polar bears?

Then you'll need good health—good teeth.

Your teeth *can* be in perfect condition years from now if you take the proper care of them. You should do these two things: Visit your dentist at least twice a year, and use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream twice a day.

Dentists will tell you that the one



important thing a good dentifrice should do is to clean your teeth thoroughly. Colgate's is made to keep teeth clean. That Colgate's does just this is proved by the fact that thousands of people who began to use Colgate's ten, fifteen, twenty years ago, today have teeth that are sound and good-looking.

If you want to have strong, healthy teeth when you grow up, keep them clean.

Try Colgate's at our expense. Fill in and mail the coupon below for a generous trial tube, free.

Colgate
Est. 1806



COLGATE & CO., Dept. 214-C, 595 Fifth Ave., New York.
I want to try Colgate's. Please send me, FREE, a generous tube of the dentifrice most people use.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

THE GALLANT LALLANES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128]

sheep pasture. Then they dispersed, and did not meet all together until dinner. And dinner was an uproarious meal, with gaiety that did not end until Mr. White gulped his coffee and left the table without an excuse, followed by Harry and Ned Warren. Then, in a moment, the room suddenly filled with music. Marguerite jumped up and opened the window wide; and the words of the glorious old hymn came flooding in:

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold.
Peace on the earth, good will to men,
From Heaven's all gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Everyone in the dining-room joined in the hymn, while the negroes outside played on their banjos and other instruments, changing the tune at last to the swinging bars of

Go, tell it on the mountains—

To the tune of this Spiritual, Colonel Warren escorted his family and guests through the wide hall of his boyhood home and down the steps, where they were met by the negro band and an army of others bearing their spears of glistening sugar cane.

Go, tell it on the mountains,
Our Jesus Christ is born—

They sang all the way across the garden and the pasture to the corner where the tree glowed with the love that the Louisiana girls felt for a lonely little stranger from Boston. The Living Tree was ablaze with its fairy lanterns, and it sparkled with snow—snow made of cotton, hot starch and powdered mica. Golden oranges hung amidst the holly berries. Strings of white popcorn were festooned from point to point of the glossy leaves, red flannel stockings hung heavy with promise for the negroes, and glass icicles gleamed in the candle-light.

After the presents had been given out and thanks expressed and repeated, the tree was admired again in detail.

"The Boston weather man himself couldn't have done so well," exclaimed Miss Lowcott, touching one of the crystal prisms with her tapering finger. "Even icicles!"

"I wonder where the children found those prisms," murmured Mrs. Lallane.

"From the chandelier in the upper hall," Marion said boldly, looking up for a single moment from her grasp of a brand-new bicycle that bore Mr. White's card and was his gift to her. She caught Faith Lowcott by the hand that wasn't holding Faith's long-desired baby doll in long white clothes.

Once again, as they walked home, tired and happy, came the song that Marguerite had written. And when the Lallanes and their boarders and the Warrens had all gone to the big house under the live oaks, and the negroes to their cabins in the quarters, everybody was giving thanks to the Lord, a lot.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Marguerite Enters Business

NOT ten days after the Christmas celebration on the plantation, Mrs. Lallane drew Marguerite aside for a private word. "Mr. White," she said, "wants to send you through college. He told me so on Christmas Eve."

"Christmas Eve?"

"Yes, dear. But I wanted to get my own thoughts clear about it before speaking to you. And you couldn't begin, anyway, until next October."

"Mother!"

Marguerite's cheeks were aflame. "How beautiful!" She clasped her small white hands. "Of course, we can't accept it. But wasn't it good of him?" Her eyes shone softly.

Mrs. Lallane brushed a tear from her eye. "He is good,—he is the best man I know,—but—oh, of course we couldn't accept anything like that from him," said Marguerite.

"I told Mr. White finally that I would leave it to you, dear," said her mother, "and I am glad that you feel as I do."

"Mother," Marguerite said abruptly, "we can't accept charity, no matter in what form it comes—and I ought to tell you that I want to go to work."

"Why, daughter?"

"Because I want to go to college. You can't know how much I want to go. I hate studying at home."

"Hate, dear?"

"Yes, hate! I'm sorry, but I do. And I hate Macaulay's 'History of England.' Why didn't he stick to Rome and poetry? And five volumes! One's bad enough!"

"If you hate five volumes of history, how can you stand four years in college?"

"I'd like five thousand books in college, even if they were all history and Macaulay had written them all. But I don't like studying at home. I want to go to work, Mother. We aren't getting anywhere with the house."

"Getting anywhere with the—"

"I mean, the boarders don't pay. Oh, of course they pay what you charge. But they don't pay enough—we don't make anything."

"No, we don't," Mrs. Lallane agreed. "We don't make any profit—money we can save. To do that, at current prices, we would have to skimp and save and make things just horrid for the boarders. But we do make enough to pay the household expenses and keep out of debt—at least, except for that awful tax bill. However, I'm going to pay it. We must hold on to what little property we have, even if it's quite worthless."

"Perhaps," said Marguerite, dreamily, "that swamp land will some day prove an unforeseen resource."

"Where did you get that expression, child?"

"Out of Macaulay," said Marguerite, grimly. "Anyway, we can't make enough money out of the house to even help me to go to college; so I ought to go to work."

"What would you like to do, dear? Teach?"

"No-o-o-o-o!" Marguerite's tone was firm. "I'm not up to teaching anything—Marion has twice as much assurance and nerve as I have, before a crowd, even if the crowd is only small children. What I would like to do is to write books—like Thackeray."

A long silence followed this remarkable statement of Marguerite's ambition. Then she moved her low chair until she was directly facing her mother, and said: "Of course, I know I can't write books like Thackeray unless I am educated."

She spoke slowly, as though pondering aloud. "And I can't be educated unless I go to college, and I can't go to college unless I have money, and I can't have money unless I go to work. Can I, Mother?"

"No. What work are you thinking of doing before you write your 'Henry Esmond' or 'The Virginians'?"

"I'm going to be a stenographer."

Mrs. Lallane closed her eyes. When she opened them, Marguerite saw in their depths the light that used to shine across the evening table and down upon her, when she was a little girl.

"You don't mind very much, do you, Mother?" she asked now, very gently, and before her mother could answer went on: "Nice girls do work in offices everywhere, nowadays. Uncle Frank says that Miss Mason, in his office, is a real lady."

"She's so much older, Marguerite, than you are."

"If youth is a crime," said Marguerite, determinedly, "it is a crime that everybody gets over in time!"

Her mother laughed. "You are right about that. We will talk to Uncle Frank about it tonight."

Uncle Frank, as it proved, was very much interested in Marguerite's decision. He came over after supper, and greeted it with enthusiasm. "A great idea," he said.

"But nobody's doing it, among Marguerite's friends," Mrs. Lallane demurred.

"That's their lookout, not hers," said Frank Warren. Then, doing his best to imitate the tone in which Mrs. Lallane had spoken on the night she had announced her intention of taking boarders, he added: "Act well your part. There all the honor lies."

Mrs. Frank Warren laid her hand tenderly on Mrs. Lallane's knee. "I know just how you feel, Sister," she said, "I should be very much alarmed if I had a daughter of seventeen who wanted to go out into the business world, where the influences are sometimes so coarsening—"

Frank Warren's great laugh interrupted her. "Do you mean to call me a coarsening influence?" he demanded.

It was finally settled that times had changed, that a business career was entirely suitable and honorable for any girl, and that

Chase Pain Away with Musterole

Just Rub It On

When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, rub on good old Musterole.

As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief. For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism, aches and pains in back and joints, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



A Tycos Fever Thermometer

is a reassuring instrument to have around the house, especially where there are children. Your doctor will be glad to tell you how to use it, for by its use he may be saved unnecessary calls, and assured of prompt action and vital information when he is really needed.

Careful workmanship and minute inspection make each Tycos Fever Thermometer an instrument to be depended upon. Each has an individual certificate of accuracy. They may be procured at first-class drug stores. Get one today and place a reliable health guard over your home.

Send for free booklet, "In Childhood, Youth, and Old Age."

Taylor Instrument Companies

Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Manufacturing Distributors

in Great Britain,

Short & Mason, Ltd., London.

Canadian Plant,

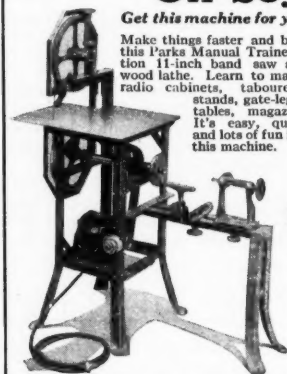
Tycos Building,

Toronto.

Oh boy!

Get this machine for your shop

Make things faster and better with this Parker Manual Trainer combination 11-inch band saw and 11-inch wood lathe. Learn to make and sell radio cabinets, tabourets, phone stands, gate-leg and end-tables, magazine racks. It's easy, quick work, and lots of fun if you have this machine.



\$35
without motor

Talk to your father about it and write quickly for the Parks Manual Trainer circular.

The Parks Woodworking Machine Company
1608 Knowlton Street Cincinnati, Ohio

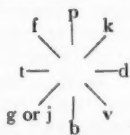
SHIP MODELS, COMPLETE MATERIALS and blueprints for building Chinese junk, Venetian sailboat, Viking galley, Nile galley, Bonnie Jean or Mediterranean galley, 60c each, postpaid; 6 for \$3.00. Casson-Craft, Dept. Y, Framingham Center, Mass.

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

it would be best for Marguerite to study at the business school where Miss Mason had been trained.

The next morning Mrs. Lallane and Marguerite went to see the head of this school, Mr. Levine. The school was in the double parlors of an old house on Baronne Street; and Mr. Levine proved to be a venerable gentleman with snow white hair and whiskers. He passed Uncle Frank's note of introduction back and forth so close to his eyes that he seemed to be tracing the letters with his high-bridged nose. But when he looked at Marguerite he proved to have eyes as blue and clear as a baby's—and as bright as a bird's.

He gave the first lesson then and there, showing her that the straight-line consonants came in pairs; and, having explained it to her, he drew with a pencil this diagram in the palm of her hand:



Then, handing her a black-bound pamphlet, he said: "Come tomorrow at ten."

Unusual as this method of teaching shorthand may seem to those who have learned the art elsewhere, Marguerite was strongly impressed by the diagram penciled on her hand, and by the time she had reached home with her mother she had consulted it so often that it was engraved on her memory.

To the lessons that followed, Mr. Levine managed to contribute equally new and surprising ideas—or it may be that the ideas were so old that they seemed new to Marguerite. While she learned the "strokes and hooks" and began to transcribe—with very clumsy fingers—her notes upon the typewriter, Carnival was approaching, and all the girls were intent upon it. But Marguerite practiced shorthand faithfully; and so absorbed did she become, morning, noon and evening, that she never guessed how heavy was her mother's heart.

MARION and Merry neglected their own studies sadly, in order to revel in the beauty of Mardi Gras posters and banners. These Mardi Gras decorations in New Orleans take the form of green, purple, and yellow lights, the royal colors. There are royal jewels in the windows, parades, and maskers. There are wonderful balls; but Marguerite and her mother decided it was wiser for her not to go that year to any ball.

Meanwhile, more boarders had come to the house for the Mardi Gras season; and when, one morning, an invitation to the Atlanteans' ball came for Marguerite, together with a "call-out card," it took all her resolution to say that she would rather see the parade from the street and save the cost of the new party dress that would be needed.

"What street?" asked her mother. "Oh, somewhere near First Street, on the Avenue. Then we can see the parade coming and going."

Timothy Nestor, who chanced to be calling, pricked up his ears at the words.

"I wish you were coming to the ball," he said. "But if you think you really can't, be at First Street and St. Charles Avenue—on the downtown, river side—Mardi Gras night, and I'll be there too."

"Aren't you going to the ball?" asked Marguerite.

"I'll have to pass that corner anyway," said Timothy, smiling, and took his leave.

The Carnival season passed toward its brilliant close, and the Lallane girls with their Warren cousins and Faith Lowcott and Agnes de Vane stood every evening at the corner of St. Charles Avenue and First Street, on the downtown, river side, and saw the pageants pass—Momus on Thursday evening; Proteus on Monday night; Rex himself, King of the Carnival, leading his hosts through the streets Mardi Gras noon; and, that evening, Comus, God of Misrule, headed a parade of twenty floats of piled-up cloud, blue sky, shimmering stars, and maskers dancing and tossing kisses and trinkets to the crowds below.

"I don't see Mr. Nestor anywhere," Marguerite looked around among the people on the corner.

"You won't see the prettiest float of all, if you don't look here," Marion said as a giant horselike Pegasus passed, pawing the air above their heads. Between his wings sat a glorious young rider. Leaning forward, he called "Warren" through the mouth slit in

his mask, and Harry Warren held out his hand just in time to catch the little parcel that the masker tossed, pointing as he did so to Marguerite. Harry laid the parcel in her hand.

No one noticed the next float, for Marguerite was opening the little box. On a satin cushion lay a tiny open book of silver, with the words "Star Lore" written across the pages in infinitesimal letters of pale blue enamel.

"It's the Comus pin," gasped Merry, gazing in awe, "and from an unknown admirer." Her eyes followed the float, and she never for an instant guessed that Timothy Nestor had just ridden by on Pegasus. Nor did Marguerite, but she walked home on air.

As Wednesday dawned, the festivities ceased, New Orleans was enfolded in the peace of Lent, and Marguerite forgot all about the stars while she labored to learn stenography.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Merry Gives Her Mite

ON the library table lay a copy of Miss Lowcott's beloved Boston Transcript.

Merry, with her nose close to its big pages, was turning them over idly, one by one, enjoying the pictures of spring scenes in Concord and Lexington, when the word "chocolate" in big black letters leaped before her eyes. Then her attention was caught by the words "five pounds" and "free," above and below the "chocolate."

Five pounds of chocolate free! Merry read the advertisement through with startled eyes and then, Transcript in hand, went down to her "office," where she found a sheet of letter paper, an envelope, and a pen. From Marguerite's "office" she borrowed ink, although such borrowings were frowned upon. But the ink was wanted in a good cause. The rest of the morning Merry spent drafting a letter on odd bits of paper, which she crumpled and threw into the fireplace, until one finally seemed right.

This she copied carefully on the sheet of letter paper, which she folded and slipped into the envelope. This was sealed and addressed, uphilled. Then, finding a stamp on the top of Marion's "office," Merry ran to the corner and mailed the letter. Returning, she came face to face with Marguerite at the front gate.

"What's that you dropped in the box?" Marguerite demanded.

"A chocolate drop. That's why it dropped." Merry made a face at her sister. "Anyway, it's going to be a chocolate drop, lots of 'em, when it comes back from Boston. Going to that old shorthand school?"

Marguerite nodded and went down the street, Merry watching her out of sight. "That'll soon be over," she announced positively. "When my school's established she'll be going to Newcomb. Now I must tell Agnes." She started to run around the house, but came to a stop beside the night-blooming cereus plant.

"A bud!" Stopping, she touched tenderly the tiny chocolate-colored growth on the edge of a leaf. "Two." She had spied another cluster of soft spikes. "Three!" She knelt on the ground, gently lifting the awkward leaves. "Four! Five!" Thorough search revealed no further promise. "But five's enough for anybody!" She ran indoors to tell her mother. "Five buds on the night-blooming cereus, Mother," she announced, "and all the same size, so I think they'll all be open on the same night."

"So early in the season? Well, it's the extra hot weather, I suppose. We'll have a party," Mrs. Lallane, looking up from her sewing, smiled, "when they open, in about two weeks."

"A party! Oh, Mother! In about two weeks?"

"Don't we always have a party for the night-blooming cereus?" Mrs. Lallane was surprised at her daughter's surprise.

"Ye-es. But this is different."

Five minutes later Merry was in the top of the magnolia tree, talking excitedly to Agnes de Vane. "And I think the chocolate will be here just about the time the flowers are," she concluded her long story, "so we can charge admission to the party and sell the chocolate, too."

"But where is the school, and how are you going to get the chocolate?"

Merry sighed despairingly. "I've explained all that once." Her voice was heavy with hopelessness, but she began all over again.

"Don't you see." She smoothed out a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]

Bettina learns a Good Looks Recipe



"BETTINA," said Kay Landor, "you and I have charge of the commissary for the hike tomorrow. Can you come shopping with me now?"

"Willingly," said Bettina, smiling at Kay, who in two short months had become (for obvious reasons) the most popular girl in Lansing High School. "Can I charge my share of the things at Gray's, do you suppose? I foolishly spent my all on a new beauty cream today, so I'm temporarily penniless."

"As for me, I'm temporarily a millionaire," laughed Kay. "So come along, and don't worry."

She was thoughtful as they walked down the street. Suddenly she linked her arm through Bettina's. "Darling let me tell you a secret. Last year at this time, I was spending my allowance, week after week, on beauty creams and new kinds of soap, and simply praying for a good complexion. Sometimes I even went without lunch so that I could buy some newly recommended beautifier."

"Sounds just like me," said Bettina ruefully. "But Kay, you have a lovely skin—the envy of us all! Don't tell me you haven't always had it."

Kay laughed. "My dear, anyone in my old home town will tell you I was simply pathetic. Last spring, when cousin Jack came to live with us, he felt sorry for me. He's really a famous athlete, you know. He said all I needed was training; and he laid down some simple rules and made me stick to them. There's nothing very startling about the rules either. Just—plenty of sleep, plenty of exercise, and the right things to eat at the right time. I drink lots of milk, and no tea or coffee—because one of the impor-

tant rules is, no artificial stimulants."

"Oh dear! I detest milk," wailed Bettina. "You won't the way I drink it most of the time," laughed Kay, "in Postum-made-with-hot-milk. It's delicious—and easier than anything to make! I was planning it for the hike tomorrow—what do you think?"

"Fine!" said Bettina. "There's not a girl in the crowd who won't want to try your recipe for good looks, right away."

Wouldn't YOU like to try Kay's recipe?

Kay wasn't naturally beautiful. She had made herself so. With vivid health, bright eyes and lovely skin any girl is good-looking.

"The Garden Where Good Looks Grow," an easy-to-read little book that is yours for the asking, tells all about the rules that Kay followed for health and beauty. They're simple to follow—really fun, in fact!

A thirty-day test of Postum showed Kay how much she liked it and how much better it was for her than harmful caffein beverages. (Postum, you know, is simply whole wheat and bran, slightly sweetened and well roasted. When made with hot, not boiled, milk instead of the usual boiling water, it's really a champion health drink, as well as a delicious one.) We'll start you on the same test, if you like, with a week's supply of Instant Postum, sending it with your booklet. Fill in the coupon today, and don't forget to send it right away!

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. P.—Y. C. 3-28
Please send me, without cost or obligation, your booklet, "The Garden Where Good Looks Grow," and a week's supply of Instant Postum.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE GALLANT LALLANES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137]



In the long run!

New Model Pocket Ben

Sturdiness and endurance are what count in the long run.

The new model Pocket Ben is sturdily made to keep good time throughout a long and useful life.

It's good looking, too—the kind of watch men and boys are proud to carry.

Sold everywhere for \$1.50. With night-and-day dial, \$2.25.

*Built by the makers of
Big Ben and other Westclox*

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois

piece of the Boston Evening Transcript. "Now listen. 'We will be glad to send a five-pound box of our powdered chocolate, prepared according to this new formula,'" Merry read aloud, "to the principal of any established cooking school who will use it in all courses calling for chocolate and then send us a letter of recommendation, if she feels she can do so. We are so confident of the result of this trial that we shall include ten half-pound tins, for the pupils of the school." Now! Merry made a gesture so graphic that further words seemed superfluous, but Agnes still stared stupidly. "Isn't that plain?" Merry demanded.

Agnes shook her head. "Where's the school?" she asked.

"Where would the Enall School be except right here? There." Merry pointed through the dark foliage toward the Lallane kitchen.

"And Aunt Sarah's the principal?" asked Agnes.

Merry almost pushed her best friend out of the tree, but Agnes was useful at times, so, patiently, she set to work to expound her plans.

"The Enall School is me," she spoke positively. "That's Lallane backwards. Nobody'd ever guess it. I'm the principal—Meritonne de Lallane. It wouldn't have been nice not to sign my own name to a letter I wrote. But the two n's in Meriton and the de—we never use the de except in legal documents, and this is a legal document, I think—make a good disguise, like Enall!"

Merry went to the kitchen. "Where're the cookbooks, Aunt Sarah?"

"Top er dere." The gray head nodded toward the pantry, where, on top of a safe, the cookbooks reposed undisturbed except when white folks cooked. Merry surveyed the spacious pantry. It would do very well for a class room with that nice big table under the windows, and pots and pans all handy. Climbing on a chair, she took down the books and seated herself on the door sill, outside of which Aunt Sarah sat, picking crawfish.

"Yo' pa'd sure like to see you studyin' cookin'." He liked to see a honess' woman doin' honess' work."

Merry's clear gray eyes stared into Aunt Sarah's clouded black ones. Then, laying down the books, she crossed the yard and called to Agnes. "Come on over," she ordered when Agnes appeared, and "so much the better. Bring 'em all over," when Agnes demurred, because some of the girls were there.

Agnes brought them over the back fence, across the yard, into Aunt Sarah's spotless kitchen.

"I've said I'm a principal, so I've got to start right off being one," Merry explained to Agnes. Then she told the three other girls that she was going to teach them how to cook: "an accomplishment as important for a lady as dancing. And for only a very small price, per person," she concluded.

"How much?" one of the girls demanded. "We'll decide about that later." Merry tossed the question into the discard and took a crock of cornmeal from the safe. "I'll teach you first how to make spoon-bread."

She thumbed the pages of a cookbook, found a recipe, read it, thought a moment, then: "No, I won't." She pushed the cornmeal crock out of the way and looked about the pantry, went into the kitchen, and darted to the range.

"Put dem taters down!" ordered Aunt Sarah.

"Please, Aunt Sarah. I have to have them." Merry put about half a dozen baked sweet potatoes on the table and hunted for paring knives. "Now peel 'em," she ordered the girls, and they obeyed, while she put a frying pan on the range and into it a cup or more of butter and a pint or so of dark-brown sugar.

Aunt Sarah murmured, and Pianola, in a corner, grinned bravely, though her eyes were pools of tears—she had intended eating all those potatoes the instant her grandma wasn't looking. She did get a taste eventually—Merry left it in the pan for her—and enjoyed it fully as much as the five little white girls enjoyed their share.

When the last mouthful of the first course in the Enallal Cooking School had disappeared down the throats of its pupils the principal named her price—"fifteen cents per person, per lesson." The girls finally agreed that this was reasonable enough, considering the food and all.

SIX more girls joined the class on Monday, which made ten, counting Agnes, and suited Merry perfectly, because there would be ten small tins of chocolate for the pupils. The school was in session every afternoon when they could escape from less pleasant duties, and on the other afternoons Merry studied the cookbooks diligently, as she felt this was what her father would expect of an honest woman doing honest work. She neither taught nor studied, however, with such singleness of purpose that she failed to hear the back-gate bell every time it rang.

Pianola had instructions to guard the gate while Merry was teaching and to hide the box when it came from Boston. But day after day she made the discouraging report that "No 'spress man ain't come a-tall." About ten days after Merry had mailed her letter to the chocolate company she went into the kitchen, after school, followed by her class.

"Where's Pianola?" she demanded.

"Pernola!" Aunt Sarah's soft voice carried far.

"Ah'm comin', Grumps." Her grandchild appeared, sleepily, from somewhere, but even before Merry spoke she was wide-awake. "No, ma'am!" emphatically she answered the accusation in Merry's eyes. "No, ma'am. He ain't brung it. No, ma'am. Ah wouldn't tech nothin' er nobody's—not 'ceptin' it was Grumps'. De chochit man ain't come."

"All right." Merry turned to her class, and a bell jangled in the back yard.

"Dar he!" Pianola dashed from the kitchen, Merry following, and the bell was still quivering on its coiled spring when Merry pushed Pianola aside, passed through the gate and came face to face with a big bay horse.

"You blessed old thing!" She kissed the horse on the nose and took from the driver the big box he had taken from the wagon. But she had to put it down long enough to write her name on the line the express man indicated in his book. Then she and Pianola carried the box to the kitchen door, where Eugenesis, the yard boy, pried it open and took its contents from the wrappings.

"Now we'll get to work," she said when the box from Boston was empty. She opened the pages of a book of recipes that had come with the chocolate. "I think we'll try first—" She raised her head, listening to her mother's voice, outside the kitchen.

"Aunt Sarah," Mrs. Lallane was saying, "will you please have Genesis freeze some sherbet, after dinner. We're going to have a party."

"What are you doing, Merry?" Mrs. Lallane appeared in the pantry. "And where did you get that chocolate?"

"Please, Mother," Merry raised a flushed face, "please trust me, the way you trusted Marion. Please trust me. I'm sure, 'most sure, I'm being an honest woman."

"An honest wo—All right, dear, I'll trust you. But don't trouble Aunt Sarah too much. And won't you girls," she smiled at Merry's friends, "come over this evening, to see our flowers and have some lemon sherbet?"

"We'll have chocolate, that's what we'll have," Merry whispered the moment her mother's back was turned.

The evening was unusually warm, so the lemon sherbet was particularly refreshing, and the white beauty of the night-blooming flowers entranced all. After all five buds had opened and the last one had been picked and all distributed, the guests arose to go.

"Oh, wait, please." Merry's pleading voice from the hall arrested them, and then came Merry, with Agnes and some other girls, carrying an enormous Sheffield tray laden with chocolate cups, from which the steam arose in curls.

Bravely the guests accepted the burning offering, against Mrs. Lallane's surprised protest, graciously thanking the young hostess and her friends, who then retired.

THIS reminds me," Miss Lowcott said, delicately sipping the hot chocolate from a delicate cup, "of what my brother wrote to me today. He is interested in a concern in Boston that has recently put some new process chocolate on the market. In order to introduce it they made some sort of offer, through an advertisement in the Transcript, to cooking schools. One answer was from New Orleans. His secretary showed him the letter—she knows I'm here and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]

If I built a radio

ONE of the things I'd be sure to have would be a good flashlight. I'd use it to be sure I soldered connections the way they should be. I'd be certain of my wiring with it. And a flashlight is certainly a handy trouble-hunter—and finder—and a big help as a fixer!

A sure way to keep it full of light and life is to load it with genuine Eveready Batteries—made in the same shops with the famous Eveready Radio Batteries. You know, then, how out-and-out dependable they are.

There are a hundred ways a boy can use a flashlight, indoors and out. Get the flashlight habit.

It's EZ

WITH A **BUESCHER** Saxophone

Like music? Learn to play a Buescher Saxophone. Easy. Sweetest music. Only the Buescher (original American Saxophone) has simplified keys, perfect tone, easy blowing 31 lessons given on request with each new Sax. Teach scales in an hour. Play tunes first week. Many join Band or Orchestra in 90 days. Make real money. Travel. Work is all play. 6 days' trial. Easy terms. Send postal for Beautiful Free Book. Explains everything. Write Today.

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
2230 Buescher Block (17) Elkhart, Ind. Free Book

HOW TO GROW THE FINEST GLADIOLI-

A FREE BOOK

WRITE for the free Kunder Gladiolus Book. It is the most complete book on gladiolus culture to be had free of cost. Also tells about hundreds of Kunder's finest gladioli and pictures sixty-eight of them in color. One hundred new varieties are also introduced in the 1928 catalog. Use the coupon.

A. E. KUNDER, 420 Lincoln Way West

Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Dear Sir: Please send me your free Gladiolus Book.

Name _____

St. or R. F. D. _____

City _____ State _____

TYPEWRITER PRICES CUT

World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices slashed to almost half.

2 and it's yours

All late models, completely rebuilt and re-unioned brand new. GUARANTEED for ten years. Send no money—big FREE catalog shows actual machines in full color. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10-day free trial offer. Limited time, so write today. International Typewriter Ex., 186 W. Lake St. Dept. 337, Chicago

WIRE

Automobile and airplane wires, electrical wires, submarine cables, bridge-building cables, wire ropes, telegraph and telephone wire, radio wire, round wire, welding wire, flat wire, star-shaped and all different kinds of shapes of wire, sheet wire, piano wire, pipe-organ wire, wire hoops, barbed wire, woven wire fences, wire gates, wire fence posts, trolley wire and rail bonds, poultry netting, wire springs, concrete reinforcing wire mesh, nails, staples, tacks, spikes, bale ties, steel wire strips, wire-rope aerial tramways. Illustrated story of how steel and wire is made, also illustrated books describing uses of all the above wires sent free.

AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY, CHICAGO

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

For COUGHS and THROAT TROUBLES

BROWN'S CAMPHORATED DENTIFRICE
A Superior Tooth Powder.
Samples mailed free. Address Dept. YC.
JOHN I. BROWN & SON BOSTON, MASS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A Monthly Summary of Current Events

DOINGS IN CONGRESS

BUSINESS in Congress was mostly in the committee stage during January and February, but some of the appropriation bills came out of committee rooms and were passed. The Senate voted 61 to 23 that Senator-elect Smith of Illinois was not entitled to his seat, by reason of fraud and corruption in his election. Governor Small of Illinois says the Senate has gone beyond its powers in refusing to Illinois the right to have the representative it has chosen, and the question may be carried by Mr. Smith to the Supreme Court for decision. Congress was a good deal aroused by the statement of Secretary Wilbur that the Navy wanted "authorization" to build \$725,000,000 worth of cruisers at once, and that a building plan to cost \$3,000,000,000 during the next twenty years was to be advocated by his department. A strong feeling exists in Congress that ships ought not to be "authorized" unless money is appropriated to build them; and the size of Secretary Wilbur's building programme has been attacked as excessive. In Great Britain it is viewed with uneasiness, though the feeling there is that it is not likely to be carried out, and that it has been advanced mainly to force Great Britain into an agreement for limitation of armaments.

IN NICARAGUA

ONE American, at least, Colonel Lindbergh by name, is exceedingly popular in Nicaragua. His arrival at Managua, after a successful flight southward from Mexico, was the occasion of an enthusiastic ovation. Colonel Lindbergh also visited others of the Central American and South American countries and then flew eastward, northward and westward around the West Indies to Porto Rico and Cuba. Everywhere, particularly at San Juan and Havana, he was greeted cordially. Meanwhile our reinforced corps of marines carried forward their campaign against the rebellious General Sandino. Airplanes were used instead of sending the marines in frontal attacks against the entrenched enemy, and with great effect. The forces of Sandino were driven to cover and, according to one report, their leader was killed during an airplane attack. General Moncada, leader of the Liberal party in Nicaragua, made a public statement that the presence of our marines was the only guaranty of safety and order in that country and described Sandino as a blood-thirsty and ambitious man, who was fighting for his own hand and not for the liberty or welfare of Nicaragua.

PAN-AMERICANS AT HAVANA

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE went to Havana, as advertised, to speak before the Pan-American Congress in that city. He made a graceful and amiable address, but did not make any specific defense of the policy of the United States in Central America, as many people expected him to do. He was well received by the Congress, which also gave our delegates responsible places on its committees. Though there was an evident attempt to avoid any disconcerting discussion of political matters, a good many delegates from Latin America showed plainly that they did not like our interference in Haiti and Nicaragua. It was proposed that the Congress should enact conventions forbidding any nation to intervene in the internal affairs of another, and obliging all governments to recognize any *de facto* government which was able to exercise substantial authority within its own borders. In the end these maxims were put into a "declaration of principles" instead of into formal conventions, and so passed.

NEGOTIATING ABOUT WAR

FRANCE and the United States, through their respective foreign ministers, have been trying to get together on a treaty to

bind both countries never to resort to war as against each other. The hitch came over the words "aggressive war." Secretary Kellogg wanted to make the provisions of the treaty forbid war of any kind, and then to attempt to extend it to Great Britain, Germany and any other nation that would come in. M. Briand, for the French government, held that, if the treaty were to be extended to other countries, it must only bind France not to engage in war with a nation not guilty of an "aggressive war." He asserted that the engagements of France with the League of Nations might oblige it to oppose a nation declared guilty of waging that kind of war. The discussion was proceeding when this record closed, with the final outcome much in doubt.

POLITICS BEGIN TO SIMMER

THE Presidential campaign has begun. Delegates are being elected to the nominating conventions, and the friends of the leading candidates are hard at work "guiding" public opinion. The Democrats have made the experiment of going far south, to Houston, Tex., for their convention. Governor Smith of New York remains the outstanding candidate, but it is by no means certain that he can get the required two-thirds vote of the convention. Secretary Hoover appears to be the favorite for the Republican nomination, but there are other candidates who hope to bring about his defeat and the nomination of one of themselves.

A NEW CALENDAR

THE League of Nations has asked the United States to cooperate in the establishment of a new international calendar to contain thirteen months of exactly four weeks each, with one day—probably New Year's Day—outside the system. Each year would begin on Sunday. This is the well-known plan originally suggested by Mr. Moses B. Cotsworth. It has many advocates, though it has not yet aroused very deep popular interest.

THE S-4 INVESTIGATION

THE naval investigation into the submarine disaster of last December, in which the S-4 was lost, with forty men, proceeded with deliberation. The most interesting testimony was that of the head of the Coast Guard in the district that includes Provincetown, where the accident occurred. He said that he had received no notification that any submarines were in the vicinity, and that the Paulding, the Coast Guard vessel that sunk the S-4, had no reason to suppose that submarines ever visited Provincetown at that season of the year. President Coolidge is anxious to have an investigation made by experts outside the Navy personnel. When the record closed the Senate committee in charge of such matters had voted to recommend such an investigation, but the Senate itself had voted in favor of conducting a Congressional investigation of the usual sort.

MORE ROADS FOR THE MOTORIST

THE Union Highways Association is trying to interest Congress in a plan for new through roads for motor travel to be built between all the principal cities of the country in order to relieve the congestion of traffic that now frequently occurs. The association hopes eventually to meet or carry the cost of construction by a system of tolls, but it wants the government to supply some at least of the capital. The cost of such a system of roads would be enormous; it would, no doubt, amount to several billions of dollars. It is estimated that such a road from New York to New Haven only would cost \$39,000,000 and from New York to Boston about \$100,000,000.

LIFEBUOY WASH-UP CHART

There are germs on almost everything you touch: DOOR KNOBS, HANDS, BOOKS, SHOES, etc.

FREE

A real training help that's good fun, too

Thousands of fellows are building up top-notch form—by playing this interesting game!

EVER notice how in every crowd there's always a certain bunch of fellows who stand out as the leaders?

Fellows who run fastest—slug hardest—swim farthest? Fellows who make teams—win medals—walk off with all the school honors?

"They're lucky," you've probably been telling yourself. But luck never makes winners. The thing that really counts in putting a fellow over big is... *health!*

Health makes leaders

If you're healthy, you're strong. Health gives you stamina—courage to push your own and triumph against odds.

Sickness makes you brittle. It keeps you out of the winners' class. Even a bad cold leaves its mark. Knocks the pep right out of you and slows you down for months.

Your own coach or teacher will tell you that the only reason lots of fellows fail to make the grade is that they don't take care of themselves.

So take this tip. If you want to star in athletics—if you want to be a leader among fellows—now and all through life—avoid sickness. Get plenty of sleep. Fresh air. Good food. And above all else, guard against disease germs.

Why run needless risks?

Health authorities tell us that our hands may pick up germs everywhere. From hands, germs may very quickly pass into the mouth to menace health.

The Life Extension Institute lists 27 germ diseases that hands may carry.

Don't take chances. For safety's sake, wash frequently with Lifebuoy—especially before eating. Its antiseptic lather removes germs as well as dirt.

In thousands of training quarters, coaches and athletes use Lifebuoy to help them keep in top form. Get in with them. Start using Lifebuoy now.

You'll be a Lifebuoy fan, too

The first time you use Lifebuoy, you'll know why it's the favorite toilet soap of fellows everywhere. Notice Lifebuoy's pleasant, clean scent. Feel the kick in Lifebuoy's creamy, antiseptic lather—the peppiness of your body after a Lifebuoy shower.

Send for FREE training game

And remember, fellows—now is the time to start snapping into shape for spring tryouts. Now is the time to begin toughening up muscles and putting on beef if you want to make the football team next fall.

So you and your pals—send for the Lifebuoy training game at once. Thousands of crack schoolboy athletes use it. Mail coupon and we'll send you a Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart and a "get-acquainted" cake of Lifebuoy—FREE!

LEVER BROS. CO., Dept. 303.
Cambridge, Mass.

I want to start training at once. Send me a Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart and a cake of Lifebuoy—both free!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

LIFEBUOY

FOR FACE



HANDS BATH

PROTECTS HEALTH

STOPS BODY ODOR

THE new and enlarged Companion must go to press in sections. Despite the speed of the presses, several days must elapse between the printing of the first section and the last. This particular page is the last one to be electrolyzed and put on the presses. That is why you will hereafter find "This Busy World" in a position similar to this. By placing it here we are able to keep its columns open to the last moment, and give you the freshest and most up-to-date news.

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

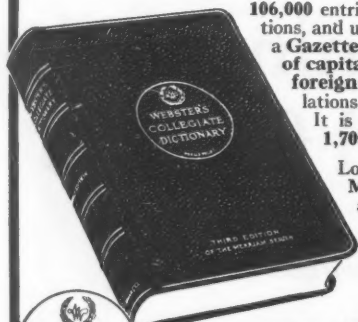
A Wide Range of Knowledge

For all quick-reference purposes WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE contains an amazing amount of information. You need no longer puzzle over exact definitions or pronunciation of words; over the identity of historic characters; over questions of geography; over points of grammar, spelling, punctuation, or English usage. WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE answers a great variety of questions. What is the meaning of *calibrate*?—the pronunciation of *liaison*?—the location of Amara?—the identity of Fabre? These are typical of questions answered in

Webster's Collegiate—

The Best Abridged Dictionary—
because it is based upon the "Supreme Authority"

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.



106,000 entries with definitions, spellings, pronunciations, and use of words; a dictionary of **biography**; a **Gazetteer**; a guide to rules of **punctuation**, use of **capitals**, **abbreviations**, etc.; a dictionary of **foreign phrases** with pronunciation and translations. Many other features of practical value. It is an excellent book of 1,256 pages with 1,700 illustrations.

Look for the Merriam Circular Trade Mark—sign of highest scholarship and accuracy.

The thin-paper edition is especially handsome and convenient. Art Canvas binding, \$5.00; Fabrikoid, \$6.00; Leather, \$7.50.

When buying insist upon a "MERRIAM WEBSTER" with the Circular Trade-Mark

Get The Best—For Sale At All Bookstores

Purchase of your bookseller; or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information. Free specimen pages if you mention *The Youth's Companion*

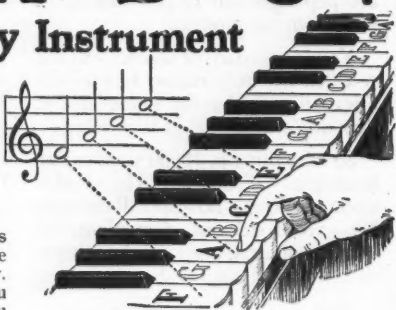
G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY, Springfield, Mass.



Buy two at a time—use alternately

Easy as A-B-C!

You Can Play Any Instrument
In a Few Months
This Delightful
New Easy Way!



ANY one can easily learn music by this remarkable new method. And the cost is only a fraction of the old slow way. You don't need a private teacher. You study entirely at home. Almost before you realize it you are playing real tunes and melodies, both popular and classic, to please your friends, amuse yourself, and make money. This wonderful new method of reading and playing music is as simple as reading a book. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals—complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need. You can select your own time to study or practice. And the cost averages only a few cents a lesson, including the music. If you play, you are always in demand. Many invitations come to you. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Mandolin Saxophone
Piano 'Cello
Organ Ukulele
Violin Cornet
Banjo Trombone
or any other instrument

Free Book Tells All
Our free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," contains an offer that makes the course available at a very low price. Also a "Demonstration Lesson" which shows how delightfully quick and easy this wonderfully simple Method is. Instruments supplied

when needed, cash or credit. If you really want to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now—today. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 683 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
683 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your offer. I am interested in the following course:

Have you above instrument?.....
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE GALLANT LALLANES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138]

thought he would be interested. He was, because it's your name—Lallane, spelled backwards."

"Lallane? Name of what? Spelled backwards, how?" Mrs. Lallane was mystified.

"The name of the New Orleans cooking school," Miss Lowcott smiled through the mist above her cup. "Meritonne de Lallane is the principal's name."

Mrs. Lallane made some answer, she could never remember what, and turned the conversation to the beauty of the night-blooming cereus. When all the guests had gone and the gate was locked she went at once to her room, where Marguerite, ready for bed, sat under the student lamp by the window, studying shorthand.

"Merry!" Mrs. Lallane called.

Merry came, looking like a Fra Angelico angel, white gown in folds to her feet, gleaming hair in waves to her waist, and wide eyes innocent, but only for an instant. The next, she had crossed the room as though on wings and was a crumpled little mass at her mother's feet, her head in her mother's lap, her shoulders shaking beneath the mantle of her hair.

"When did you write the letter, Merry?" her mother asked.

"Ages ago. I thought it would never come. Let's see. It was a Saturday. I saw the advertisement in the Boston paper, and I can teach cooking as well as Marion teaches dancing. I'm a better teacher, anyway. I get fifteen cents a lesson, and the girls paid me ten cents a box for the chocolate, and they buy what we cook, a cent a cup for beverage, and two cents for sweet potatoes, and five cents for fried eggs, and five cents for looking at the night-blooming cereus—not for each one, but five for five; they could look at all five for five cents, and—"

"You charged your guests admission to your own home?"

"Not guests, Mother! Just girls, my friends."

"Meriton de Lallane!"
When Mrs. Lallane was past all other speech she called her children by their full baptismal names.

"You are to send all the chocolate that's left and all of the money you have made back to the chocolate company in Boston tomorrow. And you are to write them a letter and tell them just what you did."

"But, Mother! The chocolate belongs to the girls; the small cans do; they bought 'em—but they've got to leave 'em here, to cook with. And the money is for Marguerite."

"You are to pay the girls what they paid for the chocolate. Your cooking lessons may have been worth fifteen cents, though I doubt it, and—"

"Oh, Mother, think of all they get to eat. I think I'm very generous. And Margue—"

"Bring your savings vase to me in the morning." Merry kept her savings in a wall vase.

"But poor Marguerite, Mother."

"Good-night, dear." Mrs. Lallane hid her laughing face in her youngest daughter's red-gold hair, then unsimilingly she kissed the upturned face. "Good-night," she repeated.

CHAPTER NINE

Marguerite Begins Her Masterpiece

I AM thinking," said Mrs. Lallane to Timothy Nestor, "that I should sell my share in the plantation."

"Not Randolph Chase?"

"Yes, Randolph Chase." Mrs. Lallane tried to mimic the startled voice of her young attorney. "Of course, I don't want to sell it—I mean my share of it—if something else can be done. It's a family thing, a heritage. But after all ought I to hold on to a thing like that, making an idol of property—well, it's not exactly property; it's anything but an asset now."

"You are right in saying that the plantation isn't an asset."

"Those back taxes on it almost ruined me," said Mrs. Lallane. "I had to scrape every cent together to meet them. On the other hand, the land is as much my brothers' as it is mine, and—"

"But your brothers think you should have it all."

"I know that. But it is all my brother Eugene has—the income from that little orange grove. Frank is better off, but he has five children to support, and I've only three."

"But they are all boys," remarked Mr. Nestor. "They will take care of themselves in time."

"That's what Frank says. He says they are strong enough to face the world. But strength of that kind—spiritual strength—is not exclusively a masculine quality. We must be brave enough, my girls and I, not to take more than our share, just because we happen to be women. Timothy, I want you to sell or lease my share of the plantation if you possibly can."

The lawyer bowed, but his eyes held no encouragement.

"I'm hoping to get through the summer without having to borrow from Frank," said Mrs. Lallane, rising. "But the present boarders will all be going soon."

Mr. Nestor rose, put his hand in his coat, tried to look like Daniel Webster, and pounded the desk with his fist as he said: "Marguerite must and shall go to college!"

Mrs. Lallane walked home, resting her tired eyes with the sight of the green and lavender mantles that the wistaria vines twined around pillars and tossed across the tree tops. At the corner of Sixth Street and St. Charles Avenue she saw Marguerite walking slowly past the Christ Church Cathedral.

Her mother followed her into the darkened interior and paused until she could see the wreath of bright red poppies around Marguerite's dark hat. Going softly down the aisle, she slipped into the same pew and knelt beside her daughter.

The dean's voice flooded the chapel as he read these words of St. Paul:

"Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness. . . . In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

Marguerite shivered a little at the catalogue of St. Paul's adventures. Suddenly came the words of a promise—they were superb words that thrilled her from head to toe:

"Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

Mother and daughter came out of the chapel refreshed.

"I never realized before what St. Paul went through," said Marguerite. "His words were exactly what I needed."

THIS experience in the chapel not only lightened the burden of Marguerite's disappointment but gave her new strength for her studies. Her fingers grew supple, like those of a pianist; she accomplished her typewriter exercises so quickly that she found herself with spare time on her hands! Quite naturally, she thought of the career toward which she wanted her education to lead—that of becoming an author. She had already one masterpiece to her credit—"How the Stars Came to Be in the Skies"—and Miss Ettam's school had acted in it at commencement.

The novel being the most difficult thing for a beginner to write, it was also natural that Marguerite chose that. "Blasted Hopes" was its title, and the scene was laid somewhere in the jungle—on the Isthmus of Panama, or perhaps in South Africa. The heroine was beautiful, with eyes like coals and hair like a raven's wings. She was tall and graceful, and her name was Graciella. Harry Warren, much impressed by the author's reading of the first chapter, insisted on calling her "Grassy Ella," after which Marguerite refused to let him have any more information about her.

When, two days later, Marguerite reviewed her manuscript as far as it went—the whole of Chapter One and four lines of Chapter Two—she was surer than ever before in her life that the higher education is imperative if you mean to write novels. And something told her, too, that experience also counts: experience of life—not imagination only, but observation too. Frowning, she put the sheets away in her "office."

Early next morning, she dressed herself as "a business woman"—her mind delighted in the phrase. Her dress was of dark-blue lawn, cut from the severest pattern Mrs. Lallane could find. There were narrow bands of white at throat and wrists. Then, after swallowing a mouthful of breakfast, she went back to her room and put on her hat.

Mrs. Lallane turned from the silver urn and the Sheffield tray. "Don't you think your other hat's more becoming?"

"This is more businesslike, Mother. Good-by. I doubt if I'll be home before evening."

"What about your lunch, dear?"

"Oh, I shan't want any lunch. Mr. Levine has given me a certificate and the names of five prospective employers, so I'm sure to get at least one position."

None of the five prospective employers, however, seemed to welcome Marguerite's application. They showed their lack of interest either by spinning around in their chairs to their desks again, or by saying curtly: "We need an experienced girl."

"How can I have experience if nobody'll experience me?" demanded Marguerite later of her Aunt Emilie Warren, to whose home she had rushed in despair.

After some hesitation she decided to accept her aunt's invitation to stay for lunch. Strength must be maintained. A visitor, Mrs. de la Tour, a frail little woman swathed in black, looked keenly at Marguerite across the table.

"Someone told me about you, I think. Aren't you the Lallane girl who is studying shorthand? Good. My daughter Marie is employed by the Gates Lumber Company. She is ill with tonsillitis, and cannot work for at least two weeks. I am on my way to tell them now. I do not see why you could not fill the position until Marie is well."

THE instant Marguerite entered the yard of the Gates Mahogany Company she liked it.

She hesitated a moment, then, noting the word "office" in black letters on the opened door, she entered. A thin man at a high desk, behind an iron grating, raised his head.

"Mr. Gates?" Marguerite asked, timidly, nerves tense with apprehension.

The thin man, however, said never a word, merely slid from a high stool and disappeared through an inner door. After a moment, through a door at her right, marked "private," another man emerged. He looked more timid than Marguerite felt.

"Well?" he asked.

"I haven't any experience," said Marguerite, which wasn't in the least what she had intended saying.

"Experience?" The timid man looked mystified.

"Yes. I'm just a beginner. But Mr. Levine—"

"We've got a stenographer."

"Oh, but she's sick," said Marguerite Lallane.

"H'm-m." The man made a noise through his mouth. "That's it, is it? Come in."

Marguerite followed him through the "private" door.

"This is your desk." He pushed a pile of magazines off a typewriter. "Now, you'd better eat your lunch, and look around a bit. I'll be back at two."

In the drawer of the typewriter table Marguerite found a shorthand book and dated a clean page. She sharpened a lot of pencils and put them in the book. She took a sheet of blank paper and practiced her notes, writing "wood" and "trees" and "mahogany" over and over again in shorthand. She dusted the typewriter and tried the keys.

Then she looked at the clock. It was twenty-five minutes past one.

"I'll not have time for novels, now," Marguerite thought proudly and reached for one of the magazines—"The Southern Lumberman."

She had never heard of that. Idly she turned the pages, and then suddenly became interested. Much of the reading matter she liked, though much of it she failed to understand, and of course she skipped all the figures. How silly men were, filling up such a nice book with so much arithmetic. But the pictures were beautiful, like those on the wall. There were many of "long-leaf yellow pine" and "Louisiana red cypress." She picked up another magazine she had never heard of, "The American Lumberman," and became so interested that she entirely forgot the passage of time, until the clock struck two.

Marguerite, flushing furiously, sprang up, dropping "The American Lumberman" and picking up her notebook. Standing at attention, she awaited her employer's entrance.

He did not come. After a while Marguerite sat down tensely, awaiting sharp commands. Finally Mr. Gates strolled in, and Marguerite sprang up. But he seated himself at his desk, tilted back his chair and stared out of the window. Finally he tilted down again, and again Marguerite, clutching her notebook with its sharpened pencils,

took a step forward. Mr. Gates went from the office. Marguerite sat down again. Eventually he returned, stood a moment, pushing papers around on his desk, took up a few, and sauntered over to the corner where Marguerite awaited him. Leaning against the wall, he began to dictate, and Marguerite found his drawing voice more disconcerting than if he had rattled off a hundred words a minute.

"You can get the addresses from these," he said in conclusion, handing her the letters. Marguerite transcribed her notes without too much trouble.

"Give these to one of the boys to mail," said Mr. Gates when he had signed them. "Go on up to the mill now, and look around. Tell Jim you're the new stenographer, and I said to show you around."

In the mill she watched the great logs pass swiftly beneath the saws and jerk backward, while the slice of wood from their sides moved onward; long iron arms leaped from the walls, as though human, pushing things back into place and then leaping back to their own place. At the far end of the structure, beyond which the wide Mississippi flowed, she saw the logs come creeping from the river up the runway to their doom, slowly, slowly, as though knowing that the saw awaited them. But was it doom—or high fulfillment? Marguerite wondered half an hour later, when Jim, in the office, showed her samples of the finished wood.

"They put the final polish on with their hands," Mr. Gates was now explaining with no timidity whatever, "like this." With the base of his thumb he rubbed the wood and held it out for Marguerite to notice the burnished surface—shadowed pools of red and gold. All the furniture at home afterward took on new luster from this knowledge.

"Better go home now," Mr. Gates said, "and come tomorrow morning, at nine."

Marguerite almost ran and at home was radiant as, splashing in the bathtub and later dressing in her room, she called out to her mother and sisters, telling them all about mahogany. After dinner she sat on the gallery with the grown people, not on the steps where the children were, and whenever the boarders seemed to have nothing to say she told them about mahogany and the lumber trade in general.

"And there's long-leaf yellow pine. Isn't that the kind we have on the plantation, Mother? I think it is, from the pictures. And the cypress trees. There is cypress at Randolph Chase, isn't there, Mother?"

"I think so, dear. I know there's pine, 'way inland. And," Mrs. Lallane's voice was vague, "yes, I know there's a great deal of cypress in the swamp."

"Cypress trees are so mysterious," Marguerite murmured. "And so romantic." Graciella, in trailing, soft white robes drifted across her vision. "I'll have her lead her lover through a cypress swamp," she thought, "when I take up writing again."

CHAPTER TEN

Mr. Nestor Listens

BY midsummer the Lallanes had their home practically to themselves. Even Meena had driven away, seated beside her escort behind his aged horse. Miss de Rive was chaperoning some young ladies through France; Mrs. Nairne was in North Carolina; and Miss Lowcott and Faith were sending letters and postcards from Swampscott, near Boston.

Marguerite was still busy at the Gates Lumber Company, as Marie de la Tour was not expected to return until September.

Late one afternoon in August, Mr. Gates looked up from signing the letters.

"Want to stay?" he asked, pen poised.

"Stay?" Marguerite could hardly speak.

"Stay? Here?"

Mr. Gates, writing his name, nodded.

"But—Miss de la Tour?"

"She's quit." He handed the letters to Marguerite. "Getting married."

"Oh!"

"I'll give you six more—no, make it ten dollars a month more," said Mr. Gates.

Marguerite blushed deeply, but after she had folded the letters, put them into their envelopes and sealed them she found her voice. "Thank you ever so much," she said to Mr. Gates. "I'd love to stay."

That night was silver white under the moon, and still. The heat was intense and the air heavy with the perfume of jasmine. Nobody stirred, not even Merry, stretched full length on the side lawn, nor Agnes in a swing nearby. Suddenly the leaves of the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 146]



Speed is not born . . . but made

EVERY now and then you'll find a fellow who is a born athlete—whose skill and speed just come naturally. But he's an exception.

For most fellows, athletic success is a matter of hard work. Skill in games comes only after long practice. Speed, too, has to be developed by training.

But one thing is certain. If you want to develop the speed and fast footwork you need in sports today, nothing is more important than right shoes.

And coaches and champion athletes in many sports agree that Keds are the shoes that will help you attain this necessary speed. Even in fastest action there's a type of Keds to grip surely on ground or floor.

There are Keds for nearly every sport, indoors and outdoors. Keds soles are tough and springy—they absorb the jars that tire muscles and slow down play. The uppers are light, yet strong to

protect your ankles against sudden twists and sprains. And the special Feltex innersole keeps your feet comfortable.

Special Note to Boys

Frankly, we want as many of you fellows as we can get to be users of Keds. But we want fair play, too. If you like some other brand and ask for it in the store—we don't want you to go out with a pair of Keds unless you know it and are convinced that you have found better value.

But if you like Keds and ask for Keds we want to see that you really get Keds.

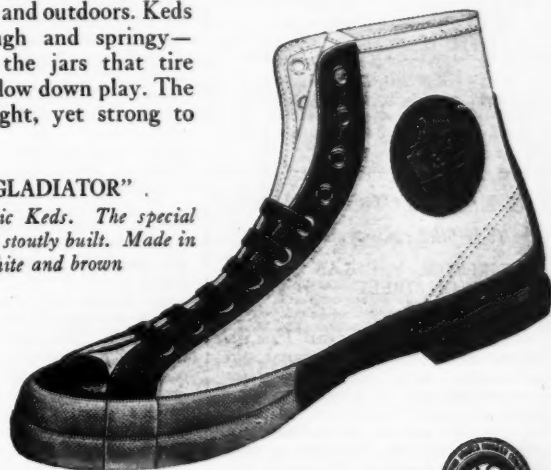
The best way to make sure that the shoes you are buying are genuine Keds is to look for the name "Keds" on the shoes. If it isn't there—then the shoes are not Keds. That name is your guarantee of getting what we have tried to make the best canvas rubber-soled shoes to be had.

Write for our free booklet containing all kinds of information on games, sports, camping, vacation suggestions and dozens of other interesting subjects. Dept. C-104, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

THE "GLADIATOR"

A sturdy athletic Keds. The special anti-skid sole is stoutly built. Made in both white and brown



They are not **Keds** unless the name Keds is on the shoe



TO SECURE THIS MEMBERSHIP BUTTON, THE FIRST STEP IS TO USE THE COUPON BELOW

THE Y. C. LAB

THE WORLD-WIDE SOCIETY FOR INGENUOUS BOYS

THIS SEAL ON MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS CERTIFIES TESTS MADE BY THE Y. C. LAB



EVERY Member of the Y. C. Lab should take pride in the famous men who have consented to act as members of the Committee of Award for the Y. C. Lab Scholarship to be given to the boy who, by next September, shows evidence of being best fitted to enjoy this privilege and honor. Since this page must be printed well in advance of the date at which it reaches you, the committee is not yet complete. The first five members of it have, however, already responded favorably to their invitation, and the Lab considers it an honor to be able to count them as members of its great scientific family. Here is the roster of members so far:

Chairman: SAMUEL WESLEY STRATTON, Ph.D., Sc.D., LL.D., President of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Before assuming his present position, Doctor Stratton was for over twenty years Director of the United States Bureau of Standards, of which he was likewise the founder. This is the great institution which, from its headquarters in Washington, D. C., stretches out country-wide in its multifarious activities of testing every type of manufactured product, from internal-combustion engines to optical glass, and which sets and checks every physical standard of length, mass, etc., that the country uses.



Mr. Lovejoy

Member: THE HON. EDWARD P. WARNER, A.B., S.B., S.M., Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics and (on leave of absence) Head of the Department of Aeronautical Engineering at Massachusetts Institute

The Men Who Are Your Friends

A word about the illustrious engineers and scientists who will act as the Committee of Award for the internationally important scholarship which the Y. C. Lab will offer at Massachusetts Institute of Technology



Doctor Stratton

Department. In accepting membership on the Lab's committee, Mr. Secretary Warner wrote to the Director: "I shall indeed be delighted to serve as a member of the Committee of Award for the Y. C. Lab's proposed Technology scholarship. I have seen something of the work of the Lab and seen it with admiration, and that admiration most certainly extends to the public spirit which the publishers of The Youth's Companion have shown in providing for the further technical training of

of Technology. Professor Warner became Head of this department only eight years after his graduation from the Institute. He went on leave of absence in 1926, when President Coolidge appointed him to his post in the Navy

one of the most promising among the young men whose mechanical and scientific training they have fostered. I esteem it a distinct honor to be asked to act as a member of this committee, and I am most grateful to you for giving me the opportunity."

Member: FRANK W. LOVEJOY, S.B., General Manager, Eastman Kodak Company. Mr. Lovejoy graduated from the Institute of Technology in 1894, and has long been associated with Mr. George Eastman in the manufacture of his famous products. He recently became General Manager when Mr. Eastman decided to relinquish his active control. He is likewise a Life Member of the Corporation of the Institute.



Mr. Secretary Warner

Member: ARTHUR D. LITTLE, CHEM.D., President of Arthur D. Little, Inc. Doctor Little, who has likewise studied at the Institute, is one of the most illustrious research chemists in the United States, and is a member of many learned bodies and the author of many works both scientific and popular. Like Mr.

Lovejoy, he is also a Life Member of the Corporation of the Institute.

Member: ELLERY SEDGWICK, A.B., Litt.D., Editor of the Atlantic Monthly. Mr. Sedgwick, one of the most illustrious men of letters in the United States, is a member, among other societies, of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the American Institute of Arts and Letters.



Doctor Little

ADDITIONS to this already distinguished committee will be made later. For the benefit of last-minute entrants into this great contest, we reprint below the conditions under which you may enroll your name.

1. You must satisfy the Governors of the Y. C. Lab concerning your character by submitting on or before March 1 a letter of indorsement from your high-school or preparatory-school principal.

2. You must send us, by March 1, a typewritten letter of two hundred words or less, telling us, "Why I Would Like a Technical Education," and specifying what technical course you would like to take. This letter must be accompanied by your photograph; a snapshot will be sufficient.

3. You must send us, by July 1, evidence that you can satisfy the entrance requirements of the Institute, concerning which we will give you any necessary information if you will apply to us for it. Certification by the College Entrance Examination Board is the most

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]

THERE is no other science so glamorous as chemistry. I say this not because I am a chemist myself but because as a Councilor for the Y. C. Lab I have been in close touch for the last year or so with the questions which a great fraction of the 15,000 boys of the Lab are constantly asking; and it is no difficult matter to realize from them the enormous fascination which chemistry—the study of matter and how it acts—holds for them.

The Director of the Y. C. Lab has asked me to begin with this issue a series of articles which will explain to the amateur how he can create, out of simple materials, his own chemical laboratory, with his own apparatus,



Filtering

The Mysteries of Molecules

The first of a fine new series of articles on the fascination of chemistry, which you can learn in your own home

By LAB COUNCILOR Stephen G. Simpson, INSTRUCTOR IN ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY, MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

and some of the possibilities for chemical experimentation which will be open to him. In this first article I am going to talk only about the design of the laboratory and its equipment. Later, we shall talk about experimentation.

Every workshop of the amateur mechanic, electrician, or general scientist should have a section set apart for chemical manipulations.

The chemical "laboratory" should consist of a bench of comfortable height. It should be well lighted and well ventilated and should be handy to a sink provided with running cold water. There should be one or more shelves within easy reach above the bench for holding the bottles of chemical "reagents." The space beneath the bench may be enclosed if you like and is convenient for the storage of larger bottles, carboys, and crocks. A deep drawer is desirable for storing smaller forms of apparatus.

If a sink is not at hand, a large earthenware crock should be provided. This should be half filled with water, and all waste solutions and chemicals should be poured into the crock, which should be emptied frequently. When waste solutions are poured directly into the sink, the water should be turned on to allow immediate dilution and flushing out of the material.

For most experiments you will need a source of concentrated heat. If illuminating gas is not available to you, a small alcohol lamp may be used; but if your house is piped



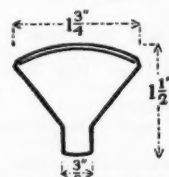
Lab Member MacDonald in the corner of a small experimental chemistry laboratory

for gas, a Bunsen burner will be found much more convenient. The latter can be obtained from a chemical supply house or can be made from a short length of $\frac{3}{8}$ in. iron pipe, using the dimensions given in the illustration. The openings near the base of the burner tube allow air to mix with the gas before burning, thus giving a hot, blue flame. For glass bending, which will

be described in a later article, use a flame spreader of dimensions shown on this page.

Next, a supply of containers for holding chemicals should be collected. Jars and wide-mouth bottles should be used for solids; narrow-mouth bottles should be used for liquids; and all should be provided with tight-fitting cork or glass stoppers. Each container should bear a label plainly marked with the chemical name of the contents. A thin coat of melted paraffin or of shellac over the label will help prevent its becoming soiled or detached. One or more earthenware crocks should be at hand for disposing of all waste material which might clog the sink.

The most used form of chemical apparatus for reactions involving small amounts of substances is the test-tube. For many reactions involving larger amounts of liquids, ordinary drinking glasses or fruit jars may be used, but glass chemical beakers or porcelain casseroles are almost indispensable when such solutions are to be heated. Agateware utensils, however, may oftentimes be substituted for beakers and casseroles and



Flame spreader

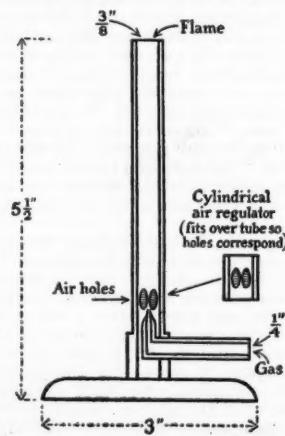
will be found to be cheap and resistant to breakage.

The following list comprises some of the less expensive forms of apparatus which will probably be of greatest service to the amateur chemist. They may be obtained direct from a chemical supply house

or usually through any local drug store. The prices given approximate those listed in the catalogues of chemical supply houses. The drug-store prices may be slightly higher.

Test-tubes (6 in.) 4¢ each
Bunsen burner 35¢
Alcohol lamp 40¢
Glass beaker (500 c. c. = 1 pint) 35¢
Porcelain casserole (500 c. c.) 85¢
Glass funnel (2 in.) 16¢
Glass funnel (6 in.) 45¢
Filter papers (4 in.) 35¢ per 100
Filter papers (8 in.) 95¢ per 100
Blowpipe 15¢
Charcoal block 7¢
Iron crucible (100 c. c.) 25¢
Porcelain crucible (30 c. c.) 16¢
Rubber tubing ($\frac{1}{4}$ in.) 1½¢ per foot
Rubber tubing ($\frac{1}{2}$ in.) 5¢ per foot
Graduate (100 c. c.) 50¢
Porcelain mortar and pestle 55¢
Platinum wire (4 in.) 80¢
Cork and rubber stoppers

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]



Cross-section of a Bunsen burner

MEMBERSHIP COUPON

This is the coupon through which any boy in the world can secure for himself the unparalleled advantages of membership in the Y. C. Lab. Clip it and mail it to the Director today.

Y. C. LAB ELECTION COUPON

To be filled out and mailed to

THE DIRECTOR, Y. C. LAB
8 ARLINGTON STREET
BOSTON, MASS.

I AM A BOY..... YEARS OLD. I AM INTERESTED IN SCIENTIFIC, ENGINEERING AND CONSTRUCTIVE WORK. PLEASE SEND ME YOUR BULLETIN OF Y. C. LAB INFORMATION GIVING FULL PARTICULARS OF ITS FINANCIAL AND SCIENTIFIC BENEFITS TO ME, TOGETHER WITH AN ELECTION BLANK TELLING ME HOW TO BECOME AN ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

NAME.....

STREET.....

TOWN.....

STATE..... 3-28

MODERN RADIO

Conducted by Y. C. Lab Councilor James K. Clapp, S.B., S.M., Instructor in Electrical Engineering, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Editor's Note: Councilor Clapp or one of his associates will be glad to answer any of your radio questions. Address him at The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. It will be necessary to disregard inquiries unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope

AIRPLANE RADIO: A PUZZLE

RADIO engineers are hard at work, these days, on the solution of some of the difficult and vexing problems that rise in connection with radio communication between speeding airplanes and land stations. The tragic events in aeronautical history which took place last summer in the many desperate and unsuccessful attempts to duplicate Lindbergh's triumph in crossing the Atlantic have brought home to everyone the need for constant satisfactory communication between plane and land. Let us see some of the difficulties which have so far prevented radio from being an even more powerful rescue agency in airplane work than it has been to date.

Size and weight of airplane radio equipment must, of course, be strictly limited, and the system of control and operation must be extremely simple. We may consider an airplane's radio equipment as made up of four units—the source of power, the transmitter, the receiver and the antenna—and consider each in turn.

The source of power, besides being small and light in weight, must be as reliable as possible. If the engine of the plane fails for any reason, the power should still be available, as it is precisely then that radio communication is most urgently needed. This requirement has led to the almost universal adoption of a wind-driven dynamo as the source of power. Batteries are usually too bulky and heavy. The dynamos are designed to give uniform operation under widely varying conditions of speed and are driven by means of a small propeller. The machine is usually mounted near the front edge of one of the wings of the plane.

As to the transmitter itself, no standard type has as yet been developed. The old-style "spark" transmitter is perhaps the simplest, but its range is not so great as that of a vacuum-tube transmitter of the same power. Furthermore, if communication is to be carried out by means of voice, as well as telegraphic code, it is not possible to use the spark system. For quite a powerful tube transmitter, the size and weight of the transmitter itself is not excessive, but the power-supply unit increases rapidly in weight as the power of the transmitter is increased.

A factor of great importance in the design of an airplane radio equipment is the wavelength which is to be used. Most planes, particularly when flying near or over large bodies of water, have employed wavelengths in the vicinity of 600 meters in

order that they might readily communicate with ships. Owing to the type of antenna which may be used on a plane, the range obtainable at such wavelengths is not very great, though communication over the obtainable range is generally quite reliable. With the same power, a short wavelength, such as 30 to 60 meters, would provide communication at much greater distances, but, owing to the peculiarities of transmission of short waves, communication at short distances may not be at all reliable. The equipment for short-wave communication is generally smaller and lighter than

that for long-wave work, and when it is of advantage to cover great distances (as in transoceanic flying) it would seem that the short waves should receive serious consideration.

The problem of the design of receiving equipment for airplane use is a particularly difficult one. Owing to the

available antenna system and to the noise of the engine, it is necessary to provide a very sensitive receiver. The more sensitive the set is made, however, the more vulnerable it becomes to disturbance caused by the noise and vibration of the plane, as well as to the electrical disturbances caused by the ignition system of the motor. It is necessary, in order to obtain satisfactory operation, to arrange the electrical equipment of the engine carefully to reduce electrical disturbances. The pilot has many things to attend to while flying, and he cannot be tinkering with a lot of controls on a radio receiver.

The receiver therefore has to be designed to be extremely simple in operation.

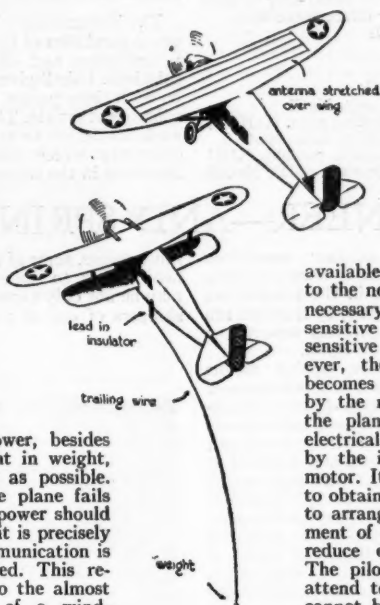
The antenna systems which may be utilized on a plane may be classed in two types, one of which consists of a wire trailing behind the plane and the other of a few wires stretched over the wings. The trailing type consists of a wire, led out from the body of the plane through an insulator, carrying a weight at the end. A reel is provided so that the antenna may be let out or wound up.

The wing-spread type of antenna is not very effective, because of the short distance separating the antenna from the engine and other metal bodies of the plane.

As to ranges which may be obtained between a plane and points on the surface of the earth, I have received the signals of the NC-4, of transatlantic fame, at a distance of 250 miles in daytime, when the NC-4 used her comparatively powerful 600-meter spark transmitter. Signals from a plane flying over Washington, D. C., have been received on a one-tube set in southern Maine, when the plane was fitted with a low-powered short-wave transmitter.

last tube, in order that distortion in reproduction may be reduced.

Tubes designed primarily for this transfer duty may be termed "power tubes," of which there are many styles and sizes. The UX-112, UX-120, UX-210 and UX-171 are examples, the first being designed to replace a UX-201-A, the second, UX-199. The third is a tube which may be used as a low-power transmitting tube and is capable of developing from five to six watts of radio-frequency power. The last tube is a "small edition" of the 210, requiring lower plate and filament voltages. The 171 may then be used with ordinary "B" eliminators for its plate-voltage supply, where the 210 requires a special high-voltage supply.



BOOK STAND
See Le Page's Book, page 14

ANY boy who likes to fool around with tools, can easily follow the simple directions given in this book. It opens up a whole new source of fun. Makes you your own manual training teacher right at home. Helps you become a clever craftsman, astonishing yourself and your friends with the quality of work you can turn out. Each of the 20 articles is attractive, practical and useful. Any home would be glad to have them. This gives you a chance to earn money by selling the things you make.

LE PAGE'S GLUE
Handiest Tool in Your Work Shop



TABLE DESK AND CHAIR
See Le Page's Book, page 14

Have Fun Making Things Earn Money Selling Them

One dime Buys \$3000 book that shows how to make 20 valuable articles

Each of the 20 articles was designed by William W. Klenke, Instructor in Woodworking, Central Commercial and Manual Training High School, Newark, New Jersey. Mr. Klenke is an expert who knows how to design things and how to show you how to make them. For each article the book gives dimension drawings of all the parts, step by step directions how to make, and a photograph of the finished article.

A \$3000 Book for a Dime

It cost us \$3316.57 to prepare this book. But thousands of boys use it, so we can sell you a copy for only a dime. Send us the coupon today and a dime (coin or stamp) and we will mail your book to you at once. See what fun and profit in making things your old mending friend, Le Page's Glue, can give you. Le Page's Craft League, 582 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.

LE PAGE'S CRAFT LEAGUE,
582 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for Le Page's NEW Home Work Shop Book. Please send a copy of this book to:

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

REMINGTON
U.M.C.

KNIVES THAT BITE

REMINGTON OFFICIAL
SCOUT KNIFE, RS 3333
Price, \$1.50

The Knife With the Extra Value

BOYS, there is a lot of extra value in the Remington Official Scout Knife and you can prove it for yourselves. All you have to do is compare.

First of all and most important—this knife is really sharp because it is hand-honed at the factory. And here are fourteen points of superiority:

1. A properly designed punch for making holes in leather, etc.
2. A longer screw driver that gives better leverage.
3. A better bottle opener that works every time.
4. A heavier, razor sharp blade of high grade tool steel.
5. A crackerjack patented can opener that will not slip or break.
6. Shackle riveted on so it will not come off.
7. Scout emblem, "Be Prepared" in nickel silver on handle.
8. Unbreakable indestructible handle, fitting natural grasp of the hand.
9. Shackle ring of strong 18% nickel silver.
10. 18% polished nickel silver bolsters.
11. The Remington hallmark of quality etched into the blade.
12. Spun rivets hold components securely and eliminate cracks that frequently appear in handle when hammered rivets are used.
13. Brass linings, reinforced, stronger than steel, will not rust.
14. Scout emblem etched on the blade.

If your dealer hasn't this knife in stock, send us his name and \$1.50 for RS 3333, the Remington Official Scout Knife, or for RS 4233, the same pattern in a smaller size. The knife will be mailed to you promptly, postpaid.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
25 Broadway • Established 1816 • New York City

Remington

ARMS AMMUNITION CUTLERY
CASH REGISTERS SERVICE MACHINES

© 1928 R. A. C.

1796

REMINGTON
U.M.C.

COUNCILOR CLAPP'S RADIO ANSWERS

Q.—What is a power tube, and what is its use? E. Vaughn Stewart.

A.—by Councilor Clapp: A power tube is usually a three-electrode vacuum tube of pattern very similar to that of standard tubes, but of somewhat different electrical characteristics. In the last stage of an audio-frequency amplifier—i.e., the tube just before the loud speaker—the energy of the signal, which is then electrical, must be transferred to the loud speaker, thereby becoming sound energy. To make this transfer as efficiently as possible the tube used should have a very low-plate circuit resistance. Further, it should be designed so that it can handle the relatively large signal voltages which are present in the

Boys! At last!



A book that really tells you "How to work with tools and wood"

Here is a book which every boy should own. It takes all the mystery out of using tools, selecting materials, and planning and finishing work. It enables you to repair furniture, put up shelves, and do many other odd jobs about your home. It opens the way to make many useful objects—from a book rack to a

full-size sail boat. Contains 185 pages. Over 150 illustrations. Durably bound in blue cloth. This book, if sold in the regular way, would cost you at least \$2.00. But the price is only \$1.00—at your hardware dealer's.

If he does not carry it, send us \$1.00 for a copy. **THE STANLEY WORKS, New Britain, Conn.**

The best tools are the cheapest to use—ask your hardware dealer

STANLEY TOOLS [The choice of most carpenters]



Standard double thread screw point



THE RUSSELL JENNINGS MFG. COMPANY

To All "Lab" Members

In making almost any thing of wood you need to bore holes and you can't bore good holes with poor bits. Complete your tool kit with a set of the famous

Russell Jennings Bits

Used by wise tool users everywhere. Made by one of the oldest and most experienced tool manufacturers in America.

The Russell Jennings Expansive Bit is the prince among bits.

Sold by leading hardware stores everywhere. Ask for them by name.

Expansive bit with precision adjusting screw



Single thread quick boring screw point

CHESTER, CONN.

There is but one method of treatment for ASTHMA which reaches and removes the real cause—

The HAYES METHOD for ASTHMA and HAY FEVER

—Successful for fifty years in curing to stay cured. For information and references to cases actually cured, address P. Harold Hayes, M. D., Buffalo, New York, asking for Bulletin Y-283.



Relieve Irritations By Using Cuticura

Bathe the affected parts freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry without rubbing, then apply Cuticura Ointment. For roughness, rashes, itchings and irritations they are wonderful. Use Cuticura Soap daily to keep your skin clear.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 87, Malden, Mass."

Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.



Airplane, 50c

12-Inch Cross-Atlantic Model, "Lindy" type

Takes off by own power. Travels 40 feet. Very fascinating and educational. Thrilling fun! Easy construction set, complete materials, postpaid U. S. 50c (no stamps). Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Model Aircraft Co., Box 331, Chillicothe, Ohio

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT!!!!
BUCCANEER, famous V. C. Lab sailing Knockabout, BABY STEEPER Outboard Motor Speedster, or your choice from fleet of 55 other modern designs using BROOKS KNOCK-DOWN cut-to-shape materials. Any boy of 15 can build his own boat as successfully as a blue-water skipper of 60 years. No special tools required or more than ordinary skill of any bright boy necessary. The saving in cost will startle you. Be the proud owner of a well designed, successful boat. Start building now. Send 25c for booklet fully describing Cruisers, Runabouts, Speed Hydroplanes, Row, Sail, Etc.
Recommended by V. C. LAB
BROOKS BOAT CO. INC. Dept. 100 Saginaw West Side, Mich.

THE MYSTERIES OF MOLECULES

[Y. C. LAB CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142]

The abbreviation "c. c." means cubic centimeters, a measure of volume.

In most experiments and tests by the amateur chemist only a relatively few chemicals are involved, and fortunately these are usually inexpensive. The reagents listed below may be involved in many interesting and useful reactions and at least will serve as a nucleus for a more complete stock of chemicals. Most of them can be obtained from the drug store or grocery store, or will be found in the kitchen or workshop. The chemical symbol follows the name except where too complex.



Heating

Liquids
Hydrochloric acid, dilute, HCl
Nitric acid, dilute, HNO₃
Sulphuric acid, dilute, H₂SO₄
Ammonia, dilute, NH₄OH. (Use household ammonia)
Acetic acid, CH₃COOH. (Vinegar may be used as an impure and very dilute acetic acid)
Hydrogen peroxide, H₂O₂
Denatured alcohol

Solids
Sodium chloride or table salt, NaCl
Sodium bicarbonate or baking soda, NaHCO₃
Sodium carbonate or washing soda, Na₂CO₃
Potassium hydroxide (caustic potash), KOH, or sodium hydroxide (caustic soda), NaOH.

A can of "Drano" or similar material used for clogged drain pipes may be used.

Potassium acid tartrate (cream of tartar), KHC₄H₄O₆
Potassium aluminum sulphate (alum), KAl(SO₄)₂
Copper sulphate (blue vitriol), CuSO₄
Litmus papers
Charcoal
Sulphur, S
Sodium tetraborate (borax), Na₂B₄O₇
Starch
Sugar
Magnesium sulphate (Epsom salts), MgSO₄
Calcium oxide (quick lime), CaO.
Calcium carbonate. Use marble or limestone, CaCO₃
Potassium nitrate (saltpeter), KNO₃
Calcium hypochlorite
Red lead, Pb₃O₄
Iron filings, Fe
Copper, Cu
Nickel, Ni
Zinc, Zn
Lead, Pb
Tin, Sn
Aluminum, Al
Ammonium chloride (sal ammoniac), NH₄Cl
Ferrous sulphide, FeS
Paraffin
Sodium phosphate, Na₃PO₄
Sodium thiocyanate, NaSCN

The illustrations with this article will give you a good idea of the technique of heating in test-tubes and of pouring and filtering solutions. I shall give you more information on both these points, and many others, in a subsequent article. This one is no more than an introduction to some of the wonders of chemistry which will open up for Lab Members in the future.

BUCCANEER—AND SPRINGTIME

UNDER average weather conditions March is apt to be a dreary month. But it is far from that in the mind of an active boy, for his thoughts, by this time are turning rapidly and vigorously toward the joys of the great outdoors again.

In Lab Headquarters, spring means nothing to us so much as it means Buccaneer—the famous combination 15-foot knockabout, rowboat and outboard motor boat, designed for the Lab by the illustrious naval architect, Mr. John Alden, and supplied in knockdown form complete with patterns, at a remarkably low price to all Lab Members by the Brooks Boat Company of Saginaw, Mich. In many a back yard, within a month, there will rise the busy sound of hammers, saws and planes, as Buccaneers all over the country take shape to slide down the ways and add to the number of the great fleet of boats which sail and race under the burgee of the Y. C. Lab. Racing numbers are supplied from Headquarters to all builders who furnish photographs of their completed craft.

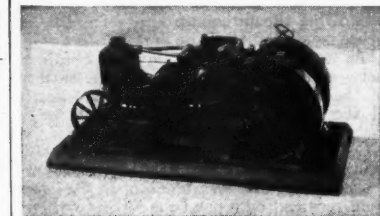
Within a month or so, the Lab will publish a splendid article from Lab Councilor F. A. Magoun, Instructor in Naval Architecture at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in which he explains, with vivid

illustrations, some of the fine points of small boat sailing, to the end that Lab Members may be not only expert builders but skillful skippers of one of the most distinguished



small craft in America. Watch for this article carefully: it contains information of which you are in vital need.

THE MONTHLY \$10 AWARD FOR MARCH



AMONG the many gifted members of the Y. C. Lab is Member Ray Vanderhoef (17) of Rio, Wis., who will be remembered as the constructor of the excellent homemade lathe published on the Lab page for July 1, 1926. This time he has turned his attention to model-making with the result above pictured. It is a model of a 15-25 horsepower Advance-Rumely Oil Pull Tractor. It is built on a scale of 1 in. to 1 ft., with the result that the model is 12 in. long, 4½ in. wide and 5 in. high. It was made entirely from wood, sheet iron and wire, and the total cost to Member Vanderhoef was the 75 cents required for paint. It can be moved around on its wheels and steered by the steering wheel.



THE MEN WHO ARE YOUR FRIENDS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142]

satisfactory way to obtain this for an applicant not resident in the vicinity of Boston.

4. You must submit, at any time between now and August 1, 1928, at least three projects showing some original work of your own in any branch of science, engineering or constructional work. These will be judged, not only by the subject that you have chosen, but by the skill with which you have carried it out, and by resourcefulness in the use of materials.

You cannot too soon begin to plan how this magnificent prize can be yours—the chance to study in the finest laboratories, under the finest teachers, any branch* of science and engineering.

Address all communications (including questions) to The Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass., inclosing a stamped envelope for a reply.

* You can choose among these courses:

Aeronautical Engineering	Engineering Administration
Architecture	Geology
Architectural Engineering	Mathematics
Biology and Public Health	Mechanical Engineering
Building Construction	Metalurgy
Chemistry	Mining Engineering
Chemical Engineering	Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering
Civil Engineering	Physics
Electrical Engineering	Sanitary Engineering
Electro-Chemical Engineering	

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

CHICK-CHICK

EASTER EGG DYE

The NEW Way

It's safe and clean to color Eggs the "Chick-Chick Way." **Chick-Chick Solid Color Sheets** (patented) produce beautiful, brilliant yet delicate colors. They are clean, sanitary and Easy to use. No tablets to break and no powders to sift and soil your hands or ruin rugs or carpets.

BIG COMBINATION ENVELOPE
Six Beautiful Color Sheets
(Making many shades)
Transfer Pictures Kiddie Cut-outs
"Magic Invisible Color" Barnyard Scene
"Happy Chick" Easter Greetings
Instructive—Novel—Interesting
Full of Surprises
Bushels of Fun

At all Drug, Grocery, Stationery, and 10c stores. If your dealer hasn't it, send us his name and 10c and we will send you a package.

FRED FEAR & CO.
Dept. 3 Brooklyn N. Y.

All for 10¢

WRITE IN THE DARK!

GET THIS WONDER PENCIL



Send for our plan to earn an **Urbano Electric Pencil and Flashlight**. Every boy should have one. *Not a toy.* Write Today! Remember It's Easy. Address Dept. 120

WORLD NOVELTY MFG. CO., Inc.
508 1/2 Maynard Ave. Seattle, Wash.

SURELY there can be no greater sport than an "Old Town" canoe trip. For "Old Towns" are steady and light. The best looking canoes afloat too. Patterned after actual Indian models. Priced as low as \$67. From dealer or factory.

New catalog gives prices and complete information about paddling and sailing canoes, square-stern canoes, dinghies, etc. Also fast, seaworthy boats for *Outboard Motors*—racing step-planes, baby buzz hydroplanes, etc. Write for free copy today. **Old Town Canoes Co.**, 1853 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

MAKE YOUR RADIO AN ELECTRIC SET with a TOWNSEND "B" Power Unit \$6.85 at a cost of only 6¢.

Why pay up to \$450 or more to own an electric set when you can quickly and easily make your own set all electric in this new, surprisingly inexpensive way?

APPROVED ratory tests of Radio News, Popular Radio We show you how. Write for full information

Townsend Laboratories
713 Townsend Street - Dept. 63 - Chicago, Ill.

Wrestling Book FREE
Tells how to be a great athlete and become a champion wrestler—how to WIN! Startling secrets! Learn in wonderful lessons by world's champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotsch. Be strong, healthy, athletic, like the big men with ease. Learn self defense. Be a leader. Men and boys, write for Free Book today. State your age. Farmer Burns School 4573 Railway Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

BOYS!

Experiment with Lambert Long Distance Crystal Radio. Only costs \$2.95. Will pay cash for any improvements accepted. Write Experimental Dept. Lambert Mfg. Co., Wichita, Kans.

EVERY BOY—MAKE TOYS—10¢
Illustrated book, 63 pages, postpaid. Plans and directions easy to follow. Toys: telephones, cameras, railroads, skis, etc. Send 10¢, stamps or coin.

Commercial Specialty Co., Dept. 48-M
Box 712 Buffalo, N. Y.

CHARLES AND FAYA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114]

"Can't you see?" said Amehlia, laughing almost hysterically. "She has your wonderful mind. She told me she wants to be a scientist of some sort—and, dear, can't you understand? She's not fitted or doesn't care for pretty clothes or men or dances."

"Yes, I see," said the Professor dreadingly. "But, Amehlia, I wanted her to be like you. It isn't right to have them both resemble me. And Charles has my mind."

"Of course, dearest," said Amehlia.

TWO months drifted on, and as the Professor lectured from his notes (yellowed, students declared, by twenty years of repeated use) he noticed even less the class before him. He saw Charles—the most promising student of the Harvard Law School. His son!

On a November afternoon Amehlia came whitefaced into the Professor's study. She was dressed in pale lavender, her hair, still gold, circling her frightened little face. She handed the Professor a telegram and stood there, her arm across his shoulder.

The Professor methodically adjusted his glasses and read:

"Flunking out of school. Married. Will be home in an hour. Charley."

"It—can't—it can't—" The Professor's head dropped dazed across his arms.

Amehlia bit her pale lips, then tightened them. "Come, dear," she said, "help me get ready. If you sit here and think, it will break your heart."

And so the Professor put on the coffee and set the table for dinner with shaking, clumsy fingers. He could not think. The words of the telegram kept pounding across his mind. Amehlia was silent, her deft little hands bringing charm to each humble room. Outside drizzled the November rain and twilight settled down. Flunked out of school! Married! Married!

At last there was a rush of feet, and the door was opening. A glad voice shouted, "Mother! Dad!"

Amehlia fluttered, a lavender bird, to the door. Charles picked his mother up and hugged her close, saying, "Dearest—dearest mother in the world!"

There in the door stood a figure dressed in red—scarlet red. The Professor hated that figure. He carefully set down the plate he was holding to prevent himself from hurling it at her. Then he heard a shriek, "Oh, dear popsy!" The scarlet figure hurled herself at him. Heavily painted lips pressed his and stayed there. The Professor felt weak, then nauseated. He pulled himself away. The gray eyes glared through the thick lenses. He said stiffly, "Welcome to our home." He had planned to add "my daughter," but he couldn't to this—this painted thing.

He turned to his son and limply held out his hand. "Welcome home, my son," he muttered, his eyes averted.

"Dad," the boy choked, "dad, I'm so sorry. I—I—"

"Oooooooh!" came from the painted savage. She had flung herself into fragile Amehlia's arms and was sobbing violently, voluminously. Amehlia stroked the short black hair, and said, "There, there, dear; we're so glad to have you home—so glad."

"But I love him! I love him! I do! I do! I do!"

It looked as though the scarlet heaving shoulders would capsize Amehlia. Charles somehow pulled his wife away and kissed her lipstick-smudged mouth. "It's all right, honey."

"But they don't want me!" the daughter-in-law howled. "Why did you ever m-marry me?"

Then Charles laughed, his laugh vibrant

with all the gayety of youth, and sang, "Because I love you."

The rouge-streaked face looked up and smiled. And the Professor realized that romance was there—romance looking through the ruins of a painted sophistication.

"And, dad," said Charles gloriously, after a gallant but useless introduction of his bride, "I have a position promised at Lander's as a salesman to handle the most difficult customers. Financial returns from my personality."

"Dear, Charles could never have been a student," said Amehlia, her violet eyes sparkling with tears. "Can't you realize? Education? Pooh! Books? Never! He studies and knows people. His wisdom is as great as yours, but different. What was it that you said about mine? Well, his is that way. His wisdom is of understanding and—can't you see?"

"Yes," said the Professor, fumbling with the dishes on the table, "I should have known. Yes, he is his mother's son. He has the understanding heart. I am blind and foolish. I should have known. If you don't mind, I'll go to my study. I have a paper that must be finished—"

"Sure, dad," said Charles readily—too readily.

THE Professor slowly and with bent head stepped into the brown shadows of his study—his library. But there was warmth here. Before the crackling fire sat Faya, her sturdy head bent over her Vergil.

"I saw and I heard 'em, dad," she said, holding out a firm brown hand, "and I hate her and Charley, the thankless boy, and lazy, too."

"Faya," said the Professor in protest as he sank into the confines of his great worn chair, "Faya, you don't understand. Charles is right, exactly right, and I am an old fool."

Faya vigorously polished her glasses. "Mother and Charley make me tired. They are so foolish—thoughtless; so feather-brained—oh, shallow is the word—shallow."

"But, dear, what is our knowledge compared with theirs? They have the understanding heart. In their way they know everything in the world. They know kindness and laughter and sorrow and love and faith—they know their fellow men. And we? We study and think, through all our years, with what result?" The Professor leaned forward in excitement. "Merely that we lose all that is great and valuable in life. Merely that we lose life and become as a withering leaf upon a stone. Merely that we become as cold machinery trying with our meager minds to fathom problems that mock the gods. Just as a clod lacks the spark of life, we lack the greatest thing in creation, Faya—"

"Well?"

"The understanding heart!"

"I get your point, but it's absurd. Why, Father, take the great men of the world—all were cold reasoners and thinkers. None of your understanding-heart people have done any great work. Take now—there was Darwin. There was Newton. There were all the inventors. There was Socrates. There was—"

The Professor's ink-stained hand motioned her to silence. "But there was—our Lord of Nazareth."

"Oh, Him," said Faya and went back into her Vergil.

The fire crackled and the clock ticked back the minutes,—out of the void, into eternity,—fifteen, twenty minutes.

At last the Professor spoke. "You should say 'He,' my dear."



Taking the Pulse of a Gigantic Artery of Water

Down from huge reservoirs in the hills, a mighty torrent of water comes rushing through the great main to give a city its water supply. Like the pulse of a great artery, the venturimeter faithfully measures and records the passage of every gallon.

In order that this ingenious mechanism may render a true account of the thousands of gallons of water rushing through the huge underground tubes, its recording cam must have a surface absolutely even and smooth. It is with a NICHOLSON File that this all important surface is obtained. The choice of a NICHOLSON File for this operation emphasizes the fitness of our tools in work where accuracy and fineness count.

Our booklet "Adventures and Uses of NICHOLSON Files" will be sent to you if you are interested in what our files are doing.

NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.



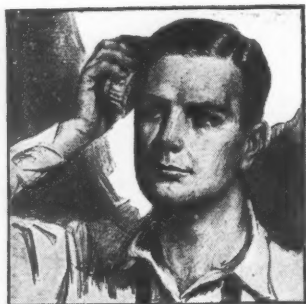
—A File for Every Purpose

"THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR"

THAT is the arresting title of the full-length book which will reach you complete in the April issue of The Companion—written for you by Theodore Goodridge Roberts, author of "Tom Akerley," "The Fighting Starkeys," "Comrades of the Trail" and many other stories.

The Smith family has gone to seed, and Amos Tumbly, grasping and malevolent, swears vengeance when his daughter marries a "good-for-nothing Smith." But the stranger arrives, to make his home with them, and the revelation of who he is, and why he came, and how he spoils Amos Tumbly's plans, makes one of the most exciting climaxes that you have ever read. *Complete* in the April Companion.

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



"Takes only a minute—lasts all day"

Toothbrush—razor—Stacomb. All part of getting ready for a successful business day.

Men of affairs rely on Stacomb to give just the right set to their hair. To keep it smooth, orderly—all day long. To counteract dandruff, too (Stacomb supplies needed oils to the hair—whereas water dries out the scalp). Try Stacomb yourself—free.

NEW LIQUID Stacomb

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Standard Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. Y-2, 113 W. 18th St., New York

FREE Send me sample of Stacomb as checked: New liquid form ☐ Cream form ☐

Name.....

Address.....

The Quick Way to Music

KING Band Instruments offer you the quickest, easiest way to learn music—to play brilliantly.

They are *unusually* guaranteed in writing to be perfect in design, materials, mechanism and workmanship. That's why they'll help you to learn faster and play better.

When a great musician like Edwin Franko Goldman says that King Instruments greatly improved the tone and intonation of his famous band, that's proof that a King will insure your musical success.

Start now! Tell us the instrument you want. We'll ship it to you to try—**FREE!** The price will be no more than you'd pay for a less perfect instrument. Deferred payments will make payment easy.

Why handicap yourself? You can afford to own a King—the instrument of guaranteed superiority. Mail the coupon today for our Handy Reference Catalog and other interesting booklets.

KING

BAND INSTRUMENTS

The H. N. White Co.,
5229-97 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.

Please send me free copy of "The White Way" Magazine and your Handy Reference Catalog. (Check, below, instrument preferred.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Saxophone ☐ Trumpet ☐ Trombone ☐ Alto
☐ French Horn ☐ Baritone ☐ Bass ☐ Bugle

FREE TO BOYS

"THE SHOOTER'S ART" Send Now!

Tells how to hold, aim and handle rifles; helps you guide others in correct knowledge of guns. Gives facts that make correct shots. Contains safety and common sense instruction every parent and boy should have. Helps to make boys leaders. Your copy free. Write at once.

The NEW BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE

America's Original Air Rifle

\$5 at your dealer's or sent postpaid. Write!

BENJAMIN Air Rifle & Mfg. Co., 627 E. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

See Miles Away! 5 DAY TRIAL 5 Sections 8-Power

with Big 3 1/2 Ft. Telescope

Brings distant people and objects close to your eyes. Wonder telescope opens over 3 1/2 ft. long. 5 big sections, brass barrel, 8-power vision. Ideal for sports, counting, travel.

Read numbers on freight car mile away—A. C. Palmer. **FREE CARRYING CASE AND SHOULDER STRAP**

SEND NO MONEY

On arrival pay postage \$1.50, plus postage (2 for \$2.00). Or send \$1.50 and we pay postage. Try 5 days. Money refunded if not delighted. Send today.

FRITZ & CO., DEPT. 2306 CHICAGO, U. S. A.

THE GALLANT LALLANES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141]

royal palm rustled against the eaves of the house; Merry's laughter came ringing around the corner; Ned's deep voice, from the foot of the steps, answered some statement made by Marion. Marguerite said, "That breeze seems to be blowing right out of the moon." Mrs. Lallane in a corner of the gallery where the shadows of the wistaria leaves had begun to dance spoke to her brother Gene.

"I had a letter from Miss Lowcott this morning," she said. "She wants a room for Mr. Lowcott. Imagine anybody's coming from New England to New Orleans in August."

"It's almost September," said the colonel. "And Miss Lowcott says it's pretty hot in September, even in Boston. When does her brother arrive?"

"Thursday."

"I'd like to take him to the plantation. Tim and I are going down, early in October, hunting."

MR. NESTOR! The glad note in Marguerite's voice surprised her uncle, and, turning to answer, he saw her standing, slim and white against the moonlit rose vines, her hand held out to Tim Nestor himself.

"Good evening," that young man called. Then, after shaking hands with Marguerite, he went to the end of the gallery, greeted the old folks, and returned to the top step. "How's the mahogany business?" he asked, seating himself beside Marguerite.

"Perfectly beautiful," said Marguerite. "It's so, so,"—she opened her arms in a wide gesture,—"so big! First, the trees 'way down in the tropics, alive, growing. Then furniture, all over the world, being used. And houses and ships and—"

"Hold on there!" gasped Mr. Nestor. "Houses built of mahogany?"

"Oh, you know what I mean. Not whole houses, but parts of houses, the most important parts—well, the most beautiful parts, anyway. And ships,—think of it,—masts and timbers and chronometers and surveying instruments—that's because mahogany doesn't shrink, and ship things are always in the water, of course. And it doesn't split, nor corrode, nor—"

"Whee-you! What a lot you know!" Again Mr. Nestor gasped.

"The mahogany huntsman climbs the tallest tree,"—Marguerite continued,—"then he surveys the surrounding country. When he sees patches of yellowish-reddish leaves, he knows it's mahogany. He now descends, and to the correct places his steps are directed, without compass or other guide than what observation has imprinted on his recollection; and he seldom fails to reach the exact spot at which he aims—I learned all that by heart, because it's just exactly what I make Graciella do!"

"Who's Graciella?" Mr. Nestor pronounced the word exactly as Marguerite had pronounced it, but it sounded horribly like the way Cousin Harry said "Grassy Ella," so it was quite a moment before she answered:

"That's the heroine of my novel."

"Oh! Are you writing a novel, too?"

"Of course."

"What's it about?"

"A beautiful girl in a primeval forest, with her lover."

"Mahogany forest?"

"I could have her there," Marguerite clasped her hands. "And she could—of course she can make money that way, being the huntsman and felling the trees; they have to be felled in the wane of the moon, the book says, and that sounds so romantic. Yes, I'll put that in the book."

"In what book did you read about the felling of the trees by the waning light of the moon?" Tim Nestor accented each word.

"An old book I found in the office, called 'The Mahogany Tree.' It has beautiful pictures in it, and it's a beautiful business, Mr. Nestor, and it's so nice at the mill."

Marguerite turned shining eyes to her friend.

"Would you like to stay there?" he asked. "I'm going to stay. Miss de la Tour is going to be married, and Mr. Gates says I'll do."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Marguerite Cruises the Timber

WHEN Mr. Lowcott arrived from Boston the Lallane girls plied him with questions about Faith, all of which he answered to the best of his ability,

but none of his answers were in the least satisfactory, being for the most part just "yes" or "no." Once, however, without any questioning, his blue eyes shone, "like stars, if stars were made out of sky," Merry said afterwards, and spoke, at length.

"I wish I had seen the Living Tree," he said. "My daughter is still talking it."

"You can see it," said Merry. "Not trimmed, but growing. Uncle Gene will show it to you."

Mr. Lowcott looked surprised and pleased. "That's the only reason I came to New Orleans," he turned to Mrs. Lallane, "to see the Living Tree that made Faith so happy."

"My brother was hoping you might want to go to the plantation," Mrs. Lallane now looked pleased and surprised.

So in October Mr. Lowcott went to Randolph Chase with Colonel Warren, where Frank Warren and young Mr. Nestor were to join them on the following Saturday. Friday evening young Mr. Nestor called on Mrs. Frank Warren and suggested that she go along, too, "because a day in the country would do Marguerite good."

"Is anything the matter with Marguerite?" asked Mrs. Warren.

"Not that I know of," Tim Nestor laughed.

"A day in the country is what you need," Mr. Warren said to his wife. So she sent Stanley on his bicycle with a note to Mrs. Lallane that said:

Dear Sister: Frank wants me to go to R. C. with him tomorrow afternoon. The train goes at two. With all those men I'd be in the way, alone. Tell Marguerite to come along and keep me company. We'll be home Monday morning, in plenty of time for her work.

In haste, but with much love, Emilie

Marguerite and her mother talked it over, and Mrs. Lallane wrote an acceptance.

At noon next day Marguerite told Mr. Gates about the proposed trip. "I want to go," she explained eagerly, "because Mr. Nestor said the other night that at Christmas time—we didn't think we'd be there till Christmas—he'd take me for a ride through our woods. And of course I want to do that, because I'm so interested in timber, now."

"Ye-es," drawled Mr. Gates without even looking up from the letters he was signing, "interested in timber. Go if you like."

Marguerite hurried away, wondering at his funny voice, but not for long. She hastened to dress—a fresh white blouse, her best skirt, her sailor hat.

"I'd wear a dress," Mrs. Lallane suggested later, "and your other hat. You're not going to work this afternoon."

So Marguerite put on a cool straw-colored voile and her floppy hat wreathed with red poppies.

When Mr. Nestor came she ran down the front steps with him, radiant with the thought of a holiday. Mr. Nestor was radiant, too. And they all, including Aunt Emilie and Uncle Frank, were very happy on the train, going to Randolph Chase.

AT the country station they found the colored man Leviticus awaiting them with a ramshackle old carriage drawn by the colonel's beautiful bay mare.

"De kunnel, he didn't reckon on no ladies,"—Leviticus dusted the seats with the tail of his evening coat that he wore over blue overalls,— "but Ah reckons you-all kin git in."

Colonel Warren, though surprised to see the ladies, relaxed in the comfort of Mrs. Warren's care and went off for another walk with Mr. Lowcott.

After dinner they sat on the front gallery, the starshine making no impression on the deep darkness. A stillness as deep, and as restful, filled all space, and the spell of the silence seemed laid on all lips. From a distance came the twang of a guitar and an occasional note of laughter.

"What time do we start in the morning, Uncle Gene?" asked Marguerite.

"We? Honey, we're going on a bear hunt, Enoch says."

"But I'm going to cruise the timber."

"Cruise the— All right, honey, you can do that. But what about the bear?"

"I don't care a bit about the bear. But I've got to see the timber land."

Mr. Lowcott rose from his deep chair and balanced himself on the banister railing, opposite the soft white blur that was Marguerite.

"Are you interested in timber lands, Miss Lallane?"

"I'm in the lumber business," Marguerite said simply. "Mr. Nestor said he'd help me cruise our timber."

"Cruise is an excellent word," said the colonel, "for our timber. It's all swamp."

Marguerite smiled gently.

"What'll you ride, honey?" Colonel Warren asked his niece. "There're only the two horses. Your Uncle Frank and Tim are riding mules."

"Go see if Enoch can't scare up another," Mrs. Warren told Tim Nestor, and he went.

"I'll go along with you," Mr. Lowcott said.

ON the way to the quarters he talked business. "What kind of timber have they?" he asked.

"None that I know of," Tim answered. "There is some pine, over that way," he waved inland, "and of course there's plenty of cypress in the swamps," and he waved in the opposite direction. "There must be, they're called cypress swamps."

"Cypress? Don't they know that cypress is valuable?"

Tim shook his head. "We never thought about it."

"Well, it's time you did think," snapped the man from Boston. "I'm interested in cypress timber. Will they sell?"

"I don't know," said Tim.

"Well, find out. You're their lawyer, aren't you?"

Tim said he was, and later when Mr. Lowcott and the ladies had gone to their rooms he brought up the matter with his clients.

"The timber's not worth ten cents," said the colonel, "and—"

But Tim interrupted. "If Mr. Lowcott thinks it is, we'd better talk it over with him."

"I can't talk business to a guest in my house," Colonel Warren, hands behind him, paced back and forth, storming.

"You don't have to," Mr. Nestor, seated quietly, stormed back. "I'll talk business with him, when he's not your guest. I'll follow him to Boston, if that suits you better. What about you, Frank, your share?"

"Mr. Lowcott is welcome to my share in the timber," the colonel interrupted, "for ten cents an acre. But if it weren't for my sister—she needs every penny she can get—I wouldn't consider letting him make even a dime's worth of a fool of himself."

"Don't you worry about fooling him," said the lawyer. "We're the fools. How about it, Frank?"

Frank Warren raised his head from his hands. "Sell. Get just as much as you can, for every tree in the swamp, and maybe he'll buy the swamp. But be sure to remind my sister that it is all her share, or she'll refuse for fear we may think that she and her daughters aren't manly! Tell her it's her legal share, that her name was grown in the bark, and twisted in the twigs, and woven in the leaves, and—"

"I don't like poetry so late at night," interrupted Tim Nestor. "See you in the morning."

He did not, however, see Mr. Warren in the morning. Mrs. Warren returned to the kitchen with the early coffee she had taken up to her husband. "He says four hours' sleep in his bed is worth more than one bear in a bush," she laughed, and Tim, taking the cup from her, swallowed the coffee, and then went to get Leviticus and the horses.

MARGUERITE, at this moment, sprang a surprise. She produced riding clothes which she had borrowed from a friend in town—trim breeches, boots, and a sleeveless jacket over her white blouse. Mr. Nestor, not less neatly arrayed, found himself appointed to ride Vashti, the old white mule. But first he held, for Marguerite to mount, a small black horse with white nose and forefeet, which Enoch had managed to borrow. Colonel Warren led the way on his own horse, followed by Mr. Lowcott on the bay mare, and Leviticus on a black mule.

Marguerite had often ridden as a young girl, but found herself out of practice now. For a long time she kept up, but was glad to pause at the edge of the swamp, while all the men except Mr. Nestor rode into its rank undergrowth.

"Isn't it beautiful?" Marguerite gazed at

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 150]

Title
No. 1

Title
No. 2

Title
No. 3

Title
No. 4

Title
No. 5

Title
No. 6

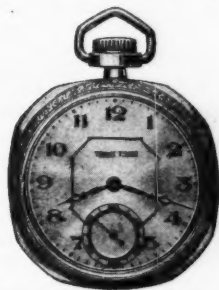
Write the Titles for this Movie, and Win a Prize!

YOU'VE often thought you would like to write for the movies, haven't you? Here is your opportunity! Write six brief titles, (not more than 50 words each) which describe the scenes in the movie strip shown on this page. Make every word count in disclosing just what happens in the picture that follows that particular title.

IT may mean Money for You! Send us your titles and one new yearly subscription to The Youth's Companion, before April 1, 1928. We will not only send you the premium selected, but if yours is one of the ten best sets of titles sent in we will give you \$5.00 IN GOLD. The name of this movie is "Jimmy Keene Puts It Across." You supply six sub-titles. Now let's see how ingenious you are!

The \$5.00 will be in addition to the premium which you will earn by getting the new subscription. Select from this page with its exceptional offers good during March only, or from our regular list. You can do it easily, just like Jimmy Keene in the pictures. Study the pictures on the movie film and write the story they tell into your own sub-titles. Then send them to us with the subscription order.

Special Rewards for March



Tommy Ticker Pocket Watch

Regularly given for one subscription and 40 cents extra, the "Tommy Ticker" Watch will be given DURING MARCH ONLY for one new subscription WITHOUT EXTRA MONEY.

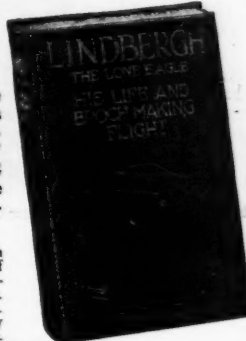
A DANDY open-face watch that will bring delight to any man or boy. The case is of the very popular octagonal shape, handsomely engraved on rim and back. The dial is silvered, and the second hand is recessed. This beautiful case contains a newly designed movement with exceptionally fine adjustments built for hard knocks. Each movement is carefully timed and accurately adjusted before it is allowed to leave the factory. Stem wind and set. A man-sized, reliable watch that boys particularly like to carry, and a true time keeper.

A Book for Everyone

LINDBERGH THE LONE EAGLE

Regularly given for one subscription and 25 cents extra, the book "Lindbergh—The Lone Eagle" will be given DURING MARCH ONLY for one new subscription WITHOUT EXTRA MONEY.

COL. Charles A. Lindbergh has attained heights of achievement that eclipse the boldest dreams of any fiction writer. Every word of this book is fact. It is an intimate, inspiring story of the famous, youthful lone eagle. The book includes a valuable chapter on the navigation of the "Spirit of St. Louis," also copies of the world-wide congratulations on Lindbergh's flight received by the United States Government. Lavishly illustrated, printed on fine book paper, and durably bound in handsome textile leather, embossed design, semi-flexible, gold stamping. A book for every home.



15-or
24-inch
Omar Pearl
Necklace

PREMIUMS are given only for new subscriptions. By "new" we mean a subscription that introduces The Youth's Companion into a home where it has not been taken during the past twelve months. There are scores of such homes in your town.

Beautiful Omar Pearls

Regularly given for one subscription and 60 cents extra, the beautiful Omar Pearl Necklace will be given DURING MARCH ONLY for one new subscription WITHOUT EXTRA MONEY. State length desired.

EVERY woman and girl will appreciate the charm of this lovely necklace. The creamy white Omar pearls are perfectly matched for color, finely graduated, and guaranteed washable and indestructible. Your choice of 15- or 24-inch string. Mounted with a sterling silver safety clasp set with a brilliant. The necklace is encased in a pretty leatherette box, lined with satin. These are genuine Omar Pearls and should not be confused with inferior imitations. Makes a beautiful gift.

Here's the
Happy Climax!

Send Subscription Orders
with your remittance to
The YOUTH'S COMPANION
10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. or
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.



Our Key-
stone Pin of
Gold and
Blue

The G. Y. C.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join now!

Our aim: greater knowledge,
skill and happiness through
enterprises which lead to suc-
cessful achievements

W O N D E R F U L N E W S !

Miss Helen Ferris Accepts the Presidency of the G. Y. C.

Next Month's G. Y. C. Pages Will Reflect Her Magnetic and Understanding Personality

THE most wonderful piece of news I have ever been able to give is contained in these headlines.

If you are a Girl Scout, you know Miss Ferris, of course. For years she has been the editor of the American Girl, that splendid magazine published in the interests of the Girl Scouts.

But now Helen Ferris comes to The Youth's Companion as Associate Editor and President of the G. Y. C. Even as you read these lines she is at work on our April pages—splendid, practical, interesting pages that will hold the attention of girls and their mothers everywhere.

The career of Helen Ferris has been a most notable one. Before she was with the Girl Scouts, she was Vocational Director of the Philadelphia store of John Wanamaker, where she was guide, philosopher, and friend to the thousands and thousands of girls and women who make up the great human family in that great store. And before that she was Executive Secretary of a club of 2200 women and girls in John Wanamaker's New York store.

Helen Ferris and the girls of that club had many good times together, doing the very things that G. Y. C. girls enjoy today—playing games together, especially basketball; going camping together; giving parties together—yes, with refreshments of their own making; planning, even making, their new clothes together; and talking, many times, of those things that girls everywhere do think and talk about—their hopes and their ambitions and their difficulties, their friendships and how to make and keep friends, the future and what they wished to become.

During these years Helen Ferris wrote the first of her popular books; its title is "Girls' Clubs: Their Organization and Management" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), and it can be bought everywhere. A little later she wrote her next book, also widely popular because of its many stunts for parties and entertainments, with the title,



"Producing Amateur Entertainments." And only last year she wrote with her friend, Virginia Moore, a fascinating book called "Girls Who Did"—true stories about such interesting people as Ethel Barrymore, Maria Jeritza, Neysa McMein, Annie Carroll Moore, and others.

The rest of Miss Ferris's story can hardly be told in this brief space; but it will interest you to know that she is a graduate of Vassar, class of 1912, that her father is a professor at New York University, and that her home town is Hastings, Neb.

She has been elected our President by unanimous vote of the Executive Committee of the G. Y. C., and I hope that many of you will write her a note or postcard of congratulation, care of The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston.

Perhaps you would like to know what the Girl Scouts of America said about her when she resigned from their organization to join The Youth's Companion, thus giving herself by far the largest circle of old and new friends she has ever served. In the Girl Scout Leader a few weeks ago appeared the following notice:

"Girl Scouting is indebted to Helen Ferris. She possesses a rare combination of creative ability and business capacity, of idealism and human understanding; and her impress will long remain with us. Her friends in Girl Scouting will all be interested in following her fortunes in other fields."

And I know that all Companion readers will soon feel the same interest as do the Girl Scouts.

I am remaining, of course, as Executive Secretary of the G. Y. C. I can hardly tell you how much it means to me to be associated with one of the finest, the most achieving young women in the United States—I love Helen Ferris already, and I know you will, too.

Hazel Grey

Our Seal of Approval



THIS G. Y. C. Seal of Approval is awarded exclusively to reputable firms for use on products which have proved to be reliable as the result of careful tests conducted by the G. Y. C.

Its appearance on various products is a guaranty that those products have the approval of our G. Y. C. and are deserving of your patronage by reason of their excellence.

Membership in the G. Y. C.

Do you belong to the G. Y. C.? If you have not already joined, fill out this coupon, mail it to me today and be enrolled as a Corresponding Member with the privilege of competing for higher membership and a G. Y. C. Keystone Pin.

Return to Hazel Grey

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

....How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

....How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

My name is.....

I am..... years old.

Address.....



There's a rightness about nature that is hard to imitate

There's a rightness about nature that is hard to imitate and dangerous to go against. One's eyes may be a little greener than one would wish, one's legs a little thinner than is usual, one's nose a little more tip-tilted than the poets sing about. But there are comparatively few architectural changes possible in our bodies, and of those I have seen only a small number that seemed to me artistic.

So many girls write to me about noses that they "perfectly hate," and what can they do about them? And almost always I say, "Forget about them if you possibly can. Noses are hard to change, and even if I could send you a lovely new nose probably

If Wishes Were Faces

BY HAZEL RAWSON CADES, Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

WHEN I was a little girl I was sure that, if only my hair were blonde instead of black, curly instead of straight, I should live happy ever after. I can now see, in the light of years and mirrors, that these changes would not have been so satisfactory as I hoped. In fact I very much doubt if, even then, I should have really cared for them.

There's a rightness about nature that is hard to imitate and dangerous to go against. One's eyes may be a little greener than one would wish, one's legs a little thinner than is usual, one's nose a little more tip-tilted than the poets sing about. But there are comparatively few architectural changes possible in our bodies, and of those I have seen only a small number that seemed to me artistic.

So many girls write to me about noses that they "perfectly hate," and what can they do about them? And almost always I say, "Forget about them if you possibly can. Noses are hard to change, and even if I could send you a lovely new nose probably

ILLUSTRATED BY DORIS HOLT HAUMAN

it wouldn't fit your face or look nearly so well there as this old one that you 'perfectly hate.' However, if you'll arrange your hair with a knot at the back, in the proper place to balance your nose, and choose your hats with the sort of brims that make it less conspicuous, you'll presently be able to forget about it, I feel sure. Brimless hats that slope sharply back from the face should not be worn.

Spectacles are another great trial to girls. If your eyes need glasses, it's silly not to wear them. Not only do you run grave chances of injuring your eyes, but, if they have something the matter with them and you don't wear proper glasses, usually they look strained and unnatural and often get bloodshot and reddened about the lids. Spectacles that are properly chosen to suit your face are not objectionable. If you are small and fair, for instance, you don't need

to wear glasses with thick, black rims. There are many styles to choose from that will be much more becoming. In selecting a hat buy one that has enough brim to shade the lenses and keep them from reflecting the light.

I feel awfully sorry for girls who grow up from golden-haired babies into what I call the "medium" class. It must be downright disappointing to think you're going to be a blonde, and find it's a mistake. But there are, oh, so many girls who are in this sad predicament. I know there are, because it seems as if they all write to me. And of course there really isn't any way of getting back the color of their baby hair. It's just gone, like their baby noses and the funny little creases that served them for wrists, and the shade of their baby complexions. And even if I could get it back it wouldn't look right with the rest of them, for nature has a canny way of making "altogether" changes, and she knows what she's about.

Going without breakfast and lunching on a cup cake



Going without breakfast and lunching on a cup cake



Girls who grow up from golden-haired babies

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 150]

How to Make the Delicate Digestible Doughnut

Most everyone likes good home-made doughnuts. Use this Rumford recipe and they'll surely be good.

$\frac{4}{5}$ cups flour
4 teasp. Rumford
Baking Powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teasp. salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teasp. grated
nutmeg
1 egg
1 cup sugar
1 cup milk

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and nutmeg. Add sugar and moisten with the egg and milk. Roll out $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick on floured board. Cut with doughnut cutter dipped in flour to prevent sticking. Cook golden brown in deep fat hot enough to brown a piece of bread in one minute. Drain on soft paper, and when cold, sugar lightly.

Doughnuts made this way are light, tender, digestible. When made with Rumford the dough need not all be used the same day. Doughnuts cooked the following day will be as good as the original batch.

Be sure to get

RUMFORD

THE WHOLESOME
BAKING
POWDER

It Never Spoils
A Baking



T-96



Callouses

Corns, Callouses, Bunions yield at once to the wonderful medication in this thin, comfortable plaster. You walk, play, dance in comfort. No more nagging foot pains; no dangerous applications of acids and poisons. Medicated COMFITAPE.

Stops Pain Instantly

Absorbs all hard growths without injury to healthy flesh. Antiseptic, healing, and $\$1$ for big spool and $\$2$ for small after trying, get full refund.

COMFITAPE LAB., Dept. Y, Burlington, Vt.

Latest Style Wrist Watch
\$3.99
GREATEST BARGAIN IN AMERICA TODAY! Regular \$12 value. Newest, dainty, fashionable Ladies' Watch. White gold finish. Genuine imported jewel movement. Accurate reliable timekeeper. Silk grosgrain ribbon. Fully guaranteed. Send no money! You pay on delivery only \$3.99 plus the postage. JENKINS, 621 Broadway, New York. Dept. 51 E 3

ALWAYS Ask For **DENISON'S**—52 Years of Hits
Comedy-Dramas, Vaudeville Acts, Farces, Musical Monologues, Dialogues, Comedies, Reunions, Entertainments, Musical Readings, Comedy Songs, Chalk Talk Books, Minstrels, Blackface Skits, Make-up Goods. Catalog FREE. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 77 CHICAGO

THIS CLASS PIN 30c.
19 or more, Silver plate, Single pins 60c ea. choice 3 colors enamel, 3 designs, dale. Sterling Silver, 19 or more 50c ea. Single pins 60c ea. Free Cat. shows Pins, Rings, Emblems 25c to \$3 ea. 665 METAL ARTS CO., Inc., 778 Portland Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

PLAYS with a Punch!
Cleverly written—easily acted—easily staged—we have a selection of plays that are charming in wit and humor—ideally adapted for amateur groups. Write for Free descriptive catalogue. Dramatic Publishing Company, Dept. 35, 542 E. Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

WHY NOT spend Spring, Summer, Fall, gathering butterflies? I buy hundreds of kinds for collections. Good prices paid. Some worth \$1 to \$2 each. Intensely interesting outdoor work. Before sending butterflies, mail 10c (not stamp) for my **ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS**, which explains everything. Mr. Sinclair, Dealer in Insects, Dept. 71, Box 1424, San Diego, Calif.

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy. Mrs. Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

(Left) The corduroy lounging robe. (Right) The cotton crepe pajamas



THIS corduroy lounging robe, lined throughout with figured Seco lining, with three-quarter-length sleeves, side-tie sash, and roll collar of self material, comes in cherry, orchid, or blue; small, medium, and large sizes; \$5.00.

The pajamas are cotton crepe. The top is white, figured with rose, peach, or blue, with Jenny neck and wide straps over the shoulders. The bottom is white, trimmed with the figured crepe; sizes 16 and 17; \$1.00 a pair.

Quilted satin slippers with silk pompons and soft padded soles and heels come in lavender, rose, copen blue, or black; sizes 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -8; \$1.50.

The rayon lingerie is cut full and reinforced for durability. The bloomers can be had in pink, peach, Nile green, orchid, grain, or dove gray; sizes 34-40; \$1.65 a pair. The vest comes in pink, peach, Nile green, or orchid; sizes 4-8; \$1.00.

Fashions for the Young Girl

Fashions from
Gilchrist's,
Boston

April Showers toilet accessories are youthful. Twenty-four fragrant bath tablets neatly packed in an attractive triangular glass jar cost \$1.00. Delicately scented talcum in a tall metal can with sifter top is only 25 cents; in a glass bottle with sifter top, \$1.00. Refreshingly fragrant bath powder with a soft velour puff comes in an oval metal box; \$1.25.

TO ORDER: I shall be glad to shop for all or any of the things shown. Send your order with your check or money order to

Hazel Grey

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

AMONG OUR CLUBS

Letters from Clubs in Illinois and Oregon



Left to right: LaVonne Rice, Verla Thompson, Doris Baldwin, Thelma Fretty, May Seidel

The G. Y. C. Merryhearts

Rankin, Illinois

Dear Hazel Grey:

We wish to become Active Members. Here are the four requirements. We are inclosing a group snapshot of all the Members. They are LaVonne Rice, Verla Thompson, Doris Baldwin, Thelma Fretty, and May Seidel. The name of our club is the G. Y. C. Merryhearts. Our officers are Doris Baldwin, President; Verla Thompson, Secretary, and LaVonne Rice, Treasurer. Our dues are five cents a month. We have no definite day of meeting, but usually meet two or three times a month. Our colors are blue and gold. I have been appointed club reporter to send news to the G. Y. C.

As our first enterprise we held a candy sale in the front window of a store uptown. Each girl brought two plates of candy. It sold fast, and in an hour it was all gone. We took in \$2.27.

We are interested in sewing, cooking, dramatics, and reading. We are anxiously looking forward to the day when our pins arrive and we are Active Members.

MAY SEIDEL, Reporter

From Our Fifth Active Branch
Club in Oregon

The Dalles, Oregon

Dear Hazel Grey:

We received your letter and our G. Y. C. pins and are very proud to be made Active G. Y. C. Members. We have drawn up our constitution, which has been signed by all Charter Members. One of our recent achievements was to give a play, which was very successful. We gave one-half the proceeds to the church where it was presented.

Our newly-elected officers are: Zola Whitted, President; Rose Priem, Vice-President; Blanche Dawson, Treasurer; May A. Foster, Corresponding Secretary.

With this letter we are sending a copy of our first club paper, "The Owl," which is to come out once a month. We are planning to enlarge it more and more each month.

MAY A. FOSTER, Corresponding Secretary

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A G. Y. C. BRANCH CLUB?

JUDGING from the above letters, don't you think our Branch Clubs are having loads of fun? As this goes to press there are 160 active Branch Clubs of the G. Y. C.—one or more in every state but Arizona, Georgia, Mississippi, Nevada, Rhode Island and Utah. Remember—a cash prize is waiting for the first three from these six states! Don't you want to organize one, too? Write to me for full information about how to win active membership for a club and a G. Y. C. pin for every Member. And please remember to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

H. G.

HAM... that's always handy



When the Kids Come Home from School

Send for FREE Cook Book of 70 Underwood Recipes
WM. UNDERWOOD CO.
91 Walnut St. Watertown, Mass.

10 CANS IN CARTONS OF 6
Also 25c and 40c Sizes

UNDERWOOD



Deviled Ham



The dangers arising from Varicose Veins, (Ulcer, Clot, Hemorrhage, etc.), are eliminated by our Made to Measure

Elastic Stockings

Send for booklet with directions for self measuring.

CURTIS & SPINDELL CO.
40 Oxford St. Lynn, Mass.

Cash's Names
Woven on Fine Cambric Tape
They save laundry losses at home, school, traveling.
A Mark of Individuality
Order from your Dealer or write!
J. J. Cash, Inc.
7228 St. S. Norwalk, Ct.
88 Gray St. Belvidere, Ont.

10 BIG WEEKLY MAGAZINES 10c
Most unusual offer! Ten weekly issues of America's liveliest illustrated magazine for 10c. Highest quality fiction; unusual articles; sparkling wit and humor; special departments for every member of the family. Send your name, address and 10 cents without delay. The Pathfinder, Dept. C-113 Washington, D.C.

CLASS PINS 35c
NEW CATALOG FREE!
Original Show-Shop Plate 35c ea. \$3.50 doz. Sterling Silver 50c ea. \$5.00 doz. Gold Plate 50c ea. \$5.00 doz. Send for 2 Colors Enamel, any Letters and Date.
BASTIAN BROS. CO. 832 BASTIAN BLDG. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Use Cuticura Soap And Ointment To Heal Sore Hands

LATEST STYLE WRIST WATCH

Direct from Switzerland



As a matter of fact, color plays much less part in hair looks than either health or good grooming. Think over the people you know who have noticeably lovely hair and tell me—isn't it remarkable rather for its shininess and luxuriance and vigor than for any particular beauty of color?

STAMMER

Write for my free book "Millard's Advanced Natural Corrective Course" and a free copy of my speech magazine; 10,000 cases successfully treated. Est. 24 years. Largest school for stammerers in world. Millard Inst. of Normal Speech, 2324 Millard Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

You can be quickly cured, if you STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "The Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogue, 11800 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

SHORT STORY WRITING

Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today. THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Springfield, Mass.

STAMMERING

Easily, permanently corrected. Win happiness and success. Ask for full information and special photograph record. Send dime for postage 357 Johnson Ave., The Lewis Institute, Detroit

STAMMERERS

I can teach you to speak normally. Send for free booklet telling how. SAMUEL Y. ROBBINS, 419 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

SCHOOL GUIDE

—sent free. Advice ALL Schools in U. S. Want Girls or Boys? Am. Schools Assn. 1212y Times Bldg., N.Y., or 1204y at 17 N. State, Chicago.

9 BIG POULTRY MAGAZINES

POULTRY JOURNAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER. Send only 10c coin or stamps and receive Standard Poultry Journal for 9 months. Introductory offer—good for a limited time only. \$5 to 100 pieces of valuable information each month—written and edited by poultry experts—will help you increase poultry and egg profits. Send your dime today for 9 months trial—no year—5 cents. 10c. STANDARD POULTRY JOURNAL, Box 10, Pleasant Hill, Mo.

PETS for the FAMILY

Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons, who have them for sale.

SQUAB BOOK FREE

Breed squabs and make money. Sold by millions. Write at once for free 40-page book beautifully printed in colors telling how to do it. You will be surprised. FLEMING BUCK SQUAB CO., 197 H St., Weirsdale Highlands, Mass.

RAISE BELGIAN HARES

See Eastern Bred—Champion—Famous Giant MAKE BIG MONEY—We Supply Stock and pay you following prices for all you raise: Belgian Hares \$5 each—New Zealand \$5 each—Cinchilla \$4 each—Flemish Giant \$5 each. 12-page illustrated book, catalog and contract, also copy of Fur Farming magazine, tells how to raise skunk, mink, fox, etc., for big profits, all for 10c. Address OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., Box 60, Malone Park, Missouri

COLLIES—White and Colored. Pedigreed, intelligent workers, loyal companions, reliable guards. Prices reasonable, and satisfaction guaranteed. Box 140, Shomont Kennels, Monticello, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL REGISTERED BULL PUPS, \$15. Bulldogs. 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas.

COLLIES for sale. Also book on training, 35c. F. R. Clark, Bloomington, Ill.

IF WISHES WERE FACES

[G. Y. C. CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148]



Arrange your hair in the proper places to balance your nose

If your hair is thick and straight instead of wispy and wavy and fly-away, as you like hair, don't get disgusted with it until you have carefully considered whether, after all, thick straight hair is not the kind best suited to your particular face. Those things are usually pretty well arranged.

I like slender people, but I can't say that I have ever felt any great admiration for skinniness; and I can't get all excited about plump little girls who yearn to be thin. I've seen too many plump little girls get altogether too thin and hollow-chested and anemic-looking. And I know that girls in their teens need a few extra pounds to grow on and worry on, if they are to turn at length into good-looking young women.

Of course you don't want to be fat. If you are, then you're eating too much and not exercising enough, or there is something wrong inside you that your doctor should set right. See him any way—don't try to whittle yourself down on your own initiative, by going without breakfast and lunching on a cup cake. You'll make yourself sick, but not good-looking.

If you're plumper than is usual, choose your clothes with a little more care. Avoid bunched, bulky fabrics such as coarse tweed or organdie, shiny fabrics like satin that reflect the light, and large patterned fabrics that break up the surface and make it seem larger. Dark colors are not as "large-looking" as light ones. The cool colors such as blue and dark green are generally less conspicuous than the warm ones such as red, pink, henna, etc. Clothes should be well cut, not too tight nor too sloppy. Try for up-and-down lines, inverted plaits, V-shaped

collars, long sleeves and no crosswise trimmings. Avoid big, floppy hats. Always wear shoes with broad enough heels to give your body proper support, so that you walk gracefully.

I think it's grand to be tall. You can see over crowds and wear wide hats, and you never need be afraid of being taken for your little sister. But I know lots of girls who don't share my opinion. I see them walking along the street, bending over to try to make themselves shorter, apologizing to the world for what they ought to be simply tickled to death about. Of course if you're extremely tall you don't want to wear high heels or tall hats or very short skirts. There's no sense in making yourself conspicuous. Your clothes should be of easy fit, and usually soft crepe or chiffony things are nice for you. You needn't be afraid of gathers or circular

effects or full skirts or soft, shaggy furs, when they are in style. But, by all means, don't be ashamed of your height. The goddesses and the Greeks were tall, I think, and there's nothing lovelier than a full-grown, symmetrical, free-moving proudly-carried body.

Then there is the question of legs and ankles. Some are too fat and some too thin, and it's all very difficult. To the thin ones, I would say that any local thinness can be corrected usually only by a general all-over-the-body gain in weight. Leg exercises which develop muscle, such as walking and bicycling, will help to make legs sturdier but not fatter; massage with cocoa butter is stimulating and may help weight. If calves and ankles are too fat walking or bicycling will harden them up. Also try this exercise: Rise on the toes, tensing the muscles. Hold the position for a minute and then lower yourself. You will feel the pull on the muscles in the calves of the legs. If ankles are large on account of bony structure, of course nothing can be done.

Light stockings will make legs look larger, and so will fancy wool sports hose. Conversely, darker shades will make the legs look more slender. If your legs are not pretty, I think it's wise not to wear your skirts too short.

So, you see, there are ways of making the best of what may seem to you to be poor bargains in looks. And here's the most comforting thing about it. You think you're the most abused girl in the world because your hair is black and your ankles aren't thin. But remember this: The girl next door is probably feeling ten times worse because her hair is flaxen and her ankles aren't fatter. Did you ever think of that? Well, please do. For any nose and any hair and any ankles may be assets or annoyances according to your point of view, and also according to your cleverness in making the best of them.



There are comparatively few architectural changes possible in our bodies

THE GALLANT LALLANES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146]

the sky, now aglow with lavender light that changed to gold, then crimson. A few trees flashed vivid color among the evergreens.

Tim Nestor, staring at the delicate profile outlined against the dark hair, loosened by her ride and tumbling now across her shoulder, thought what a pretty nose she had.

"It's very beautiful," he said.

Marguerite looked around at him.

"Your no—I, I mean the sunrise. I suppose you'll put that in a poem."

"Oh!" cried Marguerite. "I don't intend to write about nature!" Scorn dripped from her words and she sent her horse forward.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Living Tree Shines Back

AT nine o'clock one Saturday morning, towards the end of October, Marion and Merry settled down with their mother in the back parlor, still shrouded in green tissue and white linen, for their last day of reading and sewing. They were back at school, but they still held to their vacation habits. Marion, whose turn it was to read aloud, balanced the big red volume of Shakespeare on her knees and rolled the musical words of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" beneath her tongue.

"Misteh Nesteh's in de parlor, Mis' Lallane," Pianola, in the doorway, announced.

"Mr. Nestor? At this hour?"

Mrs. Lallane rose, and as she left the room Merry said: "I bet he's come to say that this house has dee-pre-shi-ated in va-lue." With each syllable she jabbed her needle more fiercely through the mass of red material in her lap. "Seems to me he ought to be satisfied with what he did to Marguerite—keeping her out of college all this time!"

Red book and red material fell to the floor as the two girls dashed from the room, down the hall, and came to a stop at the front parlor door, watching their mother wipe her eyes.

"I told you so." Merry's voice was a sob.

"Children, children, come in!" called Mrs. Lallane. "It is news—wonderful news. Marguerite—can—go—to—college—after all!"

In a second Merry had flung her arms around the joy-bringer's waist and Marion was dancing up and down beside him. "Tell us, tell us, tell us," they begged, and Mr. Nestor told them that Mr. Lowcott had taken an option on the timber.

"What's an option?" Merry interrupted.

"When a person thinks he wants to buy something," the young lawyer chose his words carefully, "he pays the owner a small sum, in proportion to the total value, to hold it for him, until he is sure. So, Mr. Lowcott took an option on your mother's share of the timber at Randolph Chase, and now he has completed the purchase."

"Isn't timber trees?" again Merry interrupted.

"It's trees, when it's growing in the woods," Tim Nestor explained, "and it's timber when you're buying, or selling it, and it's lumber when it's all sawed up—at least I think that is correct. We'll have to ask Marguerite."

"Let's go tell her about it, right now," suggested Merry, "so she can get ready to start Monday morning, early."

"She said she thought she'd be through about three this afternoon," Mrs. Lallane said, "so I'll go up after lunch, and we can walk home together. But I think I had better go alone, dear."

"All right," Merry agreed immediately.

"Come along, Marion."

SHE dragged her sister from the parlor and, whispering excitedly, they went downstairs. In the "Office Building" Marion drew the old high chair up to the walnut sideboard and from a drawer took the crystal powder box with its tracery of

gold. It was heavy with silver, which she dumped on to the black veined marble. Carefully she piled the dimes, an equal number in every pile, while Merry was pulling everything out of the wardrobe that was her "office" until she found the wall vase that was her bank. The contents of the vase scattered as she shook it, and so she had to chase innumerable small coins into far corners. Finally she gathered together some seventy-six cents. She had earned most of it by giving an occasional cooking lesson, when Aunt Sarah had set aside some particularly desirable food.

"We can get her some beautiful presents, with all my money, and all yours," Merry said. "Maybe Mother will take us downtown when she comes back from the mill."

They asked her at luncheon, and Mrs. Lallane said she would see about it. When luncheon was over she went to the Gates Mahogany Company, and, the moment she entered the office, Marguerite slipped down from the high stool where, beside a thin man, she was calling out figures. She came out to the porch, a sheaf of papers in her hands.

Her face was a little whiter than usual, her head high, as though she were holding it above such unpleasant news as her mother might have brought.

"Mr. Nestor came to the house this morning," Mrs. Lallane began, and the little chin went higher. "Mr. Lowcott wants to buy the timber on the plantation. Anyway, he has given Tim Nestor a check, and it's enough for you to go to college, dear—not just start, but go all the way—four whole years." Mrs. Lallane could hardly speak for joy.

Marguerite stared. Her cheeks flamed. "Mother! I've tried so hard not to care. I can't even believe it—oh, but I do."

Timid John Gates smiled broadly when Marguerite gave him the news. Somehow, she became aware that he had had just a little to do with it. Perhaps Mr. Lowcott had

written to him privately, to secure an expert opinion of the value of the Randolph Chase cypress. Yes, Marguerite decided that must be it. But Mr. Gates would not admit it.

Marguerite reached home just as Octavie announced dinner. When she entered the dining-room her hair was still moist from her bath. Because of the heat she had piled it high on her head, and it made a lovely dark line around her very pale face. She put on her oldest dress because it was the thinnest, a soft thing. Her brown eyes shone. "The child's getting pretty," thought Mrs. Lallane.

"You come with me, Rita," ordered Marion after dinner, dragging her sister through the parlor door and into a high-backed chair.

"You don't look a bit glad about college," Merry said.

"I'm so glad that I can hardly speak."

Marguerite looked up with a smile, and saw Mr. White. He laid a little blue velvet box in her lap.

"Your mother said I might help you to get to college on time, at least!"

Marguerite opened the box. On a bed of satin lay a tiny gold watch. Her lips trembled. She couldn't speak, and Marion had to clasp the watch on her wrist.

Now Merry came forward with a parcel, unwrapping it and proudly pulling forth a pair of red leather bedroom slippers, embroidered in gold. "These will match the wrapper I am making for you," she said. "It'll be finished this Christmas, I hope. But I bought the slippers—with my cooking-school money."

Marion's gift was a lovely silk purse. "Of course," she said, "I didn't spend all my money on it, because you will need some change."

Marguerite opened the purse, which felt heavy, and it was bulging with dancing-class dimes.

Marguerite laughed, and almost cried, and kissed her sisters, and tried to get her arms around them, with her lap full of gifts, while tear-drops twinkled on her long lashes.

WHEN Marguerite was seated again in the high-backed chair, her mother drew forth a letter which had arrived that afternoon from Boston. "It's from Mr. Lowcott," she said, handing it to Marguerite. "Please read it aloud."

This was the letter:

Dear Mrs. Lallane: May I try once more to thank you for your courtesy, and that of your family, while I was in New Orleans? I do not wonder that my sister and my little daughter are enchanted with the place and people. I am, too. My only object in going to New Orleans, as I tried to tell you, was to see the plantation where my little daughter was taken so happily by your three girls through a holiday that would otherwise have been unbearable for her. But I am glad to report that my purchase of your timber land—

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" interrupted Marion.

"Marion!"

Mrs. Lallane tried to speak severely.

"Well, just to think of all the fuss we made about that tree—I mean, about not wanting to have it for Faith. Then we thought we had nothing to trim it with, then we worked so hard to do it, and then we forgot all about ever having done it. And now, most a year afterward, it comes shining back at us. Just think what it's done for us—bringing Mr. Lowcott down here to New Orleans, and everything."

"And I'll be jiggered, too," said Marguerite, speaking thoughtfully. "Isn't it funny that the one thing we didn't do to get me started in college—having a tree for Faith Lowcott—has turned out to be the thing that will send me there?"

For a long time there was silence. Then Mrs. Lallane said softly:

"That gives us much to think about, doesn't it, dears? But I do know that, if we all hadn't wanted it so very much, if Marguerite hadn't been brave enough to study at home and try to make money outside, and if you other girls hadn't helped her just as much as you could, all this good fortune wouldn't have come, because it wouldn't have been deserved. What was it Marion called the swamp land—an unforeseen resource? So it has proved to be. A great many people never know what their real resources are. But I do."

She bent and kissed them all, one after another.

Marguerite, raising her eyes, saw in her mother's face the radiance that used to shine across the evening table toward her father and down upon her, sitting on the footstool at their feet, when she was a little girl so many years ago.

THE END

DEATHLESS SPLENDOR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122]

stood their ground. They made such resistance that the advance was halted and the English began to retreat. The Indians then began to return, and, fighting in their usual way, gave effective fire from behind trees and other places of concealment. Braddock's men were hemmed in in a narrow road of their own cutting, where there was little or no opportunity to rally an effective force. Fired upon from both sides, the English troops broke, and communicated their terror to the rest of the force.

Accounts of the battle are confused and contradictory. We need not record them here. Braddock's army was woefully defeated. The French were surprised to find themselves the victors in a fight which they had expected to lose. Braddock himself was shot.

They all blamed Braddock. His officers shielded themselves behind his obstinate refusal to take advice. Just what advice he had refused we do not quite know. It is said that he insisted on fighting in military order instead of permitting his men to fire from behind trees. But his chief difficulty was in getting his men to stand their ground and fire at all. We know that he was defeated and killed. The battle occurred on July 9, 1755, and Braddock died four days later.

If Braddock's defeat is to be attributed to any single mistake, it would seem to have been that of accepting the advice of anyone who wished him to advance upon the French by way of a road through Virginia. If Pennsylvania had been as much interested in the war as Virginia was and had furnished Braddock as good a map from Philadelphia to the French fort as George Washington gave him of the route by way of Fort Cumberland, he could have advanced much nearer his destination through settled territory and have found roads which if not good were at least not so bad, and which for a portion of their distance would have permitted two or more columns to push forward by parallel routes. But Pennsylvania was not interested in the war.

This important thing happened, however: George Washington emerged from the battle a popular hero. He was as brave as Braddock, and he knew more than Braddock about Indians. There appears to be no doubt that his courage and steadiness of nerve helped to save the defeat from complete disaster. The news which circulated through the colonies and which filtered back to England was that Braddock had died as the fool dieth, and that the hero of the memorable battle was Col. George Washington.

Washington's mother's brother, Joseph Ball, who practiced law in London, and who had once written advising her not to let her son go to sea, now wrote direct to George:

"Good cousin: It is a sensible pleasure to me to hear you have behaved yourself with such a martial spirit in all your engagements with the French. We have heard of General Braddock's defeat. Everybody blames his rash conduct. I desire you, as you may have opportunity, to give me a short account how you proceed. I am your mother's brother."

Nobody now remembered Washington's surrender of Fort Mifflin. People forgot that he had been accused of assassination and was actually declared to have admitted it. Col. George Washington rose high in popular esteem.

But he was sick. On November 7, 1757, he was unable to write, but Captain Stewart wrote for him, saying:

"For upwards of three months past Colo. Washington has labored under a Bloody Flux. About a week ago his disorder greatly increased, attended with fevers. . . . The complication of Disorders greatly perplexes the Doctor."

At that time Washington was so weak that he sometimes doubted whether he would ever be well and thought he did not greatly care. But in due time he recovered and was glad to be alive.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

CAMP NEWS

THE JOYS OF CAMP

How to Choose a Good Camp—and What It Offers

TO know how to swim; to learn the secret of horsemanship; to master the art of handling a boat, whether canoe or sail; to play a better game of baseball or tennis than your neighbor; to know something of the great craft of the out-of-doors—where is the normal red-blooded American boy who does not want to be master of these secrets? Where is the present-day girl who is not interested in and benefited by a summer spent in the great outdoors? And where is the parent who is not anxious to have his son or daughter excel in these realms of healthful, outdoor sport?

These are obvious questions, for it is a foregone conclusion that everyone is anxious to possess these gifts, and that every parent is anxious to do all in his power to make them attainable. And more and more, American parents and their children are coming to the conclusion that there is no place so appropriate for the inculcation of the principles of good sportsmanship, the training of hard muscles and keen eyes, and the spirit of good fellowship and give-and-take as the well-equipped summer camps which dot the country's lakes and seas and rivers. A camp, well situated, fully equipped, managed by camp directors of long and successful experience in dealing with boys or girls, offers one of the finest advantages in the world to many boys and outdoor girls—advantages of health and skill and pleasure not obtainable in any other way.

What to Look For in a Camp

PARENTS and their sons and daughters are equally concerned with what a camp has to offer. First in consideration should be its location, which should be close to a large but safe body of water, yet at the same time so situated that it suffers no disadvantages from a damp, lowland climate. Second, its buildings should be so laid out and equipped that it offers the maximum advantages of true camp life, without in any way sacrificing the necessities of sanitation or healthful living. Next, the acreage which the camp possesses should be sufficiently large so that ample opportunity exists for tennis, baseball and other field or track sports. The surrounding country should be varied in its topography, and offer chances for long hikes, explorations, and so on, and sufficiently fertile to give the young naturalist plenty of opportunity to learn the fascinations of its flora and fauna, and at the same time imbibe some of the finer points of wood-craft. Last and most important of all, parents and sons and daughters should be assured that the camp is under the direction only of men skilled in the management of camps and young people. Skilled medical attention should be within easy call.

When satisfactory assurance has been given on all these points, one may be sure of eight weeks of benefit and pleasure.

Sports at Camp

SWIMMING is a popular sport at all camps. Nothing can take the place of a refreshing dip in a cool lake before breakfast in the morning or again at the close of a hot afternoon. Instruction in swimming is always given by a skilled counselor, assisted by the camp staff. Other water sports furnish equal thrills. Boys and girls at camps learn the technique of handling boats and canoes, of rowing and paddling.

Instruction in horsemanship is another feature found at many of the best camps. Beginners, under proper instruction, soon learn the secret of riding comfortably and well, and are able to take long trips to great advantage.

Marksmanship, conducted under skilled supervision, is another asset available at a good camp, and supplements the many track and field sports.

Small wonder that anyone who has gone through the healthful and fascinating round of activities in a day's camp life settles down happily before the camp fire in the evening for the drowsy enjoyment of songs and stories before taps sound as a signal for the rest that will prepare for another day.

BOYS' CAMPS

Camp RED CLOUD for Boys

SILVER LAKE, SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PA.
16th Year—for boys 6 to 18

1800 ft. altitude. Complete Equipment: All sports and activities. 60 Mile Canoe Trip for Boys Who Qualify. Canadian Fishing Trip to Rideau Lakes. Excellent Food. Fully Equipped Infirmary. Physician in Residence. Trained Nurses. Illustrated catalog. Directors: Edward C. Wilson, formerly Principal, Friends School, Baltimore; Louis E. Lamborn, Prin. McDonogh School, McDonogh, Md.



Camp Namequoit

E. Orleans, Mass.

We build, man and sail our own boats, under expert instruction. Everyone can be on the water at the same time. Archery. Booklet. Dr. Paul Hanson, Dr. Oliver Bisby, 83 Broad St., Lynn, Mass.

"The sailing camp for boys on old Cape Cod."

Camp

WENTWORTH

Wolfeboro, N. H. For 50 Boys 8 to 16. On Lake Wentworth in the foothills of the White Mountains. Every camp activity supervised by experts.

M. S. Giles, Fessenden School, W. Newton, Mass.

MON-O-MOY The Sea Camps for Boys

EAST BREWSTER, MASS. CAPE COD

Superb bathing, sailing, canoeing, deep-sea fishing; land sports. Horseback riding. Cabins. Tutoring. Camp Mother. Nutrition classes for underweight. Senior, Intermediate, Junior Camps. Booklet. HARRIMAN Y. DODD, Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

CAMP SKYLARK

The Junior Camp of Horsemanship. For boys under 16. "Health, safety, happiness." For catalog, address A. H. Mitchell, Director, Mitchell School, Billerica, Mass.

GIRLS' CAMPS

Camp RED WING for Girls

Silver Lake, Susquehanna County, Pa.

16th year—

1800 ft. altitude. Complete Equipment: All sports and activities. 60-mile Canoe Trip for Girls Who Qualify. Canadian Fishing Trip to Rideau Lakes. Excellent Food. Fully equipped Infirmary. Physician in Residence. Nurses. Directors: Edward C. Wilson, formerly Principal, Friends School, Baltimore, and (for catalog address) Louis E. Lamborn, Prin. McDonogh School, McDonogh, Md.



CAMP WICHITEE

WEST DRESDEN, MAINE

For girls from 8 to 18 years of age

All Land and Water Sports under trained and experienced leaders, emphasizing Riding, Dancing, and Archery Golf. Various Handicrafts including weaving and jewelry. Booklet on request. Miss Harriett M. Balcom, Director, 1193 Commonwealth Avenue, Allston, Mass.

CAMP ARBUTUS

14th Season. Water Sports. Canoe Trips and Woodcraft. Land Sports. Real Camping. Resident Physician. Limited enrollment. Well-recommended girls from 10 to 18 accepted. For booklet write Edith A. Steere, Packard Road, Ann Arbor, Mich.

KEOKUK CAMP

Pentucket Lake, Georgetown, Mass.

For girls 8-18. Land and water sports. Crafts. Excellent food. Personal care. \$150 for season. Address: Mrs. Margaret L. Fox, 2 Abbott St., Danvers, Mass.

CAMP OPECHEE Pleasant Lake

New London, N. H. For girls 6 to 16 years. 12th season. On a mountain lake. Swimming and all water sports. Horseback riding. Overnight trips and gypsy hikes. Land sports. Fee only \$200. Discriminating patronage. Booklet. Mrs. F. F. Hockaday, 37 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

SCHOOLS

NEW HAMPTON

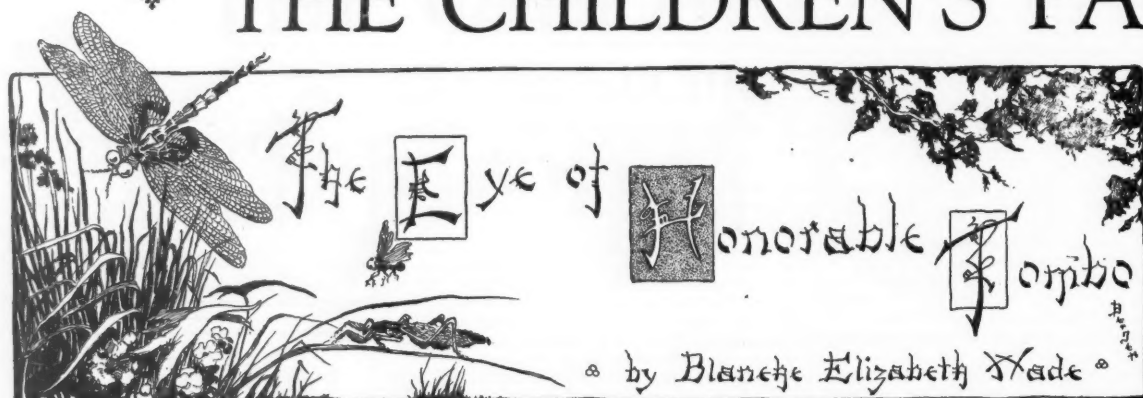
A New Hampshire School for Boys. Thorough College Preparation. Business Course. Junior School. Athletics for Every Boy. Moderate Tuition. Frederick Smith, A.M., Box 195, New Hampton, N. H.

Business Administration--

Accounting—Secretarial—Two-Year Courses, College Grade, for young men and women of executive caliber. Also Shorter Business Courses. Graduates in demand. Send for Special Catalog to J. D. Smith, Registrar.

Burdett College, Boston Founded 1879

THE CHILDREN'S PAGES



ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM M. BERGER

ONCE upon a time Maku fell asleep upon one of the hills that overlook the Valley of the Rice Fields. He had been helping his father all the morning in the garden of a fine estate. The lad had taken many steps in that garden, and the long tramp there and back besides made the father think wisely that half a day was quite enough for so small a boy. After they had eaten their lunch together in the pleasant garden, Maku was told he might go home and have the rest of the day to himself.

That is why he fell asleep upon the hill. It was a pleasant, drowsy spot just above his little home. No one else lived on the hillside, so he had to amuse himself while his mother was busy in the small house; and after telling her about the morning with his father he wandered out through their own pretty garden and up to the edge of the old pine trees that crowned the hill.

Maku leaned his back and head against his friend, an old boulder. He called it the "Pine-loving Stone," because it stood so near one of the fine old pine trees. When tired of running about or exploring the cool, dark woods, he often came to it and looked down upon the Valley of the Rice Fields. This day he went to the great boulder at once, and, sitting there, began

to watch the insects flying in the sunny space in front of him. Butterflies, bees, and many winged insects, large and small, flew here and there, making a happy sight and a soothing hum and buzz.

With every muscle and nerve at rest, it did not take Maku many minutes to fall fast asleep, and he had a dream in which at first the music of the insects went on in the same contented droning and buzzing until, all at once, it took on an excited tone, louder and faster. And Maku found that up from the sedges of the marsh at the foot of the hill, Honorable Tombo, the large Dragonfly, had soared on gauzy wings.

"See, here is Honorable Tombo!" cried the insects and swarmed about him, asking him augustly to deign to accept their miserable hospitality, which is the polite way to greet a guest in Japan. It did not seem at all strange to little Maku to hear voices instead of buzzing and humming.

Now Honorable Tombo was a great teller of tales. He could tell the most simple fact with such art that it became a wonderful story, as beautiful in fancy and in word-coloring as the lovely rainbow colors of his gauzy wings in the sunshine. And he came so seldom to the high hilltop that each visit was as welcome to the insects as a holiday is to school children!

The insects, therefore, bustled about him with everything they could think of for his comfort. The Butterfly bade him rest upon the tall, slender flower stem that towered above the highest grasses, and when he was poised upon the swaying stem where he could teeter happily they hovered about him with honey-drops and pollen for his refreshment. His great eyes glowed with pleasure and seemed more beautiful than ever from the glorious sights he had seen in the marshes and in flights through the Valley of the Rice Fields.

Once a poem was written about the Dragonfly and published with other little Japanese poems in a book by Lafcadio Hearn. In it was this line:

"Alas, poor Dragonfly—almost nothing but eyes!"

Ah, but Honorable Tombo's beautiful eyes and his shimmering wings would make no one call him poor!

When he spoke, his first word brought silence, and Maku saw that the insects had settled upon grasses and weeds surrounding the high stem, and that even the august Lord Cricket and the princely great Grasshopper had crawled up from their rambles among the Forest of Grass Blades below and were as eager as the other members of the company to listen to whatever he might say.

First of all, Honorable Tombo thanked them for his reception. Then he gave them so fine an account of his trips up and down the small stream that his listeners knew exactly how everything looked, even to the coloring. And those of the insects that sometimes flew down to the valley nodded their heads to show that Honorable Tombo spoke the truth. He kept the real story part of what he had to say until the last, and then he said:

"It happened one day, as I turned aside to visit the water-garden at the great House of the Young Bamboo, that I heard the sound of deep sorrow. Following this sound, I came to the brave young son of the family bowed in sadness from time to time at the handle of his sword. One of its two famous jewels was missing. You will see he had reason to groan when I tell you that the sword was that of his famous ancestor. Its handle was of great value and fashioned with skill. Its design was that of young bamboo, upon which was pictured a noble Dragonfly, my own great ancestor and the favorite playfellow of the young man's warrior ancestor when the prince used to wander in the old garden in times of peace."

At these words there was a stir of excitement among the insects.

"Ah!" went on Tombo.

"I, myself, nearly mourned aloud, for who would not whose ancestor had lost a jeweled eye? Never have there been such gems as the eyes of my ancestor as shown upon the Sword of the Young Bamboo. But I made no sound even when the young man left the garden and I was alone. I remembered the words handed down from my noble ancestor, who said that a brave Dragonfly never shows grief; also, that there is always a happiness for those who will not mourn. Now, you shall hear about the joy that was my reward because I would not mourn."

Every insect was thrilled by this time, and august Lord Cricket and princely great Grasshopper crawled as high as possible to hear every word. And the Dragonfly said:

"I know where the lost jewel is, for today I flew through the garden and saw a gardener planting new roots of young bamboo. My own keen eye suddenly caught sight of the jewel in the light earth

the gardener pressed about the roots. The gem fell from the earth and slipped into the hole without his seeing it. If some one could only dig carefully among those roots the Sword of the Young Bamboo once more would be perfect."

Now it was just here that little Maku became so excited that he opened his eyes, to find long shadows of the old pine trees across the empty, sunny space. He hurried home and found his father had returned from the day's work, and even then was speaking of the loss of a precious jewel at the House of the Young Bamboo.

Think of the surprise of the father and mother when Maku said he knew where the eye of Honorable Tombo lay!

"Too much work made you dream," laughed the father.

"But this morning you were planting bamboo near the eighth stone from the Wishing Bridge!" exclaimed Maku.

"So, yes," said the father. "You watched, but no jewel was there."

But next morning Maku begged so hard to be allowed to go with his father and to search that the mother also asked that the lad's wishes be carried out.



All three were silent with wonder

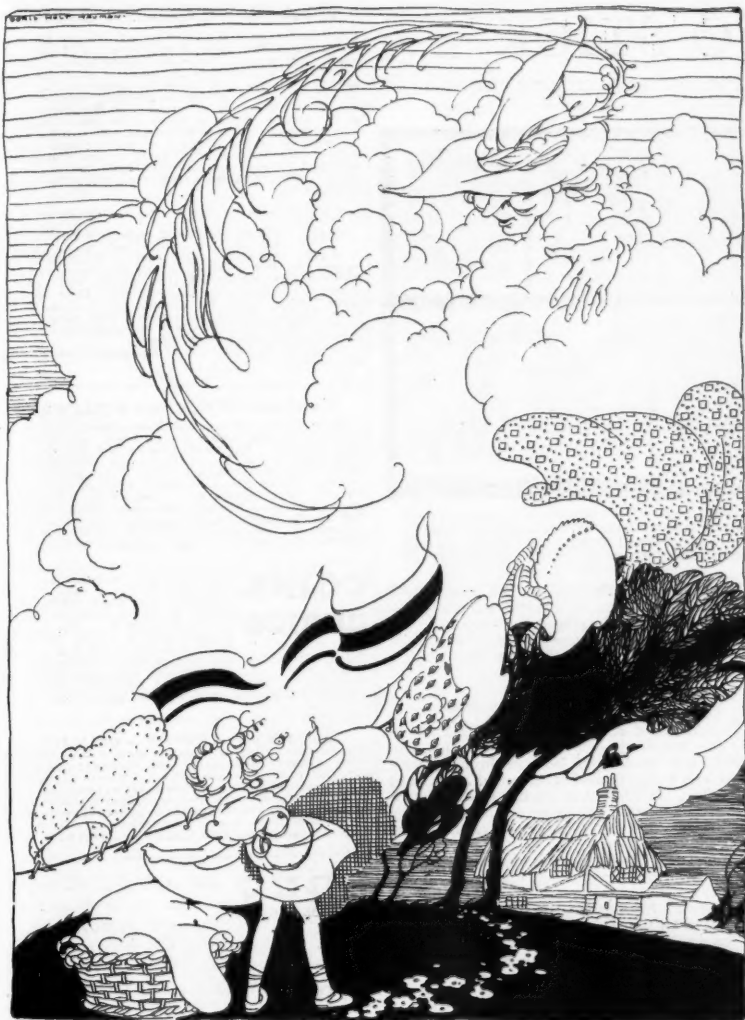


Perching myself upon the tip of a water reed, I saw that he looked from time to time at the handle of his sword

Into the garden came the young son of the great family while Maku and the father began the search. He listened as the father told of the dream and, instead of thinking it foolish, was as eager as the child to see what would happen. And when a quick exclamation from Maku made the father stop digging about the roots, and the child picked up and held out to the young man the lost jewel, all three were silent with wonder. Honorable Tombo had been right!

Of course there was a reward for the restoring of the lost gem, and it meant much to the poor gardener's family. But there was joy far greater than any reward, and it was all like a dream. Suddenly Maku seized the young man's arm and pointed to a great Dragonfly flitting near by at that very moment.

"See!" cried Maku. "It is Honorable Tombo! He knows that the eye of his great ancestor is found!"



DRAWN BY DORIS HOLT HAUMAN

THE WIND

By Maria Conde

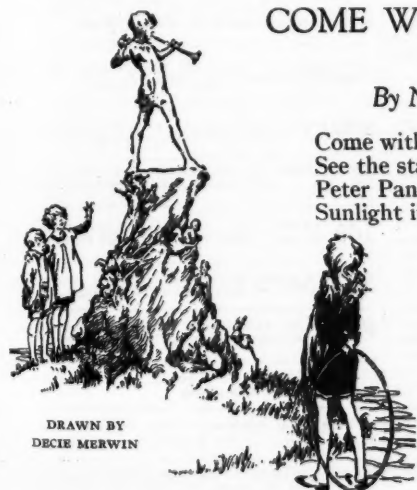
The Wind is a feather
In the Weatherman's hat,
And it's big as this
And it's long as that!

If it waves around
At the tip-tiptop
It won't rain today—
Not a single drop.

For the Wind is a feather
In the Weatherman's hat,
And it's big as this
And it's long as that!

But, ah, my dears!
If it goes swish-swash,
Put your rubbers on
And take in your wash!

If it goes flip-flop
With a whirly sound,
How the papers will fly
At the picnic ground!

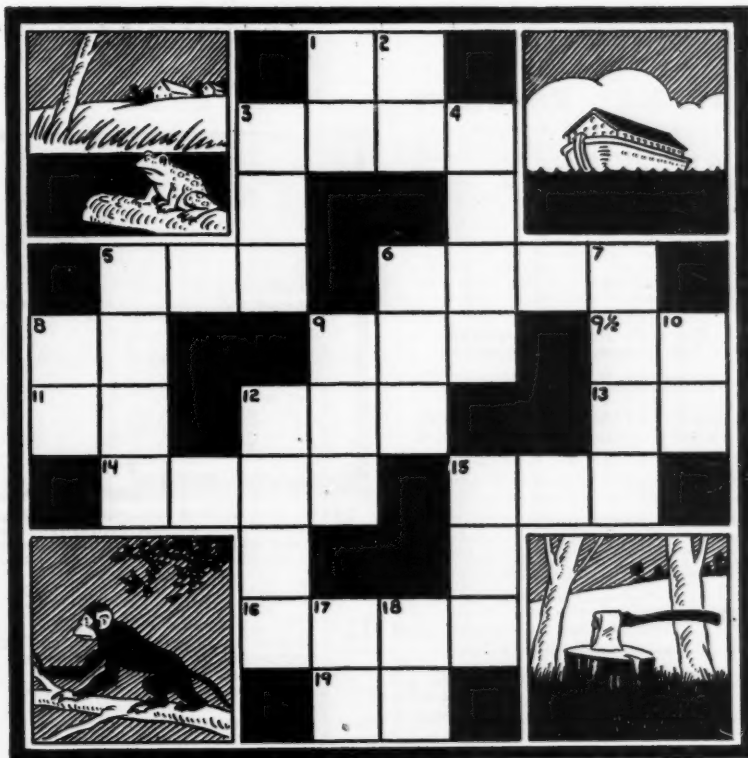
DRAWN BY
DECIE MERWIN

COME WITH ME TO KENSINGTON

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Come with me to Kensington!
See the statue there—
Peter Pan upon a tree,
Sunlight in his hair,

Standing straight and blowing
tunes
Softly as he can.
Come, let's go to Kensington
And look at Peter Pan!



THE CHILDREN'S CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Upon
3. Picture (upper left)
5. A metal
6. Girl's name
8. A continent (abbreviation)
9. Made of ginger
- 9½. A state (abbreviation)
11. Preposition
12. Part of body
13. Stand still!
14. What you do to a football
15. Picture (lower left)
16. Used in parchesi
19. Thus

DOWN

1. Goes with either
2. Not yes
3. A ladies' ornament
4. Something to play
5. Used in the war
6. A graceful tree
7. What teeth may do
8. Italian for "yes"
9. Picture (upper right)
10. Toward
12. Sour
15. Picture (lower right)
17. Part of verb to be
18. Company (abbreviation)

Watch for the answers on the Children's Pages next month.

NUTS TO CRACK

THE BEST PUZZLES OF THE MONTH

1. HIDDEN STATES.
When I was sick, the doctor said, "Young lady, you caught cold from hanging out the laundry."
The abbreviations for several states are suggested by this sentence. For example, if the word FATHER were there, it would suggest PA, or Pennsylvania.

2. CHARADE.
My first is human; my second a bird;
A flower you'll find when you know the whole word.

3. MISSING WORDS.
The sheriff ***** toward the throng
Where ***** raged untamed.
"Old woman, you are in the wrong.
This ***** must be *****."

The four missing words are spelled with the same six letters, differently arranged.

4. CHARADE.
My first is used in summer time,
My second looks like brown.
Together these two form a game
That's played in Chinatown.

5. HIDDEN ANIMALS.
At the zoo you will be arrested if you use all your peanuts where music is played, but a pirate can't eat erasers or common key-rings. All Amazon animals eat from a pan, there in the center of the cage. A trap easily catches most richly colored birds. It would be a very good plan to paint board fences on hotter days.
The names of over a dozen inhabitants of a zoo may be found concealed in the more or less sensible sentences given above.

6. CHARADE.
A tiny little word my first;
The second is the very end;
Little poems compose the third;
Beneath your feet my whole extend.

7. ENIGMA.
Bar my first, make it my second, my third also one.
I am responsible for many records.

8. REMARKABLE SENTENCE.
Georg Simon Ohm was a famous Bavarian scientist, whose name has been taken for the unit of electrical resistance. The sentence WHO IS SI OHM is decidedly unusual. Can you find out why it is?

9. HOURGLASS. * * 1 * 2 * *
Upper part: Dries; Utensils;
Stroke; Age.
Lower part: A drink; Prevent;
Feminine name; Hair.
Down: 1. Ripped. 2. A famous island.
3. Powerful. 4. The goddess of discord. * * * * *

10. MISSING LETTERS.
In ****, **** meant delay.
While love was called ****,
"Twice of the latter **** wrote,
Where'er you **** you find its lore.
The five missing words are all spelled with the same four letters.

11. WORD-CHANGE VERSE.
His head was like a rubber ****,
Quite as **** as it could be.
Yet this old **** could sing as sweet
As any **** upon a tree.
The missing words contain four letters each. When the first is correctly guessed, the second can be formed from it by changing one letter; the third likewise from the second; and the fourth from the third.

12. ENIGMA.
A preposition is my first; like my second; my third a great deal. My whole, when followed by my second, becomes because.

13. DROP-LETTER ENIGMA.
When I go from a certain state,
There's shaggy hair; another
Letter dropped, then you will see
What people call my brother;
Once more a letter's dropped, and then
What children call their mother.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

1. Nut, Not, Rot, Roc, Rock, Crock, Crack. 2. C. Was, Waste, Caspian, Stint, Eat, N. 3. Pet-It-Ion; Petition. 4. Crowd, Crown, Croon, Crook, Brook, Brood. 5. Rumor, Ukase, Mania, Osier, Rears. 6. Cap-A City. Capacity. 7. V-ales; A-corn; Learn; E-erie; N-oise; T-hole; I-vied; N-ever; E-late. The initials spell VALENTINE. 8. Nemo, Edam, Made, Omen. 9. Slot, Lost, Lots. 10. 848, 424, 212, 106.

How Many Different Countries Have You in Your Album?

PACKET BARGAINS

HAVE stamps from all different countries . . . on ALL your album pages. For 25c you can get Scott Seal Packet No. 248, 75 stamps from 75 diff. countries, or Packet No. 68, 100 diff. stamps from 50 diff. countries. AND, for \$2.00 you can get packet No. 355, 200 diff. stamps from 200 diff. countries, have stamps from every corner of the globe. And here are some non-duplicating bargain packets of continents: Africa—No. 255, 25 diff. 10c; Asia—No. 243, 50 diff. 25c; Australia—No. 119, 25 diff. 50c; Europe—No. 139, 150 diff. 15c; United States—No. 376, 50 different, 25c. Order by number.

Remember That the Cheapest Way To Buy Stamps Is To Buy Packets

Free catalogue of packets, sets, approvals, albums, accessories and catalogues on request.

SCOTT STAMP AND COIN CO.
1 West 47th Street New York, N. Y.
Philatelic Headquarters Since Before the Civil War

MYSTIC'S "QUEER COUNTRY" PACKET!!

Contains scarce stamps from the following strange lands: San Marino, Antigua, Congo, Cyprus, Fiji Islands, Iceland, Kenya, Lebanon, Monaco, North Borneo, Nyassa, Siam, Sierra Leone, Tanganyika, Ubangi, Upper Volta, Zanzibar. Get this wonderful packet of "freak countries" and make your friends envious! Price only 10c to approval applicants! Write TODAY.

MYSTIC STAMP CO. (Dept. 9) CAMDEN, N. YORK

100 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE

to applicants for Popular Net Approvals, postage 2c
CHRISTENSEN STAMP CO.

826 Teutonia Ave. Milwaukee, Wis.

15 DIFFERENT TRIANGLE STAMPS ONLY 35c

or 500 all diff. stamps and 15 Triangles for only 35c or 1000 all diff. stamps and 15 Triangles for only \$1.00 to all approval applicants. Supply limited. Lists Free.

Victoria Stamp Co., Dept. 8, London, Canada

BRITISH COLONIALS FREE. Stamps from Zanzibar, Nigeria, Gold Coast, Hyderabad, Travancore, Malaya, Mauritius and other good British Colonials sent free to all applicants for our famous Hampshire Approval Selections. 2c stamp postage. Please do not remit in coin. Lighthouse Stamp Co., Southsea, England.

100 FOREIGN POSTAGE STAMPS 4 cents postage; popular 50 percent approvals sent only with good references are furnished. Write for our Big Bargain Lists of Packets, Sets and Premiums. Palmer Stamp Co., 8219 Linwood Ave., Detroit, Mich.

10c stamp packets, all diff. — 150 all countries; 20 New Zealand; 100 Hungary; 25 Greece; 3 Brunei; 30 Sweden; 30 Japan; 40 Denmark; 10 Guatemala; 10 Algeria; 10 Togo; 50 Czechoslovakia; 10 Monaco; 10 Fiume; 10 Iceland. H. Rissmiller, 620 N. 12th St., Reading, Pa.

\$5 Cat. Value in the Ideal Packet of 100 diff. from 50 diff. countries inc. Kelantan, Johore, Kedah, Carinthia, Azerbaijan, Alouites, Epirus, Lithuania, Sarawak, etc. 25c to Approval Applicants. Penna. Stamp Co., Greensburg, Pa.

SENSATIONAL VALUES — over 140 different Algeria, Barbados, Cameroun, Gabon, etc., 10c. Lists free. 100 diff. U. S. 30c, 1000 hinges 9c, 25 Bulgaria 9c. Hawkeye Stamp Co., Cedar Rapids, 59, Iowa.

BARBADOS & BRITISH GUIANA
100 DIFFERENT FOR ONLY 50c.
Craven Stamp Co., Thompsonville, Conn.

HAWAII, Africa, So. America, British Col., 20 stamps Free to all who send 2c postage and agree to buy stamps from my approvals at 1/2 catalog. G. E. RICHTER, Wells, Maine.

70% DISCOUNT Stamps sent on approval at 70% Reference required. J. Emory Renold, Dept. AB, Hanover, Pa.

200 Different Genuine Foreign Stamps, Zanzibar Album, 12c. 10 diff. Albania, 15c.
Liberty Stamp Co., 3974 Arsenal, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE FIVE NEWFOUNDLANDS with every purchase of five Rhodesia at 5c to approval applicants. Postage 2c. Frail, Somerville, N. J.

5 Diff. Triangles; 20 diff. Postage Dues; 25 diff. AIRMAIL and 50 diff. Europe for 12c to approval applicants only. Lewis Stamp Co., Lewis, N. Y.

108 Ste., Chad, Ned. Indies, etc., and album 4c, to approval applicants. Hill, Leonard St., Waltham, Mass.

STAMPS 100 Foreign all diff. Free. Postage 2c. 100 hinges 15c. List Free. Q. STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio

California Gold, \$1/2 size, 27c; \$1/4 size, 53c. 100,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10c. Norman Shultz, Salt Lake, Utah.

TWO ESTONIA, Cataloging 8c, Only 2c with approvals. 1000 Hinges 8c. Frank Kenyon, Greene, N. Y.

CHAD, 6 diff. given, Send names 4 collectors and 2c stamp. KOLAR CO., Dallas, Texas

STAMPS TO STICK

A DEPARTMENT FOR STAMP ENTHUSIASTS OF ALL AGES



Two floral designs from Netherland's new charity series; a value from the new series issued currently in Rarotonga, Niue, Penrhyn and Aitutaki; two values from Switzerland's 1927 Christmas charity set (for the benefit of tubercular children); an air-mail stamp from Bulgaria; a new Belgian charity stamp; Pestalozzi, the famous Swiss educator, on the 1927 Swiss charity set

HISTORY FROM STAMPS

BEFORE giving serious consideration to variations in watermarks, perforation measurements, grill sizes, paper textures and kindred phases of philately, the boy or girl who is for the first time taking an interest in stamps should aim merely to form what is known as a general collection. The period of specialization will not come until after the collector has obtained a groundwork knowledge which embraces the primary but important differences in designs, inscriptions, colors, and denominations.

The newcomer to the hobby starts off on the wrong foot when his only object becomes the acquiring of as many varieties as possible. It is not the maximum number of different stamps that makes a collection interesting and instructive, but rather it is the variety in designs and inscriptions and colors and denominations, each possessing its own significance.

Some beginners never do develop into specialists. It is true, of course, that as they advance in age and experience they come to learn about watermarks, minute perforation measurements, grills, paper textures, and so on, and they may then intelligently decide whether they desire to specialize to the extent of assembling stamps characterized by these variations. But for the beginner general collecting—with emphasis on designs, inscriptions, colors and denominations—is both preferable and simpler. It is preferable because it tends to develop the mind by bringing to the fore worthwhile facts with relation to history, geography, current events; it is simpler because the beginner finds time to study his stamps in association with such facts, instead of feeling obliged to make use of perforation gauges, benzine, magnifying glasses, technical philatelic books, and other accessories which the advanced specialist finds absolutely necessary.

Differences in designs, inscriptions, colors and denominations—the beginner who keeps these paramount in his thoughts is the collector who comes to appreciate the stimulation of the hobby. Suppose, then, we set down a few examples to clarify our meaning on these points.

As to designs and inscriptions, let us consider the 10-cent blue air-mail stamps currently in use in the United States. One—the earlier of the two in date of issue—has as its design two aeroplanes and a map of our country. The other has a design comprising part of the eastern coast of North America and part of the western seaboard of Europe, and there is only one aeroplane. On the first stamp is the inscription "Air Mail," but that on the second reads "Lindbergh—Air Mail." In wording otherwise, and in size, color, and face value, the two stamps are similar.

The design and inscription differences are significant of a notable event with which the world is familiar—the flight by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh from New York to Paris in 1927. The second stamp is a commemorative, in honor of Lindbergh. The first is the regular stamp issued when a 10-cent-a-half-ounce air-mail rate was fixed by the Post Office Department.

Perhaps a no more striking example than this one could be given of the educational value of studying designs. Hundreds of other illustrations could be cited, of course, but here is a recent change, both in design and inscription, which symbolizes a story worth knowing. Philately is replete with such stories told by stamp pictures and texts.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

STAMP NEWS

In Honor of a Great Aviator

COL. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH'S good-will flying journey to the various Central American countries in December and January was not without philatelic results. Upon his arrival in San José, Costa Rica, stamps were issued bearing the American aviator's name and

a likeness of the other half of "we"—the Spirit of St. Louis. When he landed in Panama he found the people buying commemorative adhesives with designs comprising an aeroplane in flight and a map of Panama, each with a streamer offering him welcome.

The Pan-American Conference

CUBA, proud of the selection of Havana as the meeting place of the Pan-American Conference which was held in January with President Coolidge and other noted Americans attending, issued a set of stamps to commemorate the occasion. The designs make a gallery of historical and pictorial aspects of the island republic, as follows:

Cuba's first President, Palma, on the 1-cent; the present chief executive, Machado, on the 2-cent; Morro Castle on the 3-cent; the railway terminus at Havana on the 8-cent; the presidential palace on the 10-cent; a tobacco plantation on the 13-cent; the Treasury building on the 20-cent; a sugar plantation on the 30-cent; the Cathedral of Havana on the 50-cent; and the National Opera House on the 1-peso, or dollar, value. On each stamp is a map of North America at the left and one of South America at the right.

Latvia Raises Funds

THE memory of M. Tschakste, who was the first president of Latvia and who died early in 1927, has been honored now by the appearance of a series of Latvian adhesives, each selling at an advance of ten santims, the extra revenue to be devoted, it is announced, to the building of a memorial monument.

The common design shows M. Tschakste, in black, in uniform, and the face denominations and the colors are 2 santims, orange-yellow, 6 santims, green, 15 santims, scarlet, 25 santims, ultramarine, and 30 santims, light pink.

And So Does Russia

NEWS comes from Russia that the recent Tannou-Touva series, described and illustrated in The Companion of December, is but a forerunner of some twenty-five lengthy sets which the soviet government purposes to issue this year for the various republics which comprise the country that was once an empire. Enough details have become known to indicate that the plan smacks of speculation at the expense of collectors. The soviet philatelic régime would get the stamps at 25 per cent under face value and sell them at a slight profit to dealers, who in turn would dispose of them at 10 per cent more than face value. The stamps will, however, if issued, actually prepay postage on mail, and therefore they would be recognized; and it is stated that the designs will be equivalent to propaganda and publicity on behalf of the various republics.

Someone Errs in Greece

IN these columns in the September, 1927, issue of The Companion it was stated that "centenary commemorative stamps will appear soon," to mark the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Navarino, a naval engagement, fought on October 20, 1827, in Greece's struggle for independence. The 1 drachma, 50 lepta and the 5 drachma—the latter bearing the heads of the British, French, and Russian admirals who commanded ships during the engagement—did appear. After a few copies had been sold at post offices, however, it was discovered that the British admiral's name had been inscribed "Sir Codrington" instead of "Sir Edward Codrington" and that the French admiral, De Rigny, was depicted in civilian dress instead of naval uniform. So the stocks of both values were at once withdrawn, and the entire issue was withheld pending a decision as to whether it should appear at all. These circumstances account for the fact that these commemoratives have not been reaching American collectors.

STAMP COLLECTORS

Send Five Cents for Package of Stamp-Chewing Gum (20 of these coupons entitle you to \$1.00 catalog value from general approvals, leading Atlanta dealer). Send \$1.00 for 25 packages, retail value \$1.25, and \$1.25 in stamp coupons or \$5.00 for the agency and 130 packages of gum, retail value \$6.50, and \$6.50 stamp coupons. Additional fine stamp premiums with first purchases of \$1.00. Agents wanted in every town and stamp club. Make easy money and build up your collection. Sample of Stamp Gum free if you give us the names of some general collectors. Get your friends to chew Stamp Gum and save you the coupons. Tell the World and do it now. Dept. Y. Petter Stamp Gum Co., 962 S. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

BIG 12c OFFER All for 12c: 98 diff. from all countries, many unused, incl. charity and special delivery stamps; 5 diff. French Colonies; 5 diff. Portuguese Colonies; 10 diff. Danzig; 10 diff. Czechoslovakia; 1 packet from obscure countries of Transvaal, White Russia, Cape of Good Hope, Turkey, Siam, Travancore, New Zealand, Guatemala, Mexico, Bosnia-Herzegovina; perf. gauge, millimetre scale, ruler; small album for duplicates. This \$5 outfit for 12c to approval applicants. A. R. PERRY, Dept. C., 36 Exchange Place, Providence, R. I.

FANTASTIC SCENERY PACKET

Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Included are: Belgium (Satan with pitchfork); Barbadoes (chariot and flying horses); Chile (battle scene); Egypt (sphinx and pyramids); Jugoslavia (nude slave breaking chain); Newfoundland (wild caribou); Malay (ferocious tiger); Trinidad (Goddess of Victory); Tunis (fighting Arab); and others. To approval applicants enclosing 5c this great packet will be sent. Pae's Pack Stamp Co., Box 215, Colorado Springs, Colo. Important: If you act right now, we will also include free a triangle stamp perforation gauge, and a small package of hinges.

COINS CURIOS

Large Egyptian Ptolemy Silver coin, B.C. 100, \$1.60; 3 Fine Ancient Roman Silver coins, \$1.50, Iron Cross, \$1.50; Babylonian Tablet, inscribed, 2,000 B.C., \$2; Antique Scarab, \$3; Egyptian Necklace, \$2.50; Tut-Ank-Amen Amber Bead String, \$8; Gold \$1, \$3; Antique Brass Candlestick, \$3; 25 diff. paper money, 75c; 25 diff. coins, 60c; Rare Coin Box \$2 pp., 28 plates, U. S. & For'n, 55c. Retail list free. Elder Corporation, 8 W. 37th Street, New York.

ANCHER'S \$ \$ \$ OUTFIT — ONLY 12c! Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prewar) value of forty million dollars (interesting!); perforation gauge and mme. scale; small album; 1 airmail set; interesting stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Malay, Dutch Indies, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants! Nice pocket stock book, value 2c with every order! Ancher Stamp Co., 150A Clerk St., Jersey City, N. J.

FREE 100 ALL DIFFERENT stamps to applicants for Universal Approvals. Postage 2c. Badger Stamp Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

410 different choice selected foreign stamps. Dozens of unused and hard to get. Catalogs very highly. Keep the ones you want at Only One Cent Each. References please. EARL C. HUGHES, 315 Chicago St., PEORIA, ILL.

FREE. Hungary Charity No. 565 to 567 and a surprise value of four million dollars (interesting!); 2c approvals and also my 50% discount. Charles W. Schmidt, P. O. Box No. 4832, Frankfurt Sta., Phila., Pa.

FREE 200 ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS 200 FREE To all who will send one reference and request our First Class Approvals which are priced from 50 to 80% discount off Scott's Cat. E. Augustin, Box 752, Milwaukee, Wis.

MINT BRITISH COLONIALS! Beautiful, scarce 20c stamps on approval at lowest prices. Premium. Ref. Required. Waco Stamp Co., 4406 N. Hermitage, Chicago.

BULGARIAN STAMPS. For information on questions regarding Bulgarian stamps, apply to Mr. B. A. Persiyski, Post Office Box 30, Sofia, Bulgaria.

U. S. \$2.00 CARMINE AND BLACK. CAT. 65c A copy of this stamp free for every dollar sent for stamps sold from our unequaled 50% approval sheets. Hub Postage Stamp Co., 45 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

The First Stamp Issued 1840. Great Britain 1p. Cats \$2. Imperfect, but looks fine, 65c. Buy now. T. D. Bottomo, 2934 Shriver, Indianapolis, Ind.

GENUINE MEXICAN \$1 Bill Free with 20 different unused stamps for a dime. A. NAGLE, 1101 Marion, Reading, Pa.

10 TRIANGLES 25 cents. Hinges 3000 for 25 cents. Fine Approvals references required. Get our list of fine sets. A. M. Brown, 16 South St., Boston, Mass.

1000 stamps 25c; 500 all diff. 30c; album to hold 2400 stamps 60c. Michael, 4444c Clifton, Chicago.

200 DIFFERENT STAMPS 10c; 1000 Hinges 10c. R. H. Carlton, 380 W. So. Temple, Salt Lake, Utah.

STAMPS. 165 China, Egypt, etc., 2c. Album (500 pictures) 3c. A. BULLARD & CO., Sta. A, Boston.

109 All Diff. Stamps given free to Approval App.; 2c postage. Paige Stamp Co., Oak Park, Ill.

STAMPS 20 Varieties unused free. Postage 2c. Y. C. MIAMI STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

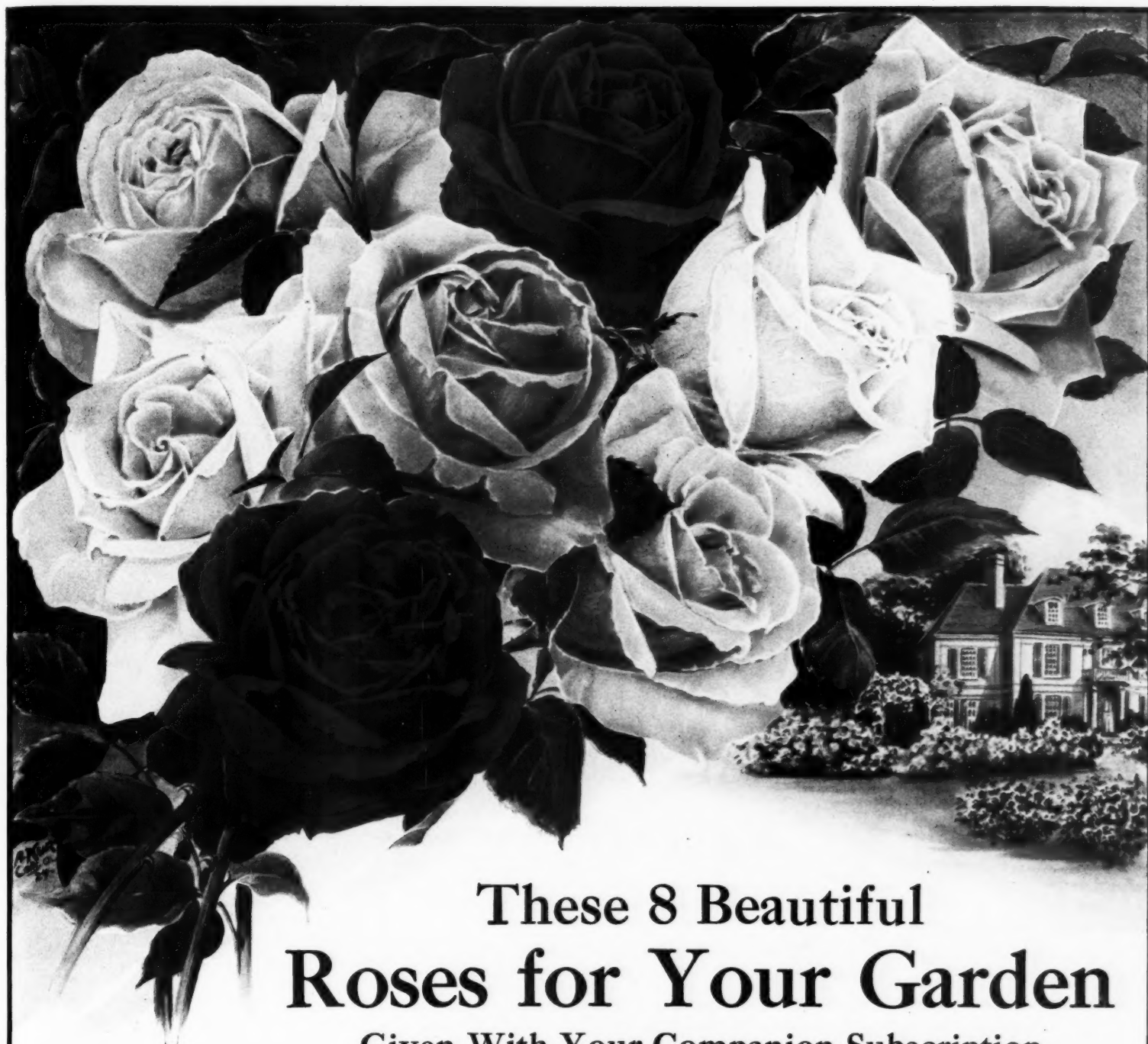
FREE 101 Diff. Peachy Postage stamps. Postage 2c. Johnson Stamp Co., Jamestown, N. Y.

SWEDEN—40 var. 15c Postpaid. Lists free. Fine approvals. Allion, Angola, Ind.

10 Fine Tiger Stamps — Only 7c with approvals. Moline Stamp Co., P. O. Box 13, Sta. 'A', Moline, Ill.

30c Adrian, Mich. — 10c. small gift free with general approvals. L. B. Fonda, 816 Third Ave., Troy, N. Y.

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



These 8 Beautiful Roses for Your Garden

Given With Your Companion Subscription

Red ROYAL RED — The color is a deep rich crimson. A rose of exceptional attraction and merit. Of exceptionally large size. Exceedingly double, rich in coloring, remarkably vigorous.

Light Pink ANNIE LAURIE — A soft blush pink with flush of yellow at base. Distinctive. The touch of yellow vivifies its exquisite coloring. An ideal rose for your garden.

Orange SUNBURST — A very beautiful golden orange. Flowers of good form and sweetly scented. Of exceptional attraction and merit. Highly colored, richly fragrant. Flowers large, perfectly formed.

Dark Pink COLUMBIA — A most pleasing shade of rose-pink. The blooms are very large and full, of perfect shape and form. Delightfully fragrant.

White SNOWDRIFT — A beautiful rose of snowiest white, fragrant and of large size. A fine bedding rose. Blooms full and double. Unexcelled in beauty.

Scarlet SENSATION — The color is an entrancing shade of scarlet-red; the bud long and pointed and the open flower beautiful. The brilliant warmth of its color will entrance you.

Yellow ELDORADO — Clear, golden yellow, with petals slightly tinged with red. Strong growing habit and free flowering. A joyous addition to the garden.

Cream LADY PLYMOUTH — Delicate but deep ivory cream. Indescribably beautiful. Tea perfumed. Soft, velvety petals of exquisite texture.

NOTHING is more charming than graceful roses, laden with fragrance. The roses comprising The Companion 1928 Home Garden Collection are selected for variety of color, blooming qualities, and their established habit of satisfactory growth in any good garden-soil. The sturdy bushes will respond splendidly to any care and attention given them, and will furnish hours of keen enjoyment as they develop and bloom.

EACH variety of the eight included in this collection is a hardy, everblooming rose that will beautify the home grounds in country or city, and provide continual blooms of exquisite color and form. The assortment comes to you directly from the nursery, packed in moss, guaranteed to reach you in good condition. Complete cultural directions

accompany the bushes, which are one-year old plants and will bloom this season. We guarantee these rosebushes to grow, and any defective plants will be replaced, gladly. We offer these varieties because we know they will give our subscribers satisfactory results. Our special offer makes these beautiful roses easy for you to obtain.

OUR OFFER: No. 8Y3. The Youth's Companion 1928 Home Garden Collection of Eight Hardy Monthly-Blooming Rose Plants given with The Youth's Companion, one year, (your own subscription or one other) for only 65 cents extra — \$2.65 in all. Or, the Rose Collection sent FREE for two subscriptions, new or renewal, at \$2.00 each (your own subscription may be one of the two).

Order Early to get best service at the nursery. Plants will be shipped at once, unless you request that they be held for shipment at a later date.

NO CANADIAN SHIPMENTS OF PLANTS CAN BE MADE, BECAUSE OF CANADIAN POSTAL LAWS

The YOUTH'S COMPANION 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H., or
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

ACTUAL VISITS TO
P & G HOMES
No. 12



A little tinker gets just as smudged as a big one -

We didn't see James Jr., right away. In the first place, he was almost invisible. And then, too, we were interested in our conversation with his mother—such a pretty, capable young person as she stood there on her trim front lawn, gardening trowel in hand.

We were talking to her about laundry soap just as we had talked to many other women in that small Ohio town.

"I've been using P and G for the last three years," she was telling us, "because if anyone needs a *good* laundry soap, I do. My small son gets his clothes so—"

And just *then* James Jr., appeared—from beneath a large yellow automobile we hadn't really noticed before. "Just look at me already, mother," he said apologetically. There on his nose was a great greasy smudge

—and on his white blouse, a much bigger, greasier smudge.

"Now you see why I use P and G," said his mother. "Thank goodness, dirt does come out with less trouble with P and G. I'll rub a little soap on that blouse and soak it tonight and by morning it will be practically clean. His colored blouses I just rub out with P and G and lukewarm water and they come out nice and fresh—with almost no rubbing too. P and G *is* such a good soap I never can understand why it costs so little."

Probably you, like James Jr.'s mother, have wondered why you actually pay *less* for this fine white laundry soap than you pay for even ordinary soaps of the same size and weight!

The reason really is: P and G's nation-wide

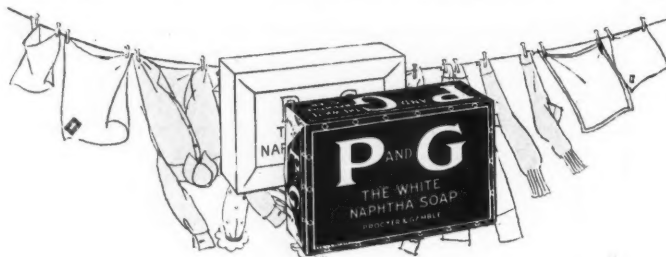
popularity. So many millions of cakes of P and G are sold every month all over America that Procter & Gamble, its makers, buy its fine materials in enormous quantities at great advantage. And they manufacture this fine soap at a smaller cost for a much larger cake than if they made less of it.

If P and G were *not* the largest-selling soap in the world, it would have to cost you much more than it does.

It is the largest-selling soap because it is such a *fine* soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE: *Rescuing Precious Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry methods, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter (Dept. NY 3), Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.



The largest-selling soap in the world